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My first list of what I like and don't like about Christmas.

My dislikes.

My likes.

1. Women who hang around under the mistletoe.

2. I like having an excuse to express how I feel about poinsettias.

3. Santa.

4. I like those few moments when people with nothing to gain are nice to each other.

5. I like watching my dogs open their presents.

6. I like a Christmas list with something to it—a peerage, a trout stream, perfume. Mine, of course.

7. And I love when it's all over.

Bill Blass

Bill Blass for women

Perfume. Cologne. Cologne Spray.

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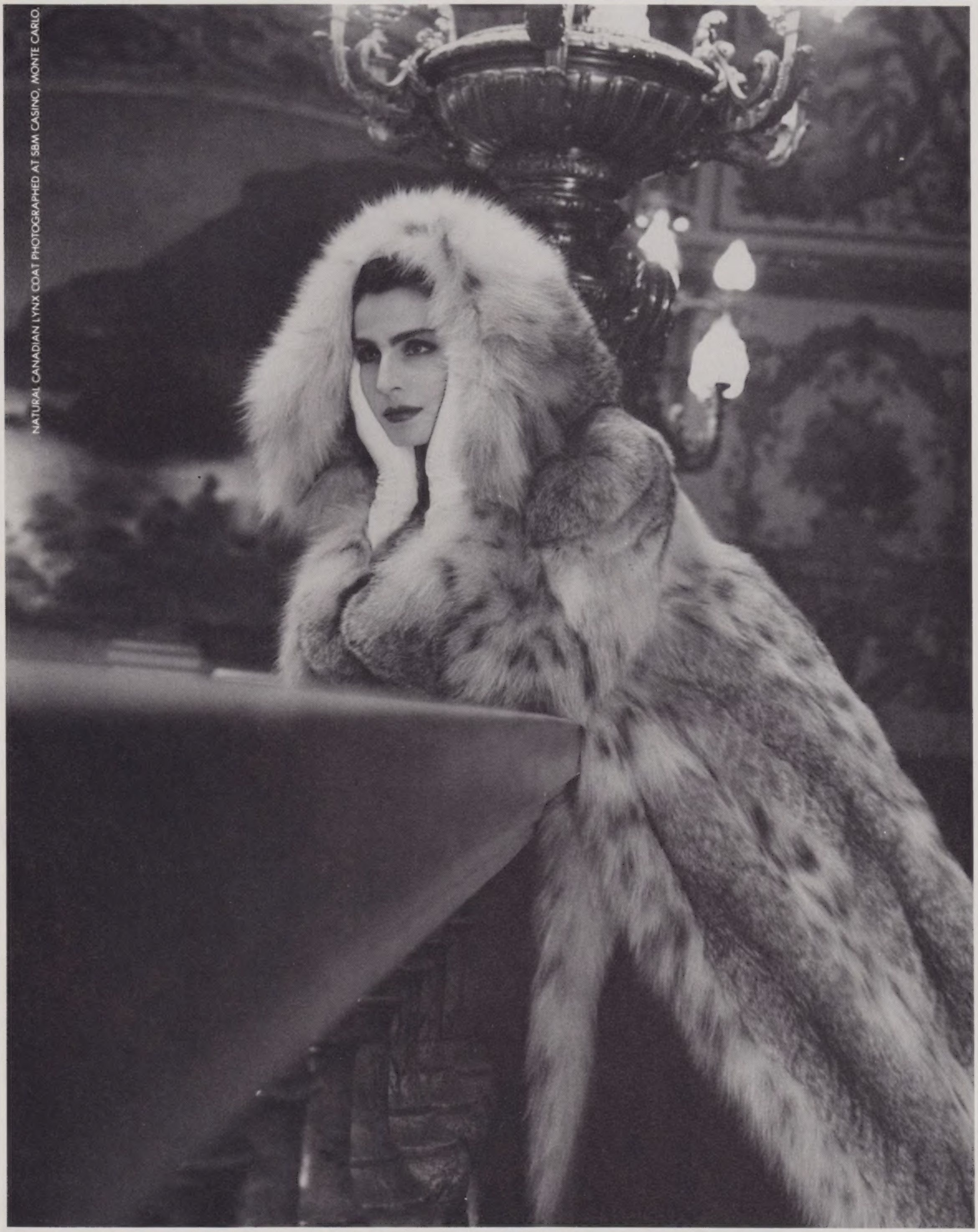
NEIMAN-MARCUS

BERGDORF GOODMAN



GALANOS

altman's

a Christmas tradition since 1865

Christmas luxury in the Altman tradition: Anne Klein's new silk sophisticates

There's a hint of the Orient here, as elegance becomes easy under the touch of designer Louis Dell'Olio. His kimono-inspired jacket flutters butterfly-light over a draped blouse, cropped pants. Ebony plays counterpoint to ivory, ignited with a flash of cinnabar red obi. North/south news you'll find at Altman's, the Christmas store.

Jacket in jacquard dot print, cuffed with cinnabar. Xs,s,m,l. 410.00.
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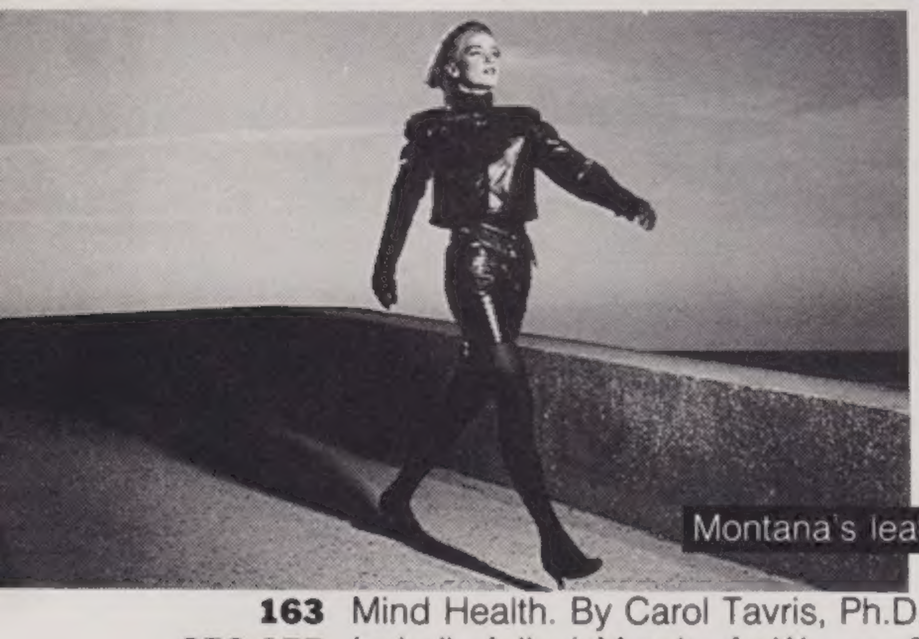
december

FASHION

146-151 For Giving '86: The Fashionable Present. By Kathleen Madden
152 Menstyle: Suiting A Man. By Frederick Eberstadt
226-238 Vogue's View: Style, Ideas, Fashion Action. By Kathleen Madden
242 People in Fashion Are Talking About What's Coming...
247 Point of View: What's New...And What's Even Better
256-259 Montana's Modern Edge
260-265 Distinctively Kamali
266-273 Sable: Going for the Gold!
274-279 Romancing the Stones
280-291 The New Sizzle—in Resort
314-321 A Passion for Knits: The Season's News
Adrienne Vittadini: An Interview by Elsa Klensch
322-325 In the Pink!
330-335 Ongoing Appeal—Warm Weather Day Dressing
336 Vogue Patterns: Ongoing Appeal
338 Last Word

BEAUTY AND HEALTH

32 Beauty Now/Cover Look
58 Beauty Style. By Andrea Robinson and Dorothy Schefer
122 Beauty Q & A
132,139 Hair Now: Couture Looks...
P.M. Changes
142 Shape-Up Now: High-Altitude
Exercise, Miss USA's Fitness
144 Beauty Now: Modern Makeup
...Easier Hair
160 Health. By Melva Weber


Montana's leather report

Resort sizzle

163 Mind Health. By Carol Tavris, Ph.D.
252-255 Isabelle Adjani: Moods of a Woman. By Allison Kyle Leopold
326-329 Fear of Fatigue: A Four-Page Beauty/Fitness Report
326 Stamina Boosters. By Shari Miller Sims
327 The Super Achievers. By Shirley Lord
342-348 Health Style: Right Chair for the Job...New Diet
Guidelines...Common Cold Facts...more
344 Your Diet: "Energy" Foods. By Judith S. Stern, Sc.D.
346 Your Well-Being: Love/Power. By Barbara Lang Stern

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

70-108 What's News, What's Coming: Movies, Art, Music,
Theater, TV, Comedy, Photography
118 Between Us. By Lorraine Davis
124 Managing Your Money. By Marion Asnes
128 Driving Style. By Lesley Jane Nonkin
154 Gifts: On the Receiving End. By Phyllis Rose
166-180 Talking About Books: Who's Between the Covers
This Month
248-251 Revelations: The Gloriously Restored Frescoes
of the Renaissance. By Barbara Rose
292-299 Spotlight '86-'87: The Hot New Stars...The Best and
Worst...The Overrated and Underrated...Trends
300-303 Dressed to Dance: A Celebration of Romance,
Parties, Music. By Holly Brubach

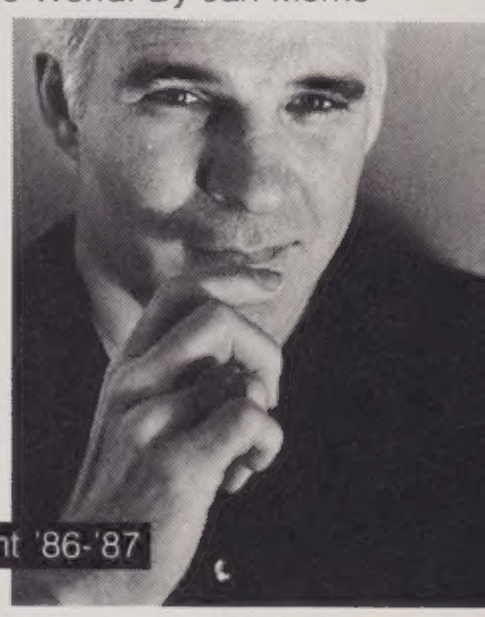
LIVING

184 Wines: A Toast to Champagne. By Martin Gersh
190 The Perfect Dinner Party. By Richard Sennett
198 Entertaining: New Year's Eve in Kenya—on Safari,
in Black Tie. By William and Chesbrough Rayner
202 Food in Vogue. By Barbara Kafka
208,210 Living. By Barbara Plumb
304-313 The Oasis Saint Laurent. By Joan Juliet Buck

TRAVEL

212 Travel Now. By Richard Alleman
214 At Christmas: The Best Meal in the World. By Jan Morris

How to beat fatigue


Spotlight '86-'87

218 Spa Story: California's Two Bunch Palms. By Michael Sorkin
222 Thai High: Phuket Island. By Dena Kaye
222 Vogue Travel Guide

IN EVERY ISSUE

28 Masthead
40 Reader Letters
134 Horoscope. By Rockie Gardiner

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Vogue ISSN 0042-8000 is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90212. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Robert J. Lapham, President; Eric C. Anderson, Treasurer; Pamela M. van Zandt, Secretary. Second-Class postage paid at Beverly Hills, CA, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as Second Class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Subscriptions in U.S. and possessions, $24 for one year; $46 for two years. In Canada, $43 for one year, $84 for two years. Elsewhere, $45 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies in U.S., $3; in Canada, $3.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to Vogue, Box 5201, Boulder, CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new and old address as printed on last label. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. VOL. 176, NO. 12, WHOLE NO. 3257. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. However, Vogue cannot be responsible for unsolicited material. Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to Vogue, Box 5201, Boulder CO 80322

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Norma Walters ivory silk mosaic jacquard dress, with passamentrie trim. Draped blouson top, wrapped softly below the hip. From our Norma Walters collection in Place Elegante on Boulevard Four, New York.

Norma Walters

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Paloma Picasso's Silver Basics

From a new collection of sterling silver jewelry by Paloma Picasso.
Clockwise from top left: Necklace, $1400. Necklace, $550.
Pin, $175. Pin, $190. Earrings, $155.

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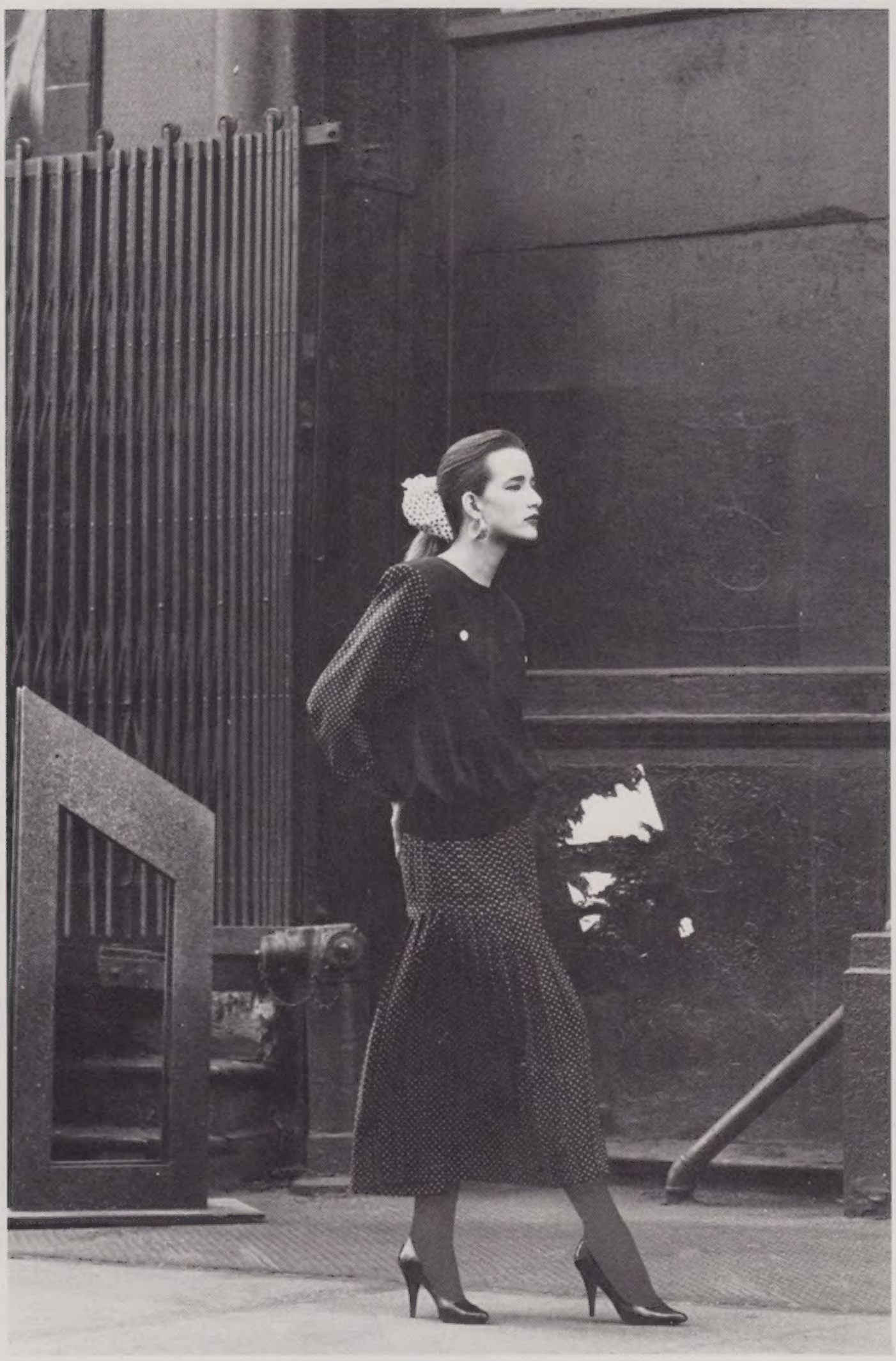

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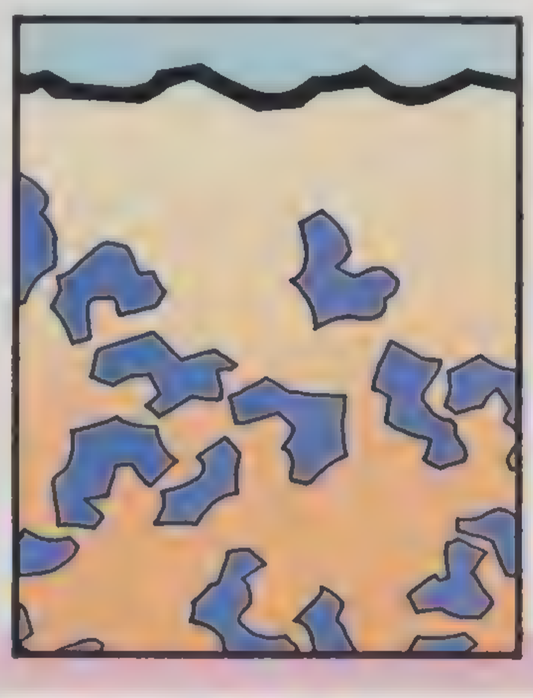
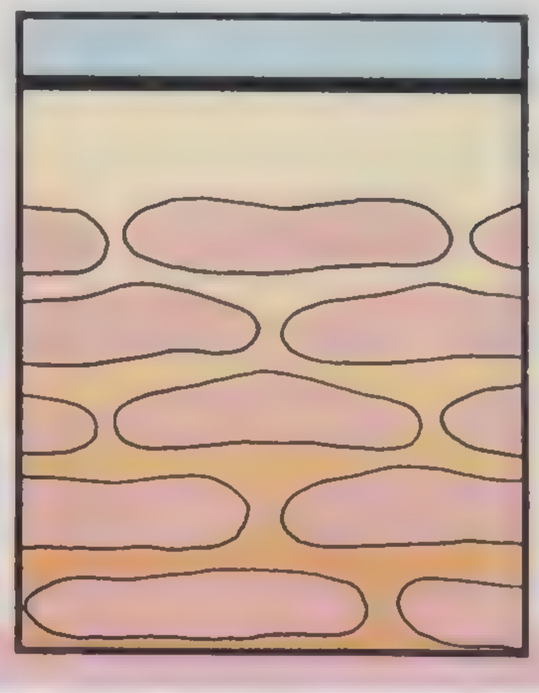
The breakthrough complex, C D C.
The power behind New Anti-Aging Daily Moisturizer is Cellular Defense Complex. This extraordinary formula works in three stages to help stop wrinkles before they even start: First, intensive moisturizing works quickly on wrinkle-prone areas, reviving and replenishing skin. Next, C D C simulates the skin's own hydrating factor, daily helping skin to retain moisture crucial to wrinkle-free skin. Then, essential emollients work over time to keep skin smooth, strong and resilient.



Without C D C: New skin cells are damaged by time and environment, causing them to weaken and break down. And that's how wrinkles are formed.



With C D C: This unique complex works daily to keep young skin cells healthy and strong, preventing damage and stopping wrinkles before they start.

Beyond protection: C D C actually helps prevent and reverse the visible signs of aging.
The two most common wrinkle-makers, sun and fluorescent lighting, penetrate your skin and damage the new skin cells underneath, causing them to weaken and actually break down. And that's how wrinkles are formed. But C D C is so effective, just a few drops each day will not only protect the vulnerable skin underneath your face—it will actually help put a halt to skin damage to reverse the visible signs of aging already there.

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turizer specially formulated to suit your skin type. So whether you have skin that's oily or very dry, New Anti-Aging Daily Moisturizer has the formula that best responds. Which means nothing works better. It even has a special sunscreen to protect your skin. Of course it has no fragrance. Of course it has no colorants. And it will never clog your pores.

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FRENCH VOGUE 4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, 75007 Paris GERMAN VOGUE 44 Leopoldstrasse 8000 München 40
ITALIAN VOGUE Piazza Castello 27, Milan VOGUE AUSTRALIA is published by Bernard Leser Publications Pty. Ltd
BRAZILIAN VOGUE is published by Carta Editorial Ltda. MEXICAN VOGUE is published by Carta Editorial de Mexico

VOGUE is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017
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Parfums Paloma Picasso

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BEAUTY NOW

For the holidays: quick makeup tips . . . terrific ideas . . . computer advances

COVER LOOK

Fast P.M. Tips

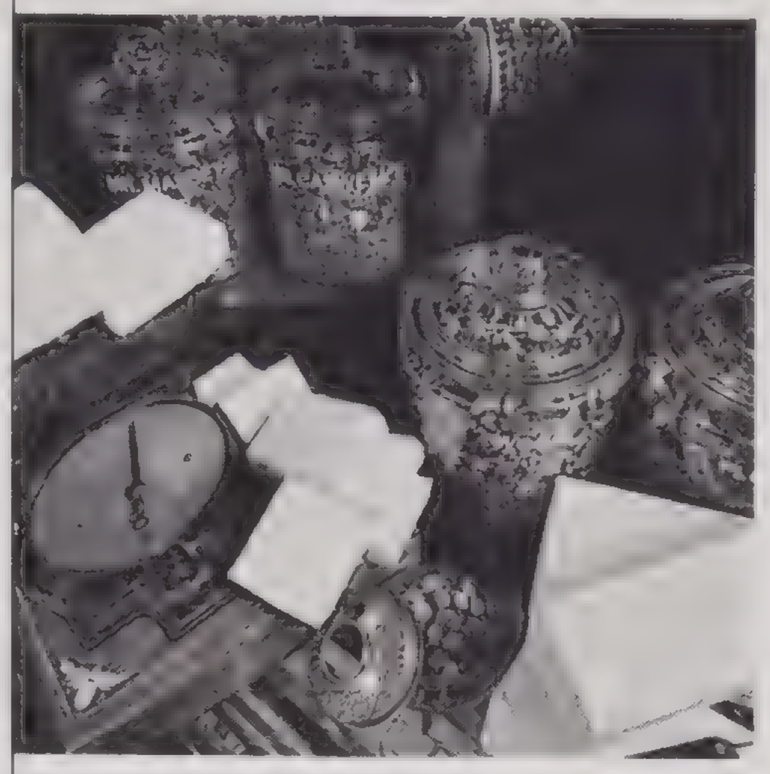
Makeup ideas for the holidays—for day, for night, for a quick, day-into-night change, from makeup pro Linda Cantello:

- Best day look is monochromatic: natural, matte, with a dusting of translucent powder. To keep makeup neat, use mascara on top lashes only; avoid bottom lash smudging, which can make eyes look "tired."
- For night, two options. The first—especially good if you're wearing a "big time" dress, dramatic accessories—is a natural, no-makeup look. The other direction: going for a hit of color. Good choices for eyes—emerald, electric blue, rimming the eye . . . for lips—bright orange, red, coral, garnet . . . for cheeks—lavender, coral, peach, pink, but *not* all together. Rule to working with color this intense: balance a bright eye with pale cheeks and lips; bright cheeks and lips with just a trace of color around the eyes.
- Day into evening—fast: simply add a spectacular color to the lips, less tricky and time-consuming than adding eye color and just as effective.

HOT LINES

To make hard-to-find items easier to enjoy, more companies are using 800 phone numbers for the ultimate in convenience shopping. New on the line: Guerlain—to order their new Maquillage cosmetics, dial 800-882-8820, 9-5 EST, Mon.–Fri. . . . for Hermès fragrances, call 800-441-4488.

Computer news Just out: the Clarion makeup line that's sensitivity-tested, fragrance-free. Also available: their computer consultations, in drugstores, supermarkets, to steer women to best colors, products.



ONE-OF-A-KIND FINDS

From "the oldest chemist/perfumer in America," Caswell Massey: delightful finds with the quality, the integrity of a 234-year-old institution. Sampling, *above*: pure Castile soap, to buy by the pound . . . potpourri, to mix yourself . . . pomander balls, made in England from a centuries-old formula . . . one-of-a-kind antique silver jars . . . and a superb collection of wood and *faux* ivory brushes. (For a catalogue, call 212/620-0900) . . . And, finds from a new source: Henri Bendel's Jean Laporte shop, a *parfumerie* filled with the irresistible and inventively mixed natural scents that have earned Parisian Laporte the title *l'artisan parfumeur*, a master of perfumes.

Photo right: MARK JENKINSON

Modern attraction

. . . as simple, as dramatic as it gets at night—an uncomplicated day-into-night approach—above and on our cover, on super-model-about-to-turn-film-star Paulina Porizkova (more on her movie debut, page 295). The differences—one, two, three—"lifting" hair (with mousse), a bit more cheek color, a brighter mouth, here, in the Christmas spirit, a "pop" of red . . . as brilliant—sparkling!—as the trio of perfect ten-carat-plus diamond solitaires, from Harry Winston of New York, on Paulina's fingers. A dream to own one, fantasy to wear three! Makeup, all Clinique: Think Bronze transparent buffer, Starstruck eyes, Earth Red over Honey Red pencil lips. Janis Savitt for M & J Savitt rhinestone collar stud. Wing collar, Bernard Hill, NYC. Hair, Garren NY; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Photograph, Avedon. Details, last pages.

COLLECTIBLES

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reader letters

Sweet inspiration
I was shocked when I read your report "Youth Fitness Follow-Up" ("Fitness Now" October 1986). I am a high school senior who is a very careful eater and does forty minutes of exercise four days per week. While I stand at the cafeteria salad bar I see girls drink a pint of chocolate milk and eat a slice of pizza plus a package of Hostess Ho-Hos. I have a piece of advice: hand them a copy of Vogue and a full-length mirror. I used them in January 1986, and today I am a healthy 4'11", 102-pound young woman. In January I was 122 pounds, but my motivation was a pair of ankle weights and a Duran Duran record collection, because I was *convinced* that was how Renee Simonsen kept in shape.

Karrie Cull
Woodbridge VA

'Eighties reflection
Regarding Rena Hecht's letter about breast reshaping in the October 1986 issue: I have a "...'fifties-looking hourglass figure" and in no way consider myself a sex-kitten or bimbo. I am with a prestigious law firm here and am taken very seriously.

I hope Vogue layouts reflect a healthy-looking woman instead of the skin-and-bones, built-like-a-man figure of the late 'sixties and 'seventies. When a man assumes a woman is only for his pleasure, it is usually because she sends that kind of a message—whatever her figure is like.

Holly Robinson
Norman OK

Time enough
In Alison Humes's interview with Barbara Ehrenreich ("People Are Talking About Books" September 1986), she makes the sweeping statement that "The main thing that women have been asserting is that they do not get pleasure from old-fashioned in-and-out vaginal intercourse: if sex is ten minutes of foreplay and eight minutes of intercourse, it's not for us."

Had Ms. Ehrenreich begun her statement with a qualifying "most" before the "women" and ended it with a "them" instead of an "us," I'd have had no quarrel with it. However, when a woman leads a full and varied sex life...then there are many times when "ten minutes of foreplay and eight minutes of intercourse" are the perfect thing—rousing good fun in the kitchen or the shower, or stolen moments in a park under the trees, or those times when eighteen minutes is all you've got....

Victoria Valdes-Dapena-Hiltebeitel
Collegeville PA

Equal support
In Holly Atkinson's message about women and dreams ("Between Us" September 1986), she implies that nursing is a lesser profession than a medical doctor's and that it needs less support both emotionally and financially. Nursing requires fine assessment, decision-making and management skills, specialization, education, plus knowledge, compassion, and support. It is not the enormousness of one's dream (for this is individual) but rather where one's interests lie. Let us support and encourage all women professionals.

Christine L. Cavan, R.N.
Kenbridge VA

She's in heaven
I always knew you all were chic, but hip, too? Your October 1986 issue is amazing! It seemed too much to ask. But in one issue, you had not only John Waters reviewing a book about Liberace (this alone is like my idea of heaven on earth), but an article on David Byrne by Spalding Gray. Need I say more? Plus, the clothes and the photography were fresher and funkier than I've seen in quite a long time. Keep up the good work.

Meredith Tips-Jones
Philadelphia PA

Vogue makes the day
This has been one of those bleak days when nothing, large or small, has gone right. So, I'm writing to thank you for publishing Bruce Handy's review of the new *Hollywood Squares* ("People Are Talking About" September 1986). It did the impossible: made me laugh out loud (twice) sitting here all alone....

Joan E. Iaconetti
New York City NY

Brazilian spiritual rituals
I am writing in response to "Voodoo Therapy" (September 1986) by Louis Sass. The article gave the reader a glimpse into the world of Brazilian spiritual rituals and compared it with the methods of Western psychology. I was pleased to find that this was not a mockery of the people who practice Macumba or a typical view of it. Instead of being portrayed as a savage, primitive activity, the spiritual rituals were shown in a realistic light, helping to show that our learned "men of science" do not belong on the pedestal they tend to put themselves on. Relating to a personal, identifiable God can be as helpful, if not more, than trying to apply a complex theory to help one deal with a problem.

Holly Hendricksen
Milwaukee WI

To brake or not to brake?
I would like to respond to Lesley Jane Nonkin's item "Duck the Truck" ("Women & Cars," June 1986).

I took my son back to college in a small U-Haul truck, doing most of the driving. Surely, truckers know that U-Haul vehicles have a governor on them, and you can only drive a certain speed. I found it extremely hard driving because of the lack of visibility in a truck. I tried to adhere to the rules of the road, and I am a capable driver. However, when we were in the center lane, which we tried to avoid, and the truck was bearing down on us, it was life-threatening and we were really frightened. We had cars on the left, cars on the right, and we could not speed up because of the governor. I had heard through the years that truckers are good drivers, but from personal experience, I have found that some are challenging and defiant.

It seems that this problem needs more attention. Perhaps removing truck front brakes is not the ideal solution.

Shirley Arelt
Setauket NY

I am an owner operator for National Carriers Inc. out of Liberal, Kansas. My fellow owner operators and I were shocked that you would write such an article ("Women & Cars" June 1986) concerning tractor-trailers without more facts.

John Cook's statement "If you see a tractor-trailer behind you, get out of the way!" is bad advice. When a tractor comes up behind a vehicle, the driver knows just what speed he is driving and how much space is needed to pass. A vehicle's speed should remain steady, not slow down or speed up, to make passing safer for the semi and the other vehicle....

The Department of Transportation does not permit front brakes to be removed. Have you ever locked up your brakes on ice and lost control? On a tractor-trailer, the weight is on the drive tires. When you lock up the brakes, front included, you lose control. If you back off the braking ability (meaning adjust the steering brakes), you can still steer when braking on ice or wet pavement. The remark John Cook made about not braking as quickly as a car is unreal. An eighty-thousand-pound tractor-trailer cannot stop as fast because of its weight and momentum.

My life depends on how safe my tractor is, and I feel the public needs to learn more on how to drive safely around us. We need added space on turns, stops, and passing. If the public had a better understanding of what trucks can and cannot do, it would help make the roads a lot safer....

Susan King
National Carriers
Liberal KS

Editor's reply: *Although the Department of Transportation does not permit the removal of front brakes on tractor-trailers, in the past some owner operators have adjusted their brakes to give a "freeing" effect, which allows for more steering ability on wet or icy surfaces. Today, it's said that with better maintenance records and services as well as computerized brake systems this alteration does not occur as frequently.*

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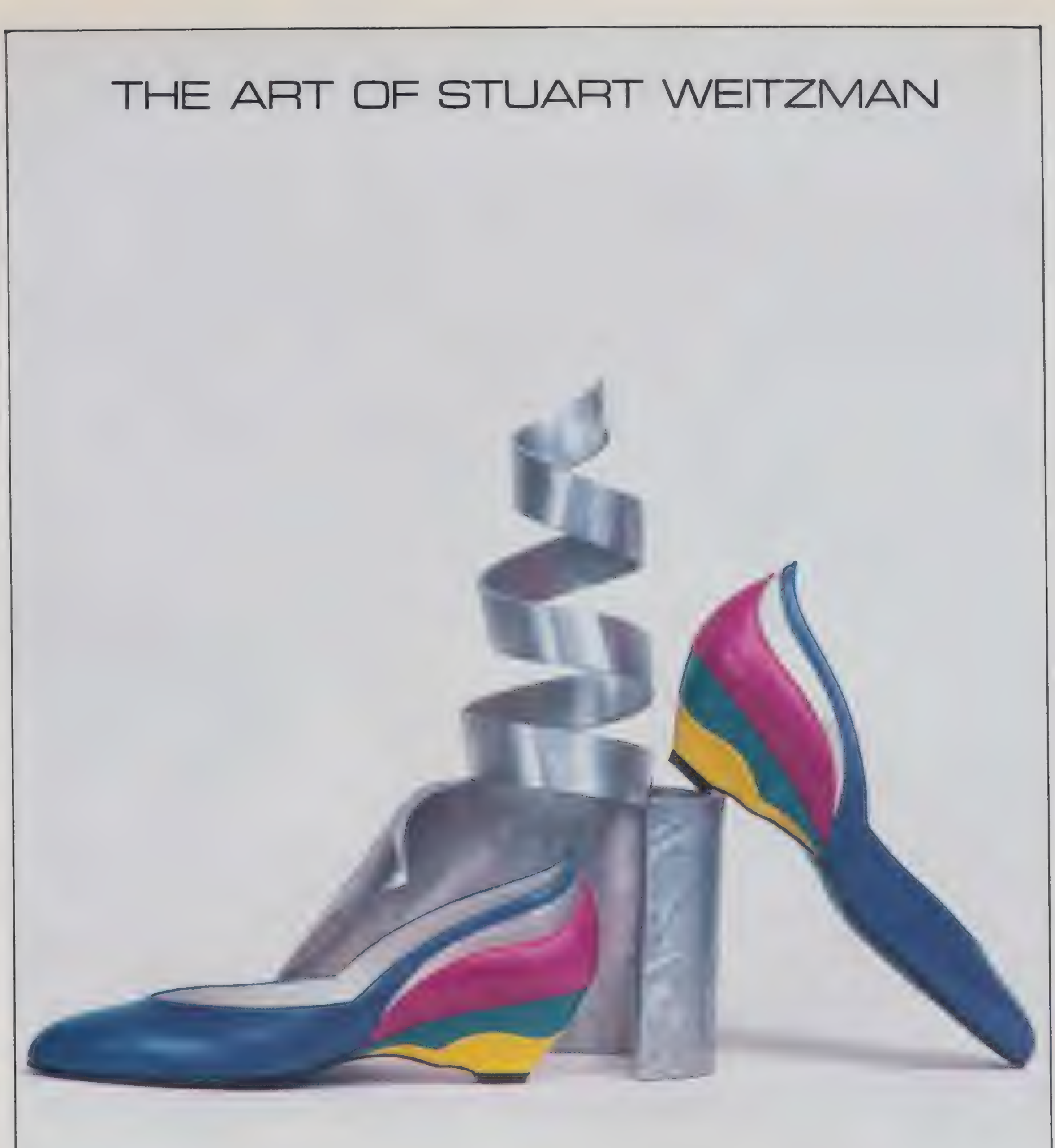

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people . . . places . . . trends . . . ideas.

BY ANDREA ROBINSON and DOROTHY SCHEFER

BALLET AS EXERCISE

Cynthia Gregory, Prima Ballerina, American Ballet Theatre, is truly at a personal turning point. Just forty, newly married, and thinking of a family, Gregory has started her own tour, The Celebration Tour, on the road in March, April, and has written one of the better "celebrity" fitness books — *Ballet Is The Best Exercise* (Simon and Schuster).

Gregory's book is based on her own personal exercise program, which she does daily for a half hour when she isn't performing. "It doesn't take much time. I recommend three days at least; and I always take one day off myself." She also recommends it for "older" women—herself included. "The older I get, the more I have to stretch because everything starts to constrict a little, get a little tighter. I feel that definitely in my back. If you stretch every day, you will keep a certain amount of elasticity. You may not get more stretched out, although some women might; but at least you will maintain."

An interesting comment from a woman who spends a great deal of her life *en point*, she attributes some of women's posture problems to wrong heel heights. "High heels put too much weight on the balls of the feet. I don't know how women do it."

Can an "average" woman achieve a ballet posture? Gregory says yes. You'll never achieve the line that a dancer has, but any woman could achieve something quite a bit better than she expects.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

● Where are the limousines lining up? These days, in front of NYC's La Couleur de La Coupe salon, where, on a recent Friday morning, there were three stretches waiting, one belonging to model Jerry Hall.

● Helena Titus is a woman to watch. She's Helena Rubinstein's granddaughter, and has just brought out her own skin-treatment line, designed for women who—guess what?—don't have time for skin care. Helena seems to be on her customers' wavelength. She's the exact opposite, in appearance, of her famous grandmother, whose beauty trademarks were her black chignon and matte-red lips. Helena, who wears her long, strawberry-blond hair wavy and loose, has an athletic body . . . and seems to understand her customer as well as Madame Rubinstein, in her day, knew hers.

● Tennis Toy Is it the ultimate hype? Or an engineering miracle? Prince's new tennis racquet is custom-built to your personal specs: head size, balance point, weight, grip, strings, tension, racquet flex are variables, all measured during a private consultation with a Prince tennis technician. If that doesn't "personalize" it, your engraved signature on the side of the racquet will. Takes four to six weeks. Cost: $1000. Info: 1- 800/257-9480.

● Makeup Secrets is the name of a new twenty-two minute how-to video, the first of its kind put together by Huish & Sullivan/Telemation Productions, collaborating with a cosmetics company. Included: advice on hiding skin discolorations; a special section for "mature" skin; available at Shiseido counters, where, this month, exclusively at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, you'll also find a rather unique limited-edition scent, Enchanting Dance, developed to celebrate an event —the sponsoring of The Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute's new dance exhibit.

MARTINA'S GIFT

Martina Navratilova has donated $150,000 to the Women's Sports Foundation to kick off their Aspire Higher campaign, in memory of Flo Hyman (the Olympic volleyball star who died this year). She's also asking pro athletes—men and women—to donate 1 percent of their annual earnings to the fund. To make a pledge, call 1-800/628-2828.

*Closest to **Mikhail Baryshnikov**'s heart these days? His new line of exercise clothes for Marika Bodywear. The collaboration may seem odd, but, in fact, it's not: "Dancers spend two-thirds of their lives in leotards, so I need dancewear with the right fit, comfort, durability." Now Baryshnikov has exactly what he wants, and he's developed it for dancers and fitness enthusiasts. "I've been very exacting about the cut of the leotards, the tights, the choice of materials. We tested dozens of samples on professional dancers and fitness fans. I'm happy with the results," says Baryshnikov. And so are we.*

CRUISE TO FITNESS?

Now that the idea of just sitting around and/or overindulging in food on a vacation appeals to almost no one, cruise ships are looking for alternate means to entice health-minded travelers. Enter the fitness cruise, an '80s idea, spun-off from the successful first of its kind: the Golden Door Spa aboard the QE2 (now, also aboard the Saga Fjord and Vista Fjord).

Reebok, which continues to put more sports shoes on more feet (its Weeboks line for toddlers is out this month), has joined forces with Admiral Cruises, Inc., to offer a fitness cruise aboard the M/V Stardancer. Offered: a shipboard triathlon, tennis in Puerto Vallarta, and a 5K race/walk in Mazatlan. And "Flashdancer" Marine Jahan will be on one, too. Leaving: December 5, January 16, February 13, April 17.

High-Profile Beauty

The subject of a recent American Woman's Economic Development Corporation seminar, held in NYC, and attended by eleven hundred women: Being the Boss. The speakers, Katharine Graham, chairman of the board, The Washington Post Co.; Evelyn Handler, first woman president of Brandeis University; Ellen Gordon, the Harvard-educated president of Tootsie Roll; and Dorothy Brunson, who as head of Brunson Communications has built her own radio empire. The surprising first question asked from the audience: *How do you handle stress*? "You have to learn, early on, not to rely on drugs," said Kay Graham. "Exercise," added Evelyn Handler. "And when you can't, *move*. I never sit at my desk for more than one hour," she said. It may not have been a question raised among a group of executive men; but for a group of women, traditionally nurturers, caretakers of others, it was time to focus, for once, on themselves.

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Antigone Dean
Woodworker, Age: 23, Living in London

My most important goal in life is to achieve something for myself, to be proud of myself. I'm studying cabinetmaking in England because I'm interested in doing restorations and designing furniture. I tend towards the traditional. I like going to the cinema to see films where I'm learning something and not just escaping. My real escape is travel—I yearn to go everywhere. And I want to set up my own business. Maybe I'll find someplace really distant and open a restaurant on the beach. I think I'm afraid of getting old and helpless.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

WHAT'S NEW / WHAT'S COMING

movies

LUST ON THE MARCH

In 1864, William Tecumseh Sherman swept across the South on his historic march to the sea. Ross McElwee's Southern pilgrimage was less than historic—all he wanted to do was meet a woman and fall in love. (His New York girl friend had ditched him, distracting him from his plans for a serious documentary on the General.) McElwee roamed Georgia and the Carolinas looking up old lovers, teachers, and gamely going on blind dates orchestrated by sisters and friends. Out of his travails has come the loopy and exquisitely deadpan *Sherman's March*—subtitled "An Improbable Quest for Love."

The film consists of interviews with such delicate flowers of Southern womanhood as Pat, an alarmingly extroverted proto-actress who really digs Ross filming her anti-cellulite exercises, but Burt Reynolds a whole lot more. When she learns she has a chance for an audition with a Reynolds cohort, she leaves Ross in the dust.

Claudia is a decorator with a cotton-candy drawl who proudly takes Ross to a survivalist camp, complete with private lead-lined bomb shelters, tennis courts, and an unsettling whiff of white supremacy. Ross bends over backwards not to be judgmental. *(Continued on page 72)*

Catherine Mouchet as Thérèse

A FRENCH-FREUD SAINT

She is an odd subject for a film: a little French *bourgeoise* who became a Carmelite nun, then a much-petted saint. Thérèse of Lisieux did nothing, in her short life, that was more dramatic than simply *being good*. What director Alain Cavalier has done in his movie *Thérèse* has been to capture that goodness on-screen, making it palpable—a feat never successfully undertaken, to my knowledge, except in the film of *Billy Budd*. The goodness here is never cloying, in part because *Thérèse*'s sets are starkly beautiful, its light clear and cold, its humor gentle, and its silences darkly poetic. Philippe Rousselot, the cinematographer, obviously luxuriated in spareness. The face of Catherine Mouchet, who plays Thérèse (and is, by the way, a ringer for the original), is full of mischief, delight, and desire. She craves God the way an adolescent girl usually craves romance; hers is a hungry innocence. Cavalier's notion of what religiously excites a nun is also innocent, if somewhat less endearing. No Carmelite, however romantic, spends all her cloistered days sublimating her sexuality while quoting the most sensuous passages from the *Song of Songs*. That's a Freudian notion of convent life (very French, too), and it gives *Thérèse* a prurient excitement it hardly needs.

What is exciting about Thérèse Martin, a devout girl from Normandy, is her unembellished piety. "You see, Mother," she once explained to her prioress, "that I am but a *very little* soul, who can offer to God only *very little* things." This "little way" of Thérèse, which shows how simple virtue, practiced by ordinary people, can redeem their souls, is perhaps a misnomer: after Thérèse's death from tuberculosis in 1897, at the age of twenty-four, thousands of girls rushed to enter convents; Thérèse's wonderful autobiography was reprinted around the world; and the church hastened to canonize its "miniature of perfect saintliness." Thérèse would not have been surprised. Modesty aside, she had always intended to be a saint, albeit a little one.

Cavalier's Thérèse never grows into her saintliness, as the real one did; so her fortitude in dying has too little impact. The issues he raises, then lays to rest, might have deepened the film—as when, for example, the doctor examining Thérèse, whose illness has been aggravated by austere convent life, confronts the prioress. ("You're dangerous," he tells her. "We're necessary," she replies.) But the images—Thérèse steeling herself, with smiles, to gut a fish; the nuns covering their faces like shy milkmaids to nervously receive the ex-lover of one who snaps at him from behind her black veil; the Pope, worldly and evasive, deflecting Thérèse's demands to enter the convent—these are, indeed, perfect miniatures. They give *Thérèse*, like its subject, a rare quality: intensely human, and not a little sublime. —CATHLEEN MEDWICK

Cathleen Medwick *is writing a book on Thérèse's famous predecessor, the Carmelite reformer and mystic St. Teresa of Ávila.*

Photo left: SYLVIA PLACHY

Polo Ralph Lauren.

A man's cologne in the Polo tradition.

Saks Fifth Avenue

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... movies

(Continued)

Wini lives on an insect-infested island off Savannah with only one other inhabitant, and discourses on linguistic theory while combing Ross's legs for ticks. When he takes a brief trip off the island, Wini moves next door to her fellow Robinson Crusoe's bed.

Over and over, Ross, ever gallant, earnest as a Berkeley student on Earth Day, is left alone filming himself talking to himself about what went wrong—a wounded knight of love. He also poured out his heart to Vogue.

Vogue: *What is "Sherman's March" really about?*

McElwee: Sparking with somebody, or not sparking by a long shot; near-misses and misses by long distances. When two people hit it off, they're just happy; there's no formula to it.

V: *What does General Sherman have to do with it all?*

M: He was a soldier, and used a military approach to solving problems. He is *not* one of my heroes. I'm a pacifist: I try to work things out. I talk to myself a lot, but my monologues seem to twist themselves in circles. The futility of my approach should be apparent in the film.

V: *Did the camera help you with your love life?*

M: Not in any lasting way. You have this fellow with a camera on his shoulder and a microphone in his hand—how seriously can you take him?

V: *Did you ever find the woman of your dreams?*

M: Yes. She's not one of the women in the film. She's from Boston, and we're making a film together—about the Berlin Wall.

V: *You know, after the film, people may look to you for advice on their love life.*

M: I don't have any answers. That's what the film's about—the folly of trying to come up with logical explanations for these things. Besides, I barely have answers to my own problems.

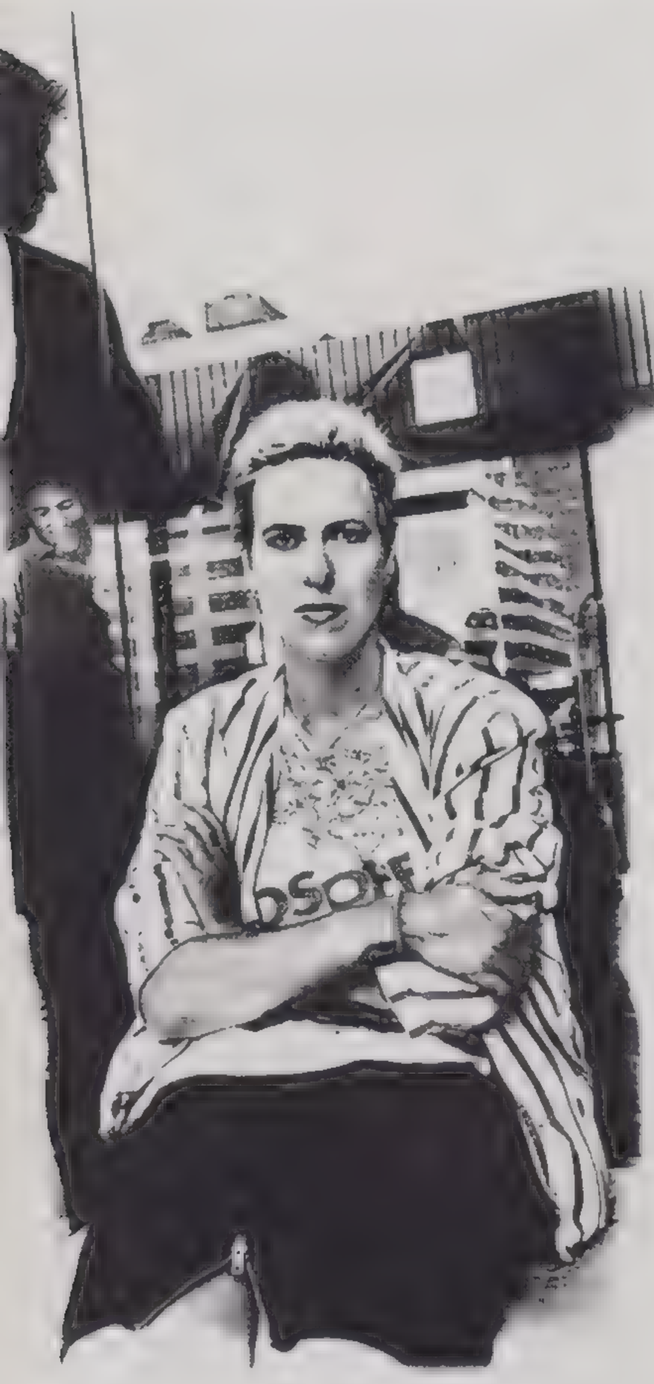
V: *You might become the Tristan of the 'eighties—maybe even a matinee idol.*

M: I don't think that's conceivable.

V: *What did your family think about the film?*

M: My father said he hadn't realized I was so funny.

—DEBORAH MASON



DORIS DÖRRIE: MORE REALIST THAN FEMINIST

It's clear from *Men*, Doris Dörrie's affectionate comedy (and the most commercially successful German film since 1945), that the director has the extraordinary ability to see both sides of the sexual question. The central relationship in the movie is between an adman and the hippie who is having an affair with the executive's wife—two men who turn out to be brothers under the skin, sharing, among other things, a fantasy view of women that has a stronger grip on them than anything reality throws their way.

Dörrie, thirty-one, reads the current estrangement between men and women as hopeless, but not terminal. "There's no solution, so it's better to laugh and make the best of it. I'm interested in men's hang-ups, but I accept them the way they are. There are certain experiences women can't share," Dörrie says ruefully. Meanwhile she goes on making her films—controlled, beautifully acted, unpredictable excursions into the sexual battlefield. *Paradise*, her next movie, opening here this spring, is about a man and two women who all tell lies—to themselves and to one another. "They think they really love each other, but I doubt it," Dörrie says of her characters, as if they had a life of their own.

Dörrie is awesomely sure of herself. In the early 'seventies, inspired by the University of the Pacific theater troupe that had visited her hometown of Hanover, West Germany, she packed up, flew to California, and enrolled at the University at Stockton. Dropping out at nineteen, she came to New York City, took odd jobs, hoping to go to N.Y.U.'s film school. When she realized how much it cost, she went to Munich where film school was free.

"At one time, I wanted to be an actress," she says, "but I discovered I'd never be a good one. I didn't want to be anybody else. I wanted to tell stories—that was why I initially wanted to act, and I discovered I could do it from behind the camera."

She acknowledges directorial idols (Austrian and German émigrés like Josef von Sternberg, Ernst Lubitsch, Fritz Lang, and Billy Wilder; and, from film school, Martin Scorsese and John Cassavetes) but admits to no influences. Her films have little of the ponderous, brooding quality of most German filmmakers', yet there is a European knowingness, an impatience with illusion. And although she uses Americanisms freely ("I'm a chameleon. I came back from California talking like a Valley Girl and I didn't even know it"), a harsh realism underlies the zippy tempo and comic proficiency of *Men*.

Dörrie shares a flat in Munich with her pals, but not with her boyfriend. (He's a writer and they agree it's impossible to live together.) And though she admits it's "not fair," she doesn't believe she can have it all—children, the works.

I mention the baby boom in America and she says Germany has the lowest birth rate of any country. "At the rate we are going, they say Germany will be extinct by the year 2410." And then, you can almost see a movie go on in her head, and she laughs. "I can't wait to see the last German—he will wake up in the year 2410 at 1:00 A.M. and be all alone!"

—MOLLY HASKELL

MICHAEL RITCHIE SHOOTS THE MOON

Michael Ritchie has only forty-five minutes to talk. The director of Eddie Murphy's new movie, *Golden Child*, dashes into the Paramount offices in New York City, breathless, wearing black Reeboks and dirty grey pants; his sweater has a tear across an arm and his hair looks a little like a messy ashtray. He excuses his rush by explaining how much work he has to do. "On top of all this," his publicist announces, "Michael has five children!" "Six," he corrects her. "Well, it's five according to your bio." She waves a sheet of paper in the air. Ritchie whips out a snapshot of a new baby. "I've got six now," he says.

Ritchie has been a busy man for some time—directing movies and plays for over twenty years. His career started in school when he worked on Harvard classmate Arthur Kopit's *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad*. He then directed industrial films and documentaries before graduating to TV (*The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*). In 1969, he turned to features, including *Downhill Racer*, *The Candidate*, *Smile* (made into a Broadway musical this fall). It's been a lesson in talent and ego working with stars like Burt Reynolds, Bette Midler, and Robert Redford.

But this fall's *Golden Child*, the tale of a street-smart L.A. investigator who saves a holy child from the forces of evil, is making Ritchie busier than ever. Although many were successful, none of Ritchie's previous pictures was The Big Movie. Now, with Eddie Murphy's record of nothing but hits, and what was to be the other big Christmas film, Warren Beatty's *Ishtar*, delayed until spring, *Golden Child* is the odds-on favorite to become the season's blockbuster. "For the first time in my life," Richie says, "I am sitting on the film to beat. *(Continued on page 78)*

From left, "Golden Child"-ren Ritchie Murphy, Charlotte Lewis

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NEIMAN MARCUS

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... movies

(Continued) Every movie I have done has been something of an underdog. I've never had this kind of anticipation before."

One reason for the excitement is Eddie Murphy's first film role in two years. Another is the three million dollars in special effects, supplied by George Lucas's Industrial Light and Magic—". . . as complicated as anything I have ever seen in any movie," Ritchie says. "For *Golden Child* we have invented an entirely new way to film special effects; we are approaching the supernatural as though we were filming a documentary. The humor in *Golden Child* derives from Eddie's progress from disbelief in the supernatural into belief. To achieve this we have to make the illusions so real that the audience believes in Murphy when he believes in the supernatural. It hasn't been easy."

So, when is Ritchie going to take a break? Just before *Golden Child* opens. "I'm going to leave the country. It's too nerve-racking to stay around—it's all out of your hands when it opens. I'll go someplace like Hawaii and relax."

—GENE STONE

TRISTE AND SHOUT

Charlotte Gainsbourg

The heroines of Claude Miller's *Charlotte and Lulu*, played enchantingly by Charlotte Gainsbourg and Julie Glenn, turn what might have been yet another cinematic tour through the familiar way stations of adolescence into one of the surprise delights of the year.

It's summer in a provincial town in France, and thirteen-year-old Charlotte, stuck in the ugliest house with her toolmaker father, yearns to be somewhere (and somebody) else. Gainsbourg's face, forlorn one minute, ecstatic with hope the next, is like a weather map of adolescence, while Glenn, as the stolid eight-year-old Lulu, is anchored and wise. The two are a hilarious pair, Charlotte spinning off in all directions, while Lulu, looking like an owl, with glasses as big as her face, tries to goad Charlotte into becoming a responsible person.

Miller, a former assistant to Godard, has learned how to listen to children and to catch their unique rhythms as they interact. But what makes the film so special is its feeling for the web of small-town family life and the air of comic tenderness that embraces all the characters.

If our own teen movies deal almost exclusively in feel-good fantasies, the comparable French cinema has a weakness for poignant ironies; *Charlotte and Lulu* occasionally swings predictably from the Bitter to the Sweet, but for the most part its emotions have a layered complexity.

Painful love is the ailment that afflicts everybody in the movie, and creates an unconscious bond even when the characters clash most violently. Charlotte sees the exquisite Clara Bauman, a thirteen-year-old piano-playing prodigy, and develops a violent crush on her, a crush that is part envy, part idol-worship, and part pure love. Clara (Clothilde Baudon) is blond, angelic, and as imperially gracious as any seasoned diva. Meanwhile, ragged, sickly, heart-tugging Lulu pants after her Charlotte. And Charlotte's gentle, weary widower father (Raoul Billerey) looks longingly at the housekeeper (Bernadette Lafont) who lives in her own dream world.

The excellent script is full of half-notes, and Miller knows how to convey a whole tangle of emotions in a single moment. At one point, Lulu begins dancing alone to a pop record; standing in front of a mirror propped against a tree, she shimmies and bops with perfect rhythm, on and on, lost in time, as Miller leaves the camera on her. It is one of those breathtaking, "pure" movie moments when real, unself-conscious life merges with and becomes art.

Charlotte and Lulu is a movie that revels in the healing powers of love. Hearts are broken, and mend through their own resiliency and the cushioning of family and friends. Whatever they may think, teenagers don't live in a vacuum—that is, if they are lucky. If Charlotte is at the center of *Charlotte and Lulu*, it's the people around her who make the difference, pushing their way into her lonely little closet, forcing her to become a human being.

—MOLLY HASKELL

SPEAK UP, SWEET CHARLOTTE

Charlotte and Lulu, one of the most successful French films of the year, is fourteen-year-old Charlotte Gainsbourg's first big role. Gainsbourg is the daughter of the notorious Parisian singer-comedian-personality Serge Gainsbourg, a sort of Bogart without the class, who frequently appears on late-night television unshaven and smoking a quarter-inch cigarette butt and fondling bare-breasted Lido dancers. He loves to shock—as he did when he appeared in drag on billboards all over France, or when he and Charlotte not long ago recorded an amiable song about the attractions of incest. Her mother is the English movie actress Jane Birkin.

In a TV interview, Charlotte was hopeless, answering nothing but yes or no, and that after long pauses, in a tiny, breathy, stricken voice. She never stopped searching the floor for rescue or chewing her nails. The talk show host mentioned that their "discourse" had not been particularly "rich." *Charlotte and Lulu*'s director Claude Miller, however, knew how to bring out this same shyness and painful sincerity in a subtle psychological portrait of a girl greedy to know but too proud to learn, a walking paradox of timidity and cheek that only an act of magic could ever resolve. The magic comes along, although in a form not even Gainsbourg could have imagined.

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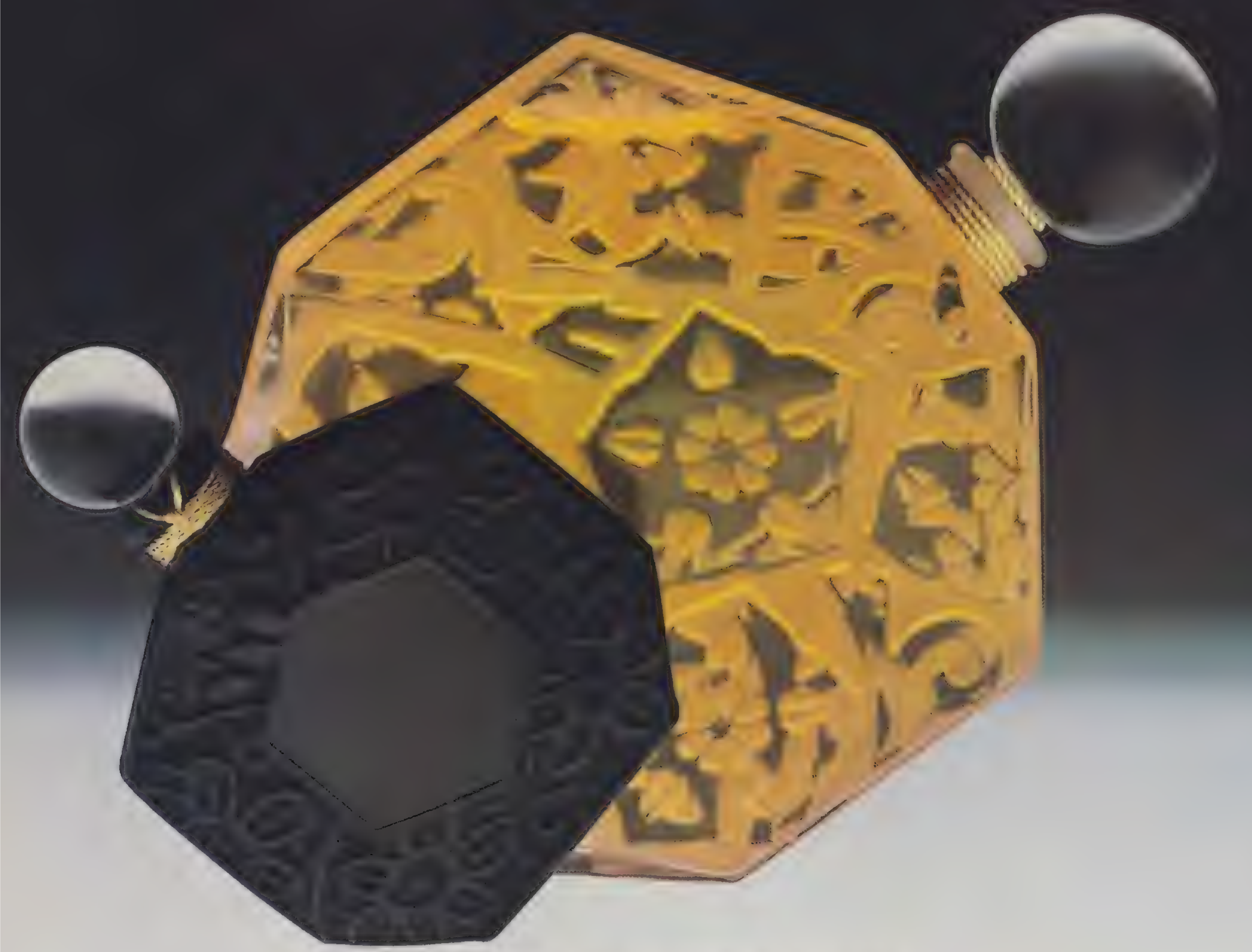

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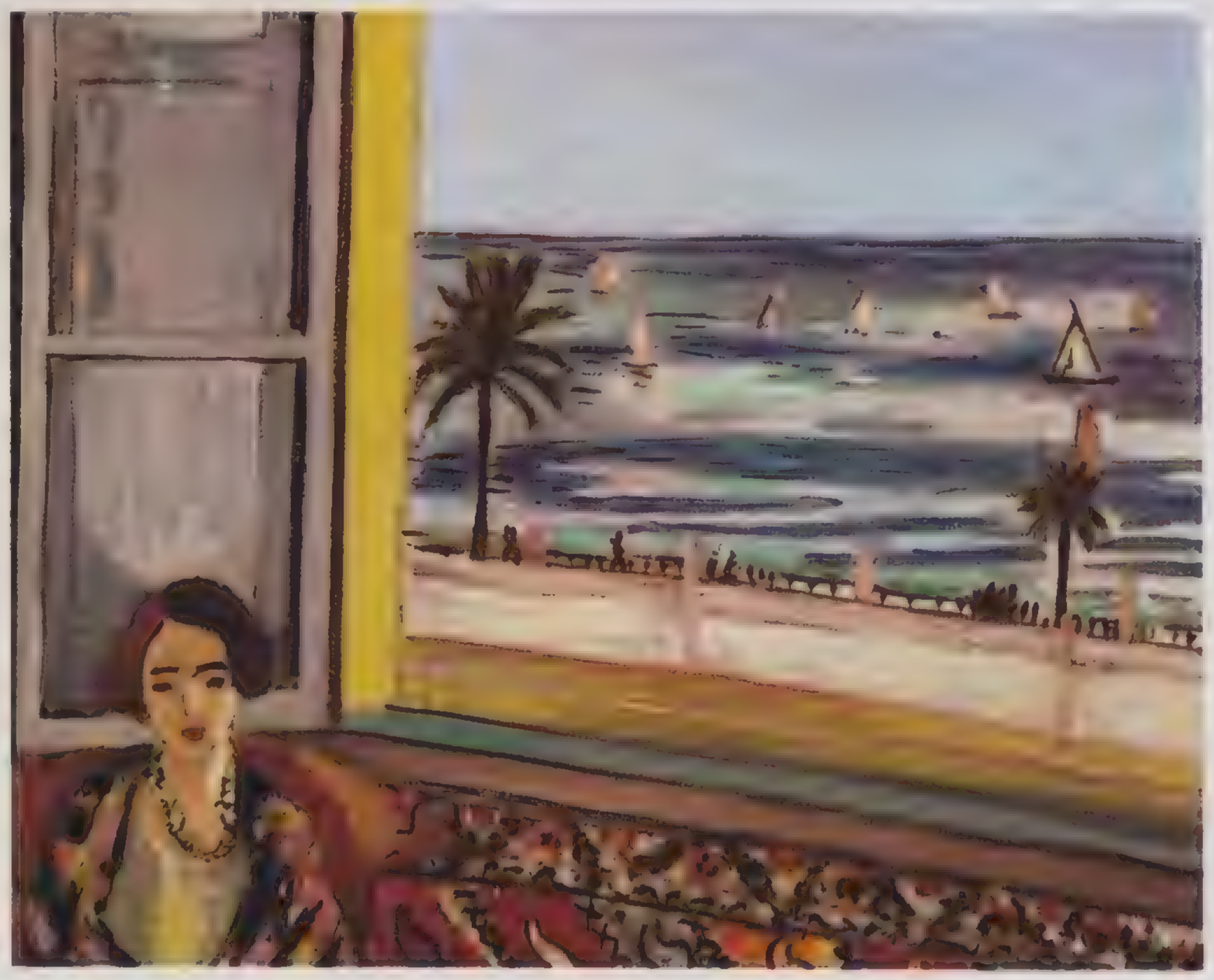
MATISSE IN LOVE

A glorious new show full of beautiful women, moody weather, incomparable colors

Henri Matisse: The Early Years in Nice 1916–1930 is one of those shows that's going to leave lots of people feeling surprised, confused, and amazed. For decades, Matisse has been presented as the Great Simplifier, as an artist who, time and again, brought art to the edge of abstraction. Now, curator Jack Cowart and his colleagues at the National Gallery of Art in Washington DC have focused on the least-known phase of Matisse's career—the 1920s—to reveal an artist who was in love with the richness of nature. This glorious new show is full of beautiful women, changing weather, and an incomparable wealth of textures, colors, moods. Matisse turns out to be a devout son of tradition, obsessed with the art of the museums and the lessons of the Old Masters. It's as if the Revolutionary Matisse had suddenly been confronted with his alter ego, the Traditional Matisse. By the time you leave this spectacular show, you're going to feel that when it comes to Matisse, tradition and revolution, preservation and innovation, go hand in hand.

Curators and historians who want to see twentieth-century art as a steady ascent toward the large-scale abstractions of post-World War II America have treated Matisse's work of the 1920s as an aberration or a regression—or they have ignored it com- *(Continued on page 88)*



Top left: "Odalisque in a Turkish Armchair," 1928; top right, Matisse drawing from a model in his apartment in Nice, c. 1928; right, "Woman at the Window," 1922.

Top left Musée d'art moderne de la ville de Paris. *Top right*: Museum of Modern Art, New York Bottom: John W. Tempest Fund, Collection Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, Photo: Marilyn Aitken

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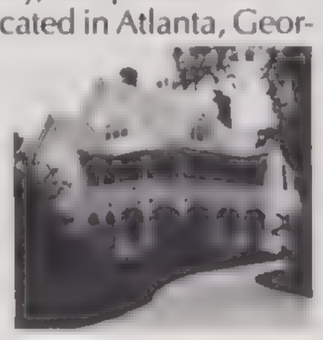

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... art

(Continued) pletely. Matisse, according to his detractors, was just slumming when he painted these balconies overlooking the Mediterranean, these odalisques lolling amid a profusion of exotic draperies. But a close look at the astonishing output of this period shows these put-downs to be totally inappropriate. If the work of the previous two decades had seen Matisse sacrificing everything to the search for simplicity, he then threw himself with equal abandon into the dangers of complexity. He seems to get drunk on the rivalries of flat patterns and modeled forms; he revels in the most peculiar sweet-and-sour color combos (such as orange and green). The paintings are often small in size, but they're always filled to the brim. Matisse was—as always—treating painting as a high-wire act performed without a net.

Two facts—one biographical, one historical—help to explain the turn Matisse's work took in the 1920s. At the end of World War I, Matisse was on the threshold of middle age, and both the man and the world were in a mood for taking stock. The War had brought to a close a decade-and-a-half of giddy, optimistic experimentation; the founding fathers of the School of Paris—who included, in addition to Matisse, Picasso, Braque, and Léger—seemed to be preoccupied with what had been lost in the adventure of modern art. As younger artists rushed forward into the purity of total abstraction or into the anarchistic vision of Dada, Matisse, Picasso, and others of the older generation fell into a reflective phase. Matisse, who turned fifty in 1919, retreated from the hurly-burly of the Parisian scene, and began to spend the majority of each year in Nice. For the next decade he occupied a succession of hotels and apartments; these fussy interiors form a backdrop for many of the 1920s works. Nice wasn't just a change of scenery; it also signaled Matisse's increasing estrangement from his wife. The models he drew and painted with such total concentration weren't companions of the studio alone. The Nice period marks the mid-life crisis of a man, and maybe of the modern movement as well.

When Matisse first came to Nice, he went to visit the aged Renoir, who was, despite his severe arthritis, painting the greatest works of his long career. Renoir—with his passion for flesh and color and light—symbolized the glorious tradition of nineteenth-century French art; and Matisse, in his work of the 'twenties, set out to memorialize a whole dying vision of art. The National Gallery show is awash in a delicious nostalgia: for the delicate brushstrokes of the Impressionists; for the voluptuous female forms of Ingres, Corot, Courbet, and Renoir himself.

During the 'twenties, Matisse was obsessed with Delacroix's "Women of Algiers." His long series of odalisques are a protracted meditation of Delacroix's extraordinary 1834 vision of erotic exoticism. The odalisque was his passport to the exotic East—to the strange, heavily patterned kingdom of non-Western art. Persian miniatures and Moroccan decorative arts held here for Matisse the same alien fascination that African art did for Picasso fifteen years before. The mysteriousness of the 1920s work lies in its peculiar mix of Persia and Nice, of ancient Eastern elegance and Côte d'Azur informality. Matisse's central theme may be a kind of voraciousness—for kitschy fabrics, stunning women, luxurious locales. If Matisse was able in the 1930s to move toward a new kind of simplicity, it's probably because he'd already eaten his cake and had it too.

Matisse's Nice period doesn't fit in with the standard idea of Modernism as being about "less is more." For this reason, many people are going to be quick to claim Matisse's Nice period as a major episode in the early history of Post-Modernism. But what the National Gallery has really done is demonstrate how inadequate the commonly held idea of Modernism is in dealing with the actual history—and variety—of modern art. If the series of masterpieces Matisse created between 1916 and 1930 don't fit into the classic definitions of Modernism, it probably means the time has come to throw the old definitions out.

—JED PERL

CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

FEATS OF CLAY

A sixteenth-century art lover who coveted a certain Raphael or Titian didn't have to despair. He could buy maiolica—glazed pottery decorated with scaled-down designs of the great contemporary masters, painted by artisans using tiny brushes made of mouse whiskers. An exhibition of these brightly colored ceramics that eighteenth- and nineteenth-century collectors called "Raphael-ware" opens this month at the Bowdoin College Museum of Art in Brunswick, Maine.

Images of St. Francis adorn plates sold as souvenirs to well-heeled pilgrims en route to Assisi. Rabbits—symbols of fertility—appear on pieces intended as wedding gifts. More direct in its sexual innuendo is an unusual plate (*left*) that depicts a bare-breasted young woman holding a bird (a centuries-old symbol in Italian slang for male genitalia) and delivers a polite, yet unmistakable come-on in the inscribed ribbon.

Italian Renaissance Maiolica travels to Los Angeles, St. Louis, Toronto, Boston, Dayton, and Minneapolis before returning home in 1988 to the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington DC.

—ELLEN WILLIAMS

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DAVID JOHANSEN SETS CABARET ON ITS EARRING

Saloon singer Buster Poindexter sits onstage, cross-legged on a bar stool, cigarette in one hand, gin and tonic in the other. His pompadour is slicked back with pomade, his tux is shiny, his pumps are satin, his stockings are silk. For the past year, Poindexter has been the hottest club act in New York City, performing at Tramps and the Bottom Line, and winning seven New York Music Awards. (He beat Margaret Whiting and Blossom Dearie in the Cabaret Singer category.)

Poindexter, the alter ego of rock singer David Johansen, took over full time two years ago. "I am thirty-six years old, and I got tired performing for the studded-leather-wristband kids. They just weren't getting my gist," says Poindexter in his street-wise, gravelly voice. "I began to think that I should do something that was a little more apropos for my peers."

As a singer for the coolest rock band of the early 'seventies, The New York Dolls, Johansen led a gang of androgynous hooligans with pouty, lipsticked mouths, platform heels, and an occasional dress. He was then, as he is now, as much a toastmaster as a singer, with performances marked by Catskill *schtick* and a roguish wit. Following the demise of the Dolls in the mid'seventies, Johansen struggled with a solo career, but today the Staten Island native is the first to admit that he wasn't aging gracefully in rock & roll. "My generation still wants to have fun on Saturday night without having its intelligence insulted," he says. "I think I can bring them along with me for the rest of my life as an entertainer."

Accompanied by his band, His Banshees of Blue, and Soozie Tyrell Kirschner, a lusty singer in a tight sequined dress who belts out duets with him, Poindexter's eclectic repertoire ranges from show tunes *(There is Nothing Like a Dame)* to the bawdy *The Worst Beer That I Ever Had*, which he wrote. With regular TV appearances this season on *Saturday Night Live*, Poindexter should become, he reckons, "a household name." At this point, he's plotting a string of Buster movies *(Buster Goes to Bermuda, Buster Goes Beatnik)*, an original Broadway musical titled *Poet's Cafe*—and maybe some serious acting roles for Johansen.

Poindexter, who lives in midtown Manhattan with his bride, photographer Kate Simon, still sleeps past noon, and describes his life as a "cosmopolitan situation." When Vegas beckons, he'll be ready.

—LISA ROBINSON

A GRANDE DAME'S FACE LIFT

A classic story about Carnegie Hall goes like this: In 1917, a brilliant sixteen-year-old violinist named Jascha Heifetz made his American debut. In the audience, the violinist Mischa Elman dabbed his forehead with a handkerchief, turned to the pianist Leopold Godowsky, and said, "It's warm in here, isn't it?" "Not for pianists," said Godowsky.

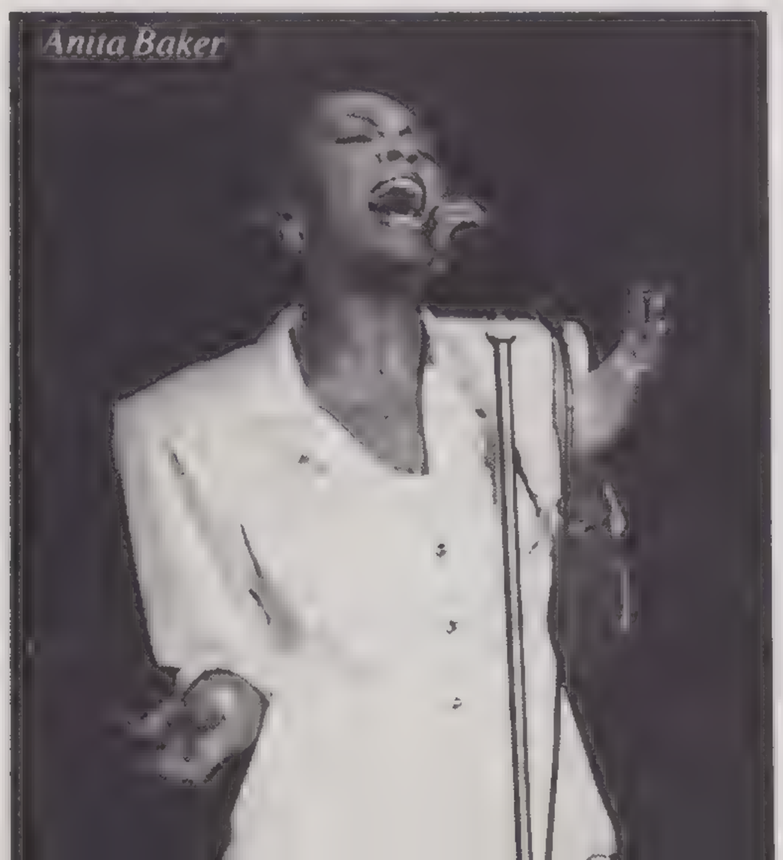
This month there will be another unseasonably warm night at Carnegie Hall, at very least for the man in charge of its acoustics, Abe Melzer. For seven months, the cherished auditorium with the celebrated sound has been closed for a complete renovation; on the fifteenth, the bandages finally come off the patient.

New Yorkers get downright twitchy when something they've always felt was just fine gets "improved." They feel especially protective about Carnegie Hall, which already had to be saved once—in 1959, when developers wanted to replace it with a bright-red, forty-four-story skyscraper.

This time there are changes to look forward to: the exterior has been faithfully reconstructed; the streetside stairs, on which generations of New Yorkers have lined up like pigeons, have given way to a new lobby; a marquee with skylights will afford a better view of the newly cleaned facade. All of this, plus renovated ushers in bright-red wool tuxedos by Ralph Lauren.

The real cliffhanger has been going on inside the hall. The domed plaster ceiling has been restored, and the proscenium and shell above the stage returned to their original configuration. New seats have been installed along a newly graded floor, and elevators have been added. This is, however, risky business: Acoustics is hardly an exact science. Nobody can be certain that the new Carnegie Hall will sound like the old one until opening night.

But the acousticians will have the psychological advantage: Carnegie has a unique place in the city's psyche, the one auditorium you still leave half-expecting to find gaslight and brownstones. It is filled with nearly a century of civilized ghosts: Tchaikowsky, Stokowski, Caruso, Casals, Callas. It still echoes with Benny Goodman swinging, Judy Garland torching, and the Beatles—who made their American debut here—rocking. A good-luck charm for many careers, it now only asks for a little luck itself. —S.D.



THAT NEW BLACK MAGIC

Nineteen-eighty-six has been the Year of the Woman in music, as everyone from *Billboard* to *Newsweek* has pointed out. Three black women held the No. 1, 2, and 3 slots on the pop chart for the first time in history, and Whitney Houston's debut album sold more copies than any black female entertainer's has, ever. And while this trend may echo a certain retro strain—a return to the black cocktail music of Gamble & Huff, R&B pillow talk, that preceded disco—Anita Baker is different.

The tiny (she's barely five feet tall) Detroit singer is gifted with an incredible stylistic range: She can scat like Ella Fitzgerald, seduce with the honeyed elegance of a female Peabo Bryson, and, according to people who've seen her in concert, she's inspired at improvisation. She was also smart enough to produce her new album, *Rapture*, which has been roosting at the top of the charts. In fact, the only mild disappointment is that her lyrics (Baker wrote three of the hit songs on her LP) read a bit like case histories from *Women Who Love Too Much*.

"Women ain't like that *now*!" said Miles Davis, talking about the old days in *The Face*. "Like, Billie [Holiday] singin' about her 'man' and how she ain't worth shit without him. . . It would be a lie to do that shit now 'cos women have changed."

But some things are eternal, and I think Miles would believe Anita Baker. She has the authority of a young Nina Simone—or a grown-up Whitney Houston. —TRACY YOUNG

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IAN McKELLEN IN THE NEW, IMPROVED CHEKHOV

No one knows when Chekhov wrote *Platonov*. Maybe he was twenty-one, maybe only eighteen and still at school. But for decades critics and theater people have agreed on one point: the play was a precociously talented but ludicrously cumbersome mess and muddle. Yes, it dealt entertainingly with what were to become Chekhov's pet themes, notably the frustrations of love and the ennui of country living. No, it was unstageable, lasting (as it did) six preposterous hours.

Enter Michael Frayn, British author of both *Noises Off* and *Benefactors*, and a playwright with an almost Russian gift for reconciling the somber and the hilarious. He cut, reorganized, trimmed, tidied, achieved a consistency that was not too frivolous, too earnest, too bland, or too long—and the result, rechristened *Wild Honey*, was perhaps the most successful production staged at London's National Theatre in 1984. On December 18 it comes to New York City's Virginia Theatre, once again with Ian McKellen playing the blend of Hamlet, Don Juan, and small-town deadbeat who calls himself Platonov.

McKellen admits to feeling a certain possessiveness about the role: "It's the most wonderful I've ever had, and I think of it as my own. I'd be very envious of any other actor who took it." How many dramatic characters are at once so rich and so contemporary? "Platonov thinks his life is wasted," explains McKellen. "His expectations of success in the metropolis after university have been thrown aside, and he's squandering his gifts in a very minor civil-servant post, in the depths of the countryside, surrounded by idiots, whom he lambasts for a laziness he himself shares."

But this moody intellectual is also something of a rogue and rascal, idly exploiting the women he effortlessly attracts like a flowering weed beset by honeybees. In perhaps the finest scene, unshaven and bleary, he's variously assailed by two former mistresses, one would-be mistress, his own suicidal wife, and two jealous, murderous men: a sequence of crises that would challenge any actor's resources. "He's just settled down to the pace and character of one person, when in comes another," says McKellen. "As a performer, you've got to turn on a sixpence." The critical consensus in London was that he managed those acrobatics with splendid agility.

The critics also praised him for the subtlety with which he made despair comic, a compliment that surprised him, since he'd at first thought the play pretty grim. "I remember seeing Michael Frayn at rehearsals, silently laughing his head off, and I wondered if he was mentally ill," he says. "But of course he was right. We played the thing seriously, which was good, and by their reaction the audiences showed us how funny it also was. When someone falls on a banana skin, it's painful and dangerous. He could break a leg or damage his spine badly. But it's amusing to everyone else. It's that merging of the farcical and the troubling that *Wild Honey* catches so well."

—BENEDICT NIGHTINGALE

DAVID CALE'S SURREALISTIC PILLOW FIGHT

Cale's story "Swagger" is like watching Mr. Rogers turn into David Bowie

Life, according to one British writer, is a long night in a second-class hotel. To performance artist David Cale, the hotel is a firetrap, and the subjects of his offbeat monologues are its guests who flick ashes on the carpet and daydream about staying at the Ritz. We meet these doleful, self-destructive characters in *The Redthroats*, the one-man show Cale has been performing for enthusiastic audiences in several downtown New York City clubs. (The title refers to a small, elusive, highly prized fish.) Set in the crabbed world of modern industrial England, the four *Redthroats* stories are inspired by Cale's own childhood: he weaves black humor with distinctive surreal imagery to an effect that's both painful and beguiling.

"The Weirds," the pivotal story in *The Redthroats*, presents Cale at his funniest and most plangent. Focusing on "a strange family that never left town," "The Weirds" could be *Our Town* rewritten by Eugene O'Neill and staged by Monty Python. As Mrs. Weird moans, "Why can't I have a family like other people?" Dad hides in the bathroom, his "pink cocoon," to sip sparkling wine and peruse *Ouch*, his favorite porn publication. Eleven-year-old Steven, meanwhile, practices to become a "legend" along the lines of Judy Garland: the night Mr. Weird loses his grip and bludgeons Mrs. Weird with a piece of bric-a-brac, Steven is upstairs perfecting numbers from *Meet Me in St. Louis*.

Performing in street clothes on a nearly bare stage, Cale unfurls his strange universe and delineates his characters through shifts in his mellifluous voice, switching from deadpan mockery to an authentic urgency that underscores the Weirds' full-blown tragedy.

When Cale turns from the narrator's role to Steven or Mr. Weird, like "Eve" or "Sybil" he actually appears overcome by another personality. He has the kind of unprepossessing looks that lend themselves to transformation; at twenty-eight, he can appear twelve years old or fifty. In "Swagger," a story in which young Steven takes up hustling, Cale is convincing and sexy: it's like watching Mr. Rogers turn into David Bowie.

—JUDY RICHHEIMER

Top: NEIL SELKIRK. Bottom: SCOTT HEISER

Görtz - Photo: Sante D'Orazio

UMBERTO GINOCCHIETTI

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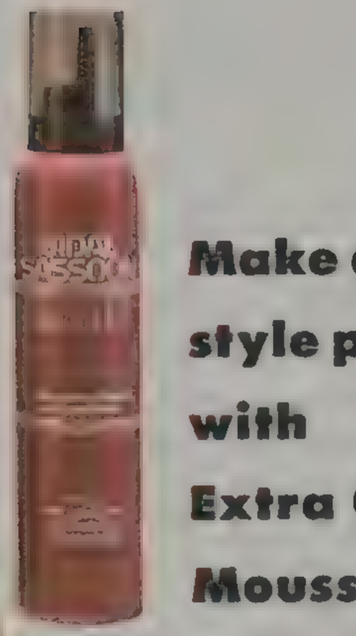

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

photography

WE ARE A CAMERA

Jaschi Klein's photographs are staged presentations of privileged instants—instants of such contrived power that the viewer becomes an invisible force within each photograph, mysteriously figured into its action or inaction. It is part of Klein's genius that we have so little choice in the matter. We are drawn into a magical moment that extends itself, it would seem, only that it might include us, and make us feel that we are not only the discoverers of what we have seen but the cause as well.

Take her photograph of the horse pulled back on its haunches in front of a pyramid (*above*). The expanse of desert and the restrained horse, the pyramid's distant, transcendent calm and the horse's extreme, even convulsive, response to command create a theatricality that is both mute and flamboyant. And yet, what is the occasion? Why is the horse being held back? Is it that we might see the pyramid unobstructed *and* its would-be obstruction together, opposites stilled, held in check, in balance, for an extreme instant? If so, then the photograph records the violent and unexpected result of our looking—as if we were the photographer. And we are, in that extended moment, precisely that. Why else would we feel a nervous need to explain the character of our seeing—as if we were actually present at the scene and were implicated in its tumult.

In some of Jaschi Klein's photographs, the involuntary participation in what we see is dealt with even more mysteriously. The photograph of what appears to be a courtyard in which a dog sleeps and a foreground figure, seen from behind, is draped over a second-story wall is one of these. The inexplicably collapsed figure, seen against the harsh, geometrical disposition of lights and darks, suggests the possibility of tragedy more than exhaustion or containment. We seem to have come upon a scene at a telltale moment, but, just as in the photograph of the horse and pyramid, what is telltale is hidden unless we are willing to assume the burden of narrative by putting ourselves in the photographer's shoes. If we do, of course, the collusive nature of our presence quickly becomes exploitive.

In another photograph, our involvement takes place on a different level entirely, one that is poetic and wholly without a narrative dimension. A luminous tree, standing with oneiric finality against an ominously dark and fluid background, becomes a negative, not only because it reverses our image of trees (dark against a lighter sky) but because it takes on a human look, as if a white forearm and hand were holding up a bunch of leaves. Such a distortion or alteration of reality is by no means frivolous or cosmetic; it is ontological. The tree ceases being a tree and becomes light's creature—a radiant part of ourselves.

In Klein's photographs, though we are not seen, we complete what is seen. Again and again, our presence is taken into account, and we are permitted, by our very looking, to alter the world.

—MARK STRAND

JASCHI KLEIN/Marcuse Pfeifer Gallery, New York

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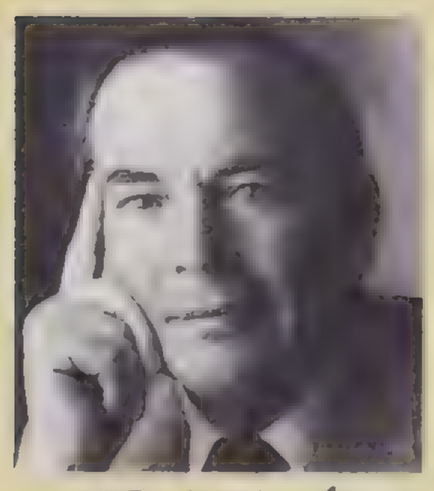
DR. CHRISTIAAN BARNARD ON THE QUALITY OF LIFE.



"It seems to me that the primary goal of a doctor is not only to prolong life.

"I believe it is also to improve the quality of life.

"To me, more important even than how long a person lives is how well they live.

"Nothing, as far as I know, has a greater effect on the quality of life than aging, for it affects all of our organs including the body's largest organ—our skin.

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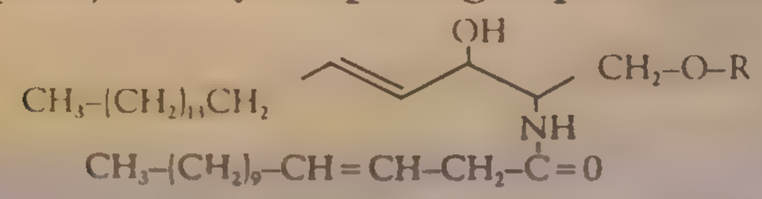

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

comedy

LAUGH, PIGS!

Rising comedy star Judy Tenuta

Judy Tenuta is to female stand-up comics what Carrie was to high-school girls. One recent night, at Caroline's comedy club in Manhattan, she wafted on-stage wearing a diaphanous gown that looked like a cross between a thrift shop prom dress and a Hari Krishna's habit, carrying a small accordion and sporting a flower behind one ear, and she greeted the audience with a "Hi, *pigs*!"

Switching back to her goody-goody soprano, she led us in a vow of fealty ("I promise to give Judy all my possessions") before launching into a litany of insults that she barked out in a drill-sergeant's growl: "I was on this plane to Europe . . . and sitting next to me is this guy and he looks like a squid in stretch pants . . . and he's trying to get me to *talk to him*, just 'cause he *paid* for my trip! Then he says, 'Judy, Judeee, come with me to Japan, you could be my little geisha girl' . . . Yeah, like I have time to get my feet bound for some *sperm whale* with a Visa card!"

Judy slams everyone, from Southern sheriffs and Rastafarians, to some sucker who asks her out. ("I told him I was looking for something a little closer to the *top* of the food chain.") When she's not giving utterance to the thoughts every woman has harbored, Judy is alternately seducing and torturing the men in her audience, calling them "stud puppet" and "love slave," dragging them on-stage to perform a kickline, or receive a "miracle." And they are literally eating it up. (When Judy spit her gum at one "stud puppet," he caught it—and plopped it in his mouth.)

"People wanted to know if I had a fan club," says the self-proclaimed "goddess" about her show-biz beginnings. "I said, 'No, I have a religion.'" Last spring Judy began headlining at Caroline's. Now she has a growing legion of fans, converts to Judy-ism, who often wonder, *What is she really like*?

We were not a little curious, too, so we took Judy to lunch at Chelsea Foods on Eighth Avenue, halfway between Caroline's and the sleaze of West Fourteenth Street, where a lot of people sound like her and don't get paid for it. Judy, unsurprisingly, has a tendency to be apocryphal, so we got her high on carbohydrates, hoping to extract a grain of truth.

Five facts about Judy Tenuta that may or may not be true. Or, as she says throughout her act, "It could happen."

1. She grew up in Oak Park, Illinois, with six brothers and one sister, which may explain why she is so adept at torturing her fans. ("Abuse from me," she says with a sibling's entitlement, "is like a blessing from Mother Theresa.")
2. She spent twelve years in Catholic school.
3. She worked as a candy-striper.
4. She went to the University of Illinois and majored in theater. ("I never got parts because I never *fit* a part. So I said, 'Okay, fine. I'll make up my own play, PIGS!' Now all those people are washing dishes.")
5. She is a Scorpio. (This is unquestionable.)

Some of the people Judy dished over lunch.
Stephanie Beacham of *The Colbys*; Nancy Regan ("She's my *idol*—she's *so* humanitarian"); Ronald Reagan; Yoko Ono; several women at the surrounding tables; the waiter.

Here are a few of the things in Judy's purse.
An apple; a strapless bra; an Afro-pick ("in case I have to do anybody's hair on the subway"); a datebook. "I don't have any drugs or anything," she says apologetically.

Is Judy dating anyone?
I'm dating the Pope—to get to God.

What miracle would Judy like to perform?
Make *Saturday Night Live* funny again.

What do Judy's followers tithe?
Once they brought me a can of those little franks, so I decided to give this guy communion. I held one out and he said, "I'm Jewish." I said, "Don't worry, this has been circumcised."

How do women react to her?
When I say to these guys, "Oh, you *stud puppet*," some of these women are stupid enough to think I'm hitting on their boyfriends.

Vogue wants to know why Judy harps on DNA, and "chromosome soup."
I'm *very* interested in Darwin. I don't just call someone an asshole; I prefer to make references to evolution. ("My brothers are like the Small Primate House.")

Vogue says we have noticed a lot of anger in her act—not that we disapprove.
I think you have to hurt people a little to make them laugh.

Judy says she sold tickets to her mother's nervous breakdown and split the take with her, fifty/twenty-five/twenty-five. Is nothing sacred?
One night this couple came in in the middle of my show. The guy looked like a super-hippie, and I said, "So, how was Woodstock?" Afterwards his girl friend came up to me and said, "You know, *some* things are *sacred*."

When the check arrives, Judy thinks it would be a good idea to leave her strapless bra for the waiter as part of the tip, so she tucks it into the menu. In the cab uptown she says she wants to call and ask if he found it. "He'll say, 'What was a *bra* doing on the table?' and I'll say, 'You took so long to bring our food, *I* had to feed them.'"

—TRACY YOUNG

"Abuse from me is like a blessing from Mother Teresa"

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

LEGAL EGOS tv

You have to love a show in which the heroine, a great-looking, tough-talking lawyer (Jill Eikenberry), leans over to a short, chubby, balding colleague (Michael Tucker) at their firm's annual boring cocktail party, whispers something that makes the guy look up with embarrassed interest, and then walks off hand in hand with him, both of them smirking slightly like teenagers. Casual sex, truly casual, the kind that is a result of boredom and circumstance rather than lust and revenge, has not been one of television's, or any other medium's, dramatic mainstays. But *L.A. Law*, the new Steve (*Hill Street Blues*) Bochco-produced series, is all about cynical compromise.

Set in a big, bristling law firm, the show is populated by smarmy divorce lawyers, obtuse tax specialists, and smugly venal partners. The best of the lot are guilty sellouts, like Eikenberry's Ann Kelsey and Harry Hamlin's Michael Kuzak, people who believe in the law even as they misuse it. This is a shrewd premise: America's gigantic population of lawyers can watch the show in masochistic empathy with the flawed idealists, while the rest of us can wallow in luxurious hatred (they're even worse than *doctors*) of the parasitic legal profession. There is, of course, a tremendous amount of moral juggling and bookkeeping—if Harry Hamlin has to defend a leering, rich-kid punk (who raped a stately black leukemia victim) because the kid's father does a million bucks' worth of business with the firm, well, hey, Hamlin also tips off the cops so they can catch the creep *red-handed* on something with an even stiffer sentence—but basically this is a show about self-serving people who aren't much different from us except they're better-looking.

Harry Hamlin's face, a divine mixture of sensuality (those lips) and squared-off severity, is reason enough to watch *L.A. Law*. And Hamlin plays the hotshot Kuzak with restraint and intelligence; he gives him an almost resigned decency. Eikenberry, who until now has played sweet, sensitive roles in movies, is a TV revelation: she—how shall I say this?—doesn't take any shit from anybody. Tall, unsmiling, with her high cheekbones and intent gaze, she has a kind of modern grandeur. Charged and relentless, she's sympathetic not because she seems like a good person, but because she seems like an interesting one. Almost everyone else in the show is the most wonderful type of villain—the familiar ones, the office sneaks and tyrants and sycophants, the ones we really do love to hate. I have never been a big fan of *Hill Street Blues*—it was always so *schticky*, everyone doing cute bits. But *L.A. Law* is not cute. Not yet, anyway. When the lawyers reveal their little comic ticks, you laugh and think, yeah, you really *are* a jerk.

—CATHLEEN SCHINE

"L.A. Law"'s Corbin Bernsen (r.) gives counsel to Judy Landers, Bill Macy

NBC

Royal plumage: Irving (l.) with Susan Lucci in "Anastasia"

SVEN ARNSTEIN

AMY IRVING REDRESSES FOR SUCCESS

This month a four-hour mini-series on NBC, *Anastasia: The Story of Anna*, traces the life of the woman who claimed to be Grand Duchess Anastasia, daughter of Czar Nicholas II and heir to the Romanov legacy. Now that's a lineage most sensible people would keep to themselves, considering the clan's less than pretty reputation. But Anna (played by Amy Irving, wife of Spielberg, co-star of *Yentl*, and a living museum of the Woodstock look) makes it her life's goal to get her girlhood title back. Her claim to have survived the massacre of the Czar (reincarnated by Hollywood's ethnic Everyman, Omar Sharif) and most of his family by nasty revolutionaries in 1918 is met with steely indifference by the Dowager Empress (Olivia de Havilland) and staunch denial by Grand Duke Cyril (Rex Harrison), the arch-rival for the nonexistent Crown.

Frustrated by European disbelief, Anna takes her case to the American public (always the best judges of fading bloodlines). When the media and the socialites tire of her, she persists in German court battles that drag on until her death. To this day, no one knows—and about the same number cares—whether her story was real or a hoax.

In the journey from prerevolutionary Russia to postwar Germany, Ms. Irving rips through forty costumes (ten changes an hour!). Thirty of these are the work of Jane Robinson, costume designer of *Brideshead Revisited*—the landmark explosion of period clothes and old-world sentimentality that set every producer's mind ticking.

Amy Irving's further attempts to spin straw into gold can be seen this month as she plays the Miller's Daughter in Cannon Film's kiddie musical *Rumplestiltskin*. —DAVID DeNICOLO

TONY DUNNE

ROMANCE ON THE MENU

In the uneasy intimacy of a near-deserted restaurant, a solitary insurance agent (John Rothman) transforms his waitress (Nurit Koppel), both *above*, into a character from the romance novel he's constantly writing in his head. During the adaptation of *Landscape With Waitress*, Robert Pine's one-act play airing this month on PBS, our introverted, boyish hero travels deeper into his imagination and further away from what he so obviously needs—the chance for a real date. Michael Ballhaus's probing, insistent cinematography lets us see how fantasy isolates. *Landscape* touchingly articulates the most interior of emotions: loneliness.

—D.D.

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IN HER OWN WORDS...

"Women should keep an eagle eye on any specialist who looks at the part and not the whole—who considers only the ailment in question and not the other factors of a woman's life that may contribute to it. At heart, it is each of us who is the captain of her own health ship."—*June Bingham, co-author of "The Pursuit of Health" (Walker), speaking at The New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center Fourth Annual Symposium on Women's Health*

"My personal feeling is that 'dust does not kill.' I don't think I'd qualify for the 'dirtiest house' award, but I do leave the beds unmade sometimes, and I don't panic when someone arrives unexpectedly. I know women with Ph.D.s who feel compelled to spend fifty hours a week on housework. You have to decide what your standards are and what will upset you; those attitudes will help to determine what you can do in juggling family and career."—*Mary Anne Devanna, coordinator, Center for Career Research and Human Resource Management, Columbia University Business School*

"One should have some principles, standards or qualities that are firmly fixed, unwavering and immutable; there are some traits of character that are or should be non-negotiable; we should have a set of beliefs that is endemic to our concept of self. . . . [But] if convictions cause one to be rigid, inflexible, and unwilling to compromise when compromise is necessary, such convictions do not serve a good end. If such values are antithetical to basic human rights and to maximizing hope, they are to be rejected."—*Barbara Jordan, speaking to graduating seniors at the University of Texas*

ONE WOMAN'S SUCCESS KEY

"Persist. Have a single purpose in mind. Do everything you can towards achieving that purpose." Advice from Carole L. Evans, vice president, U.S. field operations, Combustion Engineering-Taylor Instrument, one of four senior women executives honored by Catalyst at the non-profit career/family-study organization's eleventh annual awards dinner.

Ms. Evans, who joined Combustion Engineering (provides computer-control systems to factories) in 1984 and now is the first female vice president among the top ten companies in her industry, told Vogue: "When I began in my first job, in the personnel department of another company, I couldn't get the line managers even to *interview* a woman. Ten years ago, I was the first woman in their industrial division; then finally became the first woman salesman in the entire field.

"One customer sat across the table from me and said, 'Women don't belong in this industry.' I answered, 'Let's make a deal. Let me call on you for two or three months. We can talk about your project and talk about my instrumentation and see what happens.' A year later, I got a million-dollar order from that man. . . . Resistance like his is almost a purpose for succeeding. Not to say, 'I told you so,' but to prove to yourself and to the company that it doesn't matter whether you're a man or a woman. Just that you're persistent."

How does Ms. Evans, with a husband in Houston and three children at the University of Texas in Austin, manage a job based in Rochester, NY? "I have offices all over the U.S. One is in Houston; one in Chicago; another, in California; and another in Rochester. I travel among them. On Friday, if I leave Rochester in the afternoon, I can hit Chicago, spend three or four hours there, and be in Houston by ten that night.

"The biggest problem is trying to deal with all the home problems on Saturday: house problems, school problems, family problems. On Sunday, I just try to rest my brain. Monday, I'm heading to one of my field offices or I'm back in Rochester.

"My husband is the one reason why I have always been able to travel for business. He is a superb father. . . but he's always on me because I can't play in golf tournaments with him on weekday evenings!"

MONEY WHEN YOU NEED IT

A bill providing defense against financial devastation by medical costs (last year, the average U.S. hospital bill totaled $2,995), called Group Health Insurance Continuation, became federal law last summer, enabling those whose group health insurance would otherwise be lost through unemployment, divorce, or the death or retirement of a spouse to retain medical coverage by paying the entire premium (both employee and employer shares) plus a 2 percent administrative fee.

Since the plan will be phased in over a year's time, applications are tricky. To help women whose family or work status is changing, the Older Women's League, which fought for passage of the law, has prepared a free brochure explaining what steps are necessary and who is eligible. Send a stamped, self-addressed business-size envelope to: Insurance Continuation, OWL, 1325 G St., NW, Lower Level, Washington, DC 20005.

FEMALES ON THE MOVE

A "fitness approach to travel" is the aim of Rainbow Adventures (1308 Sherman Avenue, Evanston IL 60201; 312/864-4570), a company specializing in trips for women over thirty. Next month, they offer cross-country-ski weekends, at **Blackhawk Ridge, Wisconsin**, that are especially designed for beginners and include both instruction and equipment. In February, their cross-country ski trip will take you past thermal pools and ice-coated trees in Wyoming's **Yellowstone National Park**. If warm weather has more appeal, early March brings a jaunt to **Maui, Hawaii**'s volcano and rain forests. . . . For women ready for wider, wilder worlds, Womantrek (1411 East Olive Way, P.O. Box 20643, Seattle WA 98102; 206/325-4772) has a Maasailand safari to **Kenya and Tanzania**, January 24-February 9, that will explore Lake Manyara National Park, camp at the base of the Ngorongoro Crater (two thousand feet deep), and visit the Lake Eyasi region to make contact with the "click-speaking" Hadza people. An optional five-day extension will include an ascent—described as "for trekkers of average fitness"—of Pt. Lenana, at 16,355 feet Kenya's third highest peak. . . Too late to plan for that? How about the trip in **China and Tibet**, October 5-30?

BEEP FOR TOGETHERNESS

A woman arriving to give birth at Philadelphia's Albert Einstein Medical Center now has the assurance that the father of her infant has been alerted to the impending event by an electronic beeper. The hospital's Dad On Call (DOC) program provides each couple with a pager about fifteen days before the due date (sooner, if complications seem indicated); Robert B. Kimmel, the vice president whose corporate marketing and communications department came up with this modern twist, said, "We thought that offering the use of a pager at no cost would give parents one less thing to worry about. . . ."

Scent matters.

Because if you feel good
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LAUDER FOR MEN
FRAGRANCE

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Recites the most astonishing passages from Hemingway.

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Silk Reflections™ Pantyhose. In 21 inspiring colors and designs.

BEAUTY Q&A

Aloe—good moisturizer? . . . pierced-ear care . . . "toners" vs. "drabbers"

Q Aloe seems to be the "hot" ingredient in moisturizers and other lotions today. Does it really help skin?

A Aloe-plant juice has long been thought to help soothe and promote healing of burned or irritated skin. But there is some doubt whether aloe vera gel that is *processed* from this juice retains these soothing properties. In his book *The Honest Herbal* (Stickley), author Varro E. Tyler, Ph.D., notes that "recent scientific tests failed to verify any beneficial effects of a 'stabilized' aloe vera gel on human cells."

Still, a rising interest in "natural" ingredients has led many manufacturers to include aloe in their products. "Aloe vera gel has a very high moisture content and also has plant sugars and starches that can act as natural humectants. We have found that, in combination with other ingredients, it does contribute to the moisturizing properties of a product," said Dick Lenham, vice president of research and development for Noxell (whose new Noxzema shaving cream contains aloe and lanolin). "By using aloe vera gel as one of many ingredients in a lotion, we can get benefits of aloe without the undesirable properties—such as stickiness—of *pure* aloe vera gel."

Q I've recently had my ears pierced. What's the best way to care for them now and in the future?

A A "hands-off" policy might be safest for the first month that earlobes take to heal. "Since the main cause of infection is tearing of the delicate skin through friction, a woman should avoid rotating or removing earrings until the skin around the holes has healed completely," said Albert F. Borges, M.D., staff plastic surgeon, Fairfax Hospital, Falls Church, Virginia. "Furthermore, contrary to popular ear-piercing advice, it is *not* a good idea to apply alcohol to earlobes; alcohol can burn the delicate skin and may *promote* infection." Applying an over-the-counter antibiotic lotion (such as bacitracin) may speed healing by keeping the area moist.

Once healed, your earlobes should present few problems—*if* you keep both earlobes and earrings clean. Redness, itchiness, or oozing may be signs of a possible infection or allergy. "If these symptoms persist, you should remove the earrings and consult your dermatologist. If an allergy is suspected, your doctor can do a patch test to see if you're allergic to a metal in the jewelry," said Patricia Engasser, M.D., assistant clinical professor of dermatology at Stanford University School of Medicine. "Nickel is the most common allergen, though in rare cases women can also have a reaction to gold; almost all women can wear pure stainless steel without problems. Be sure that the *backs* of earrings as well as the studs do not contain any reaction-causing metal."

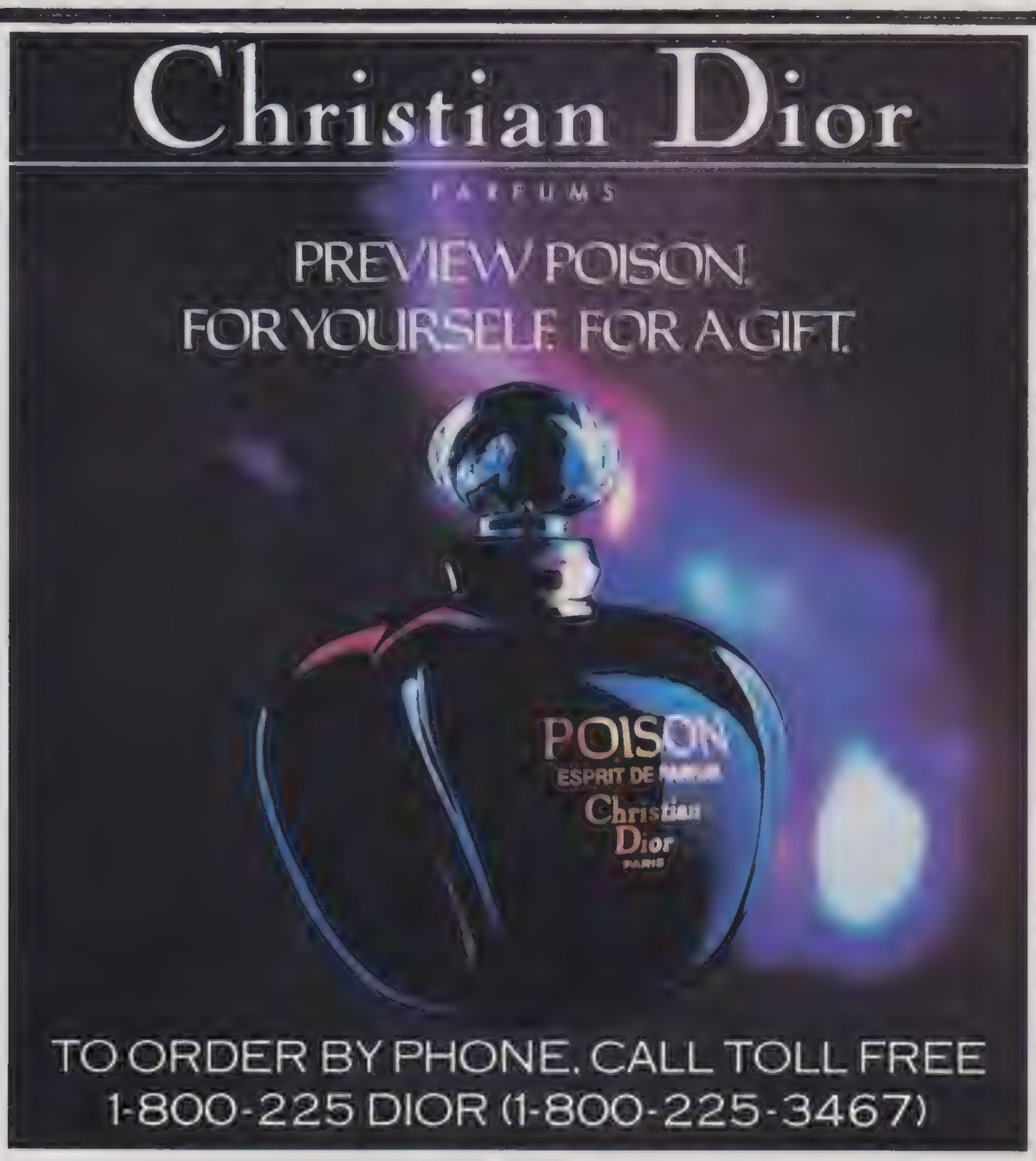
If allergy is not the problem, an infection could be caused by putting the backs of earrings on too tightly, causing them to press into the lobes, abrading the skin; wearing too-heavy earrings can also cause problems by stretching the holes in the lobes. "Some women can also experience inflammation caused by preexisting cysts in the earlobes that can flare up after ears are pierced," said Dr. Engasser.

Q Could you explain the difference between a "toner" and a "drabber" and the effects each has on haircolor results?

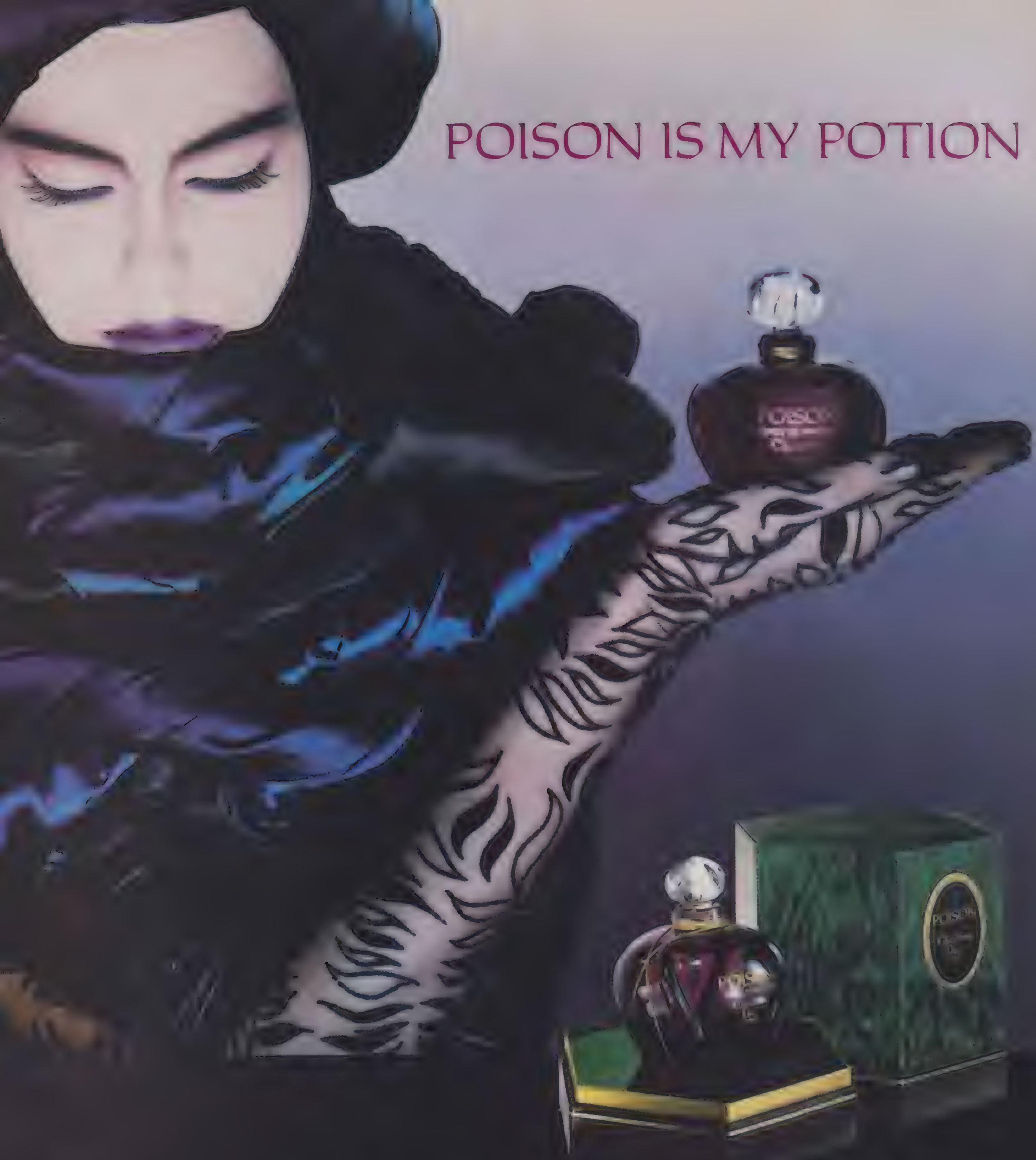
A A toner (such as those made by Clairol) is applied directly to hair *after* it has been prelightened (or bleached), usually to very pale blond shades, as the second stage in a double-process procedure. The toner "refines" the color to a pastel blond shade. A drabber is not used on hair directly, but poured into a haircoloring product *before* it is applied to hair and is usually used with darker brunette or blond haircoloring products. According to James Viera, vice president of the corporate/technical division at L'Oréal (which makes two shades of drabber): "We usually recommend that women color their hair first *without* using a drabber, and wait a week. If the color looks too 'reddish' or 'brassy,' recoloring by adding drabber to the same haircoloring can give a more natural appearance to hair.

"Begin by adding only one capful of drabber to haircoloring; then through trial and error decide how much drabber you need to add in order to get the color you want. Since neither toners nor drabbers contain peroxide, they won't damage hair. They may even protect hair by helping to close up the cuticle that has been opened in the coloring process."

Drabbers and toners are not used as frequently today as they once were, because at-home haircoloring and highlighting products have been improved, so they give more natural-looking results.



POISON IS MY POTION



le nouveau parfum par Christian Dior

MANAGING your money

BY MARION ASNES

THE SECRET LINK BETWEEN JEWELS AND DRUGS

The shadow of illegal drugs has crossed the path of every social activity, it seems; and now, surprisingly, drugs are even affecting the price of some precious stones. Two of the world's most prized jewels—Colombian emeralds and Burmese rubies—are rarer and more costly because of trends in international smuggling, says David Marcum, president of The Marcum Group, a jewel appraisal firm in Geneva, Illinois, and author of *The Dow Jones-Irwin Guide to Fine Gems and Jewelry*.

"In Colombia, so many miners have quit their jobs to transport cocaine—a safer job than mining—that only two of Colombia's seven emerald mines are still open," Marcum says. The price of good Colombian emeralds has risen about 30 percent since last November, and is unlikely to drop, he predicts. African emeralds, less intensely green than Colombian stones, have not gained as much.

The most coveted rubies, those with the purest, clearest reds, come from Burma, whose government has tightly restricted gem exports. Asia's heroin smugglers had been trafficking in rubies on the side, making it possible for Westerners to buy them; but now, Marcum says, owing to U.S. pressure to dam the drug flow, Burmese rubies (as well as heroin) are in short supply. Their price has jumped 20 percent since January.

The best jewels to buy now, as always, are the finest and rarest stones. Of all colored stones, Marcum says, the scarcest are Kashmir sapphires, which were mined in the Himalayas for a short time at the turn of the century. There are no new Kashmir sapphires at all, only "recycled" ones—such as the superb sapphire in the Princess of Wales's engagement ring, Marcum says. (Garrard's, the royal jeweler, would not confirm that the Princess's sapphire was from Kashmir, but did say that the Duchess of York's ring has a Burmese ruby.) The value of Kashmir sapphires has shot up by 20 to 30 percent this year.

Ironically, diamonds, the most popular jewels, are also the most speculative. Diamonds have increased in value this year, but unlike rare colored stones, their worth can drop as quickly as it rises. The value of diamonds tends to fluctuate with interest rates because investors buy them as a substitute for bonds when yields are diminished by inflation; then, when inflation subsides, investors sell the stones, Marcum observes. The diamonds that are most likely to retain their value, he says, are the colored ones—blue, pink, and canary yellow.

Before buying a valuable stone, Marcum warns, a consumer should request that her jeweler obtain a quality analysis certificate from the American Gemological Laboratories in New York City. Qualified jewelers can identify the origin of a stone by its inclusions (marks within the stone) and protect the purchaser from mistakes or fraud.

THE LAST TAX SHELTER?

With tax reform staring investors in the face, many people are casting about for new ways to shield their earnings from taxes. One option that's winning a lot of attention now is tax-deferred annuities—accounts with insurance companies, typically lasting at least ten years, that grow, untaxed, until the contracts are terminated.

"People are calling annuities 'the last tax shelter,' " says Michael C. Koffler, an insurance and benefits consultant for Merrill Lynch. "They're not quite the last, but they're one of very few." As tax shelters, annuities work similarly to IRAs: investors open accounts (for a minimum of $5000) and hold them until they reach the age of fifty-nine and one-half or they retire. No taxes are paid on the growth of the investment until the money is withdrawn, when, presumably, the annuity-owner will be in a lower tax bracket. Unlike IRAs, there is no limit on the size of an annuity; contributions are *not* tax-deductible.

There are two basic types of annuities: fixed-rate and variable-rate. With a fixed-rate annuity, the yield is guaranteed for one to five years; in October, according to Koffler, yields ranged from 6.5 to 8.25 percent. With a variable-rate annuity, the yield is tied to the performance of a portfolio of stocks and bonds. The purchaser of either type of annuity can protect herself against falling yields by selecting an annuity with a "bail-out" clause, which guarantees that she can close her account without a penalty if its yield drops significantly. (If she doesn't buy another annuity, though, she will have to answer to the IRS, which charges a penalty on withdrawals from annuities held less than ten years.)

The drawback of tax-deferred annuities is their high cost: investors may pay initiation fees, annual fees, and, if they withdraw their money early, surrender fees. Fortunately, these charges vary from company to company, so a careful shopper can find a good deal. *(Continued on page 126)*

New from Erno Laszlo.

The extraordinary moisturizing benefits of Erno Laszlo Hydra-Therapy now for hands and body.

In 1985, Erno Laszlo revolutionized moisture care for the face with Hydra-Therapy Skin Vitality Treatment. Today, Laszlo brings the same remarkable moisturizing benefits to hands and body. With new Erno Laszlo Hydra-Therapy Hand and Body Emulsion.

Used daily, this fast-absorbing, non-greasy formula penetrates 20 cell layers deep,rehydrating thirsty skin from within. Adding, bonding and sealing-in essential moisture while actually escalating cell renewal. In just five days, skin is smoother to the touch. Younger to the eye.

The Erno Laszlo Institute

MONEY

(Continued from page 124)

ALL IN THE FUND FAMILY

Anyone who is interested in mutual funds has probably heard about Fidelity Investments; with more than one hundred portfolios to choose from, it is by far the most aggressive, visible "family" of mutual funds. The two million people who have invested in Fidelity's funds may find this extraordinary variety confusing. Several independent publishers are issuing newsletters that explain Fidelity's myriad funds and make specific recommendations for switching and balancing one's investments.

The newsletter that takes the most general approach, "Insight," is published by a former Fidelity employee, Eric Kobren. "Insight" discusses the performance and strategies of the funds in ordinary, not financial, English and recommends different combinations of funds for investors with low, moderate, and high tolerance for risk. A trial subscription (six monthly issues) costs $34; call Kobren's Mutual Fund Investors Association at 800/343-4300, extension 711.

"O'Malley's Fidelity Watch" takes the technical, mathematical approach to analyzing Fidelity's funds. John O'Malley, the publisher, developed his own computer program to chart and compare funds' performance according to long- and short-term trends, and according to their past predictability: the more predictably a fund has behaved, the better O'Malley likes it (provided that its predicted behavior is good). "I use sophisticated statistics," he says, "but I present them simply." Readers have a choice of monthly or weekly editions. A trial subscription (three monthly issues) costs $27; call 800/345-3863.

"Margo's Market Monitor" also takes a mathematical view; but Margo Ballantine, a lawyer as well as publisher, follows only the growing group of speculative funds known as "Select Portfolios," each of which invests in a single industry. Unlike the other two newsletters, Margo's includes a "model portfolio" of selected common stocks in addition to her Fidelity suggestions. A trial subscription (four fortnightly issues) costs $25; call 617/861-0302.

Do investors really need this ultra-specialized advice? Rab Bertelsen, a vice president of Fidelity Investments, emphasizes that the company is not affiliated with any of these newsletters and provides them with the same information—at the same time—that it gives to any other publication; so while the letters may offer investors direction, they give no special advantage. Also, these newsletters do not recommend other, competing mutual funds whose performance might be superior to Fidelity's. Nevertheless, says Margo Ballantine, fund-family newsletters will flourish (perhaps investors are developing a sort of financial brand loyalty), and "it's only a matter of time until customers of other mutual fund companies will want their own newsletters, too."

VOGUE, December, 1986

Helmut Newton/*"L'Ultime Séduction," Paris 1985.*

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PARFUM

DÉCADENCE

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DRIVING STYLE

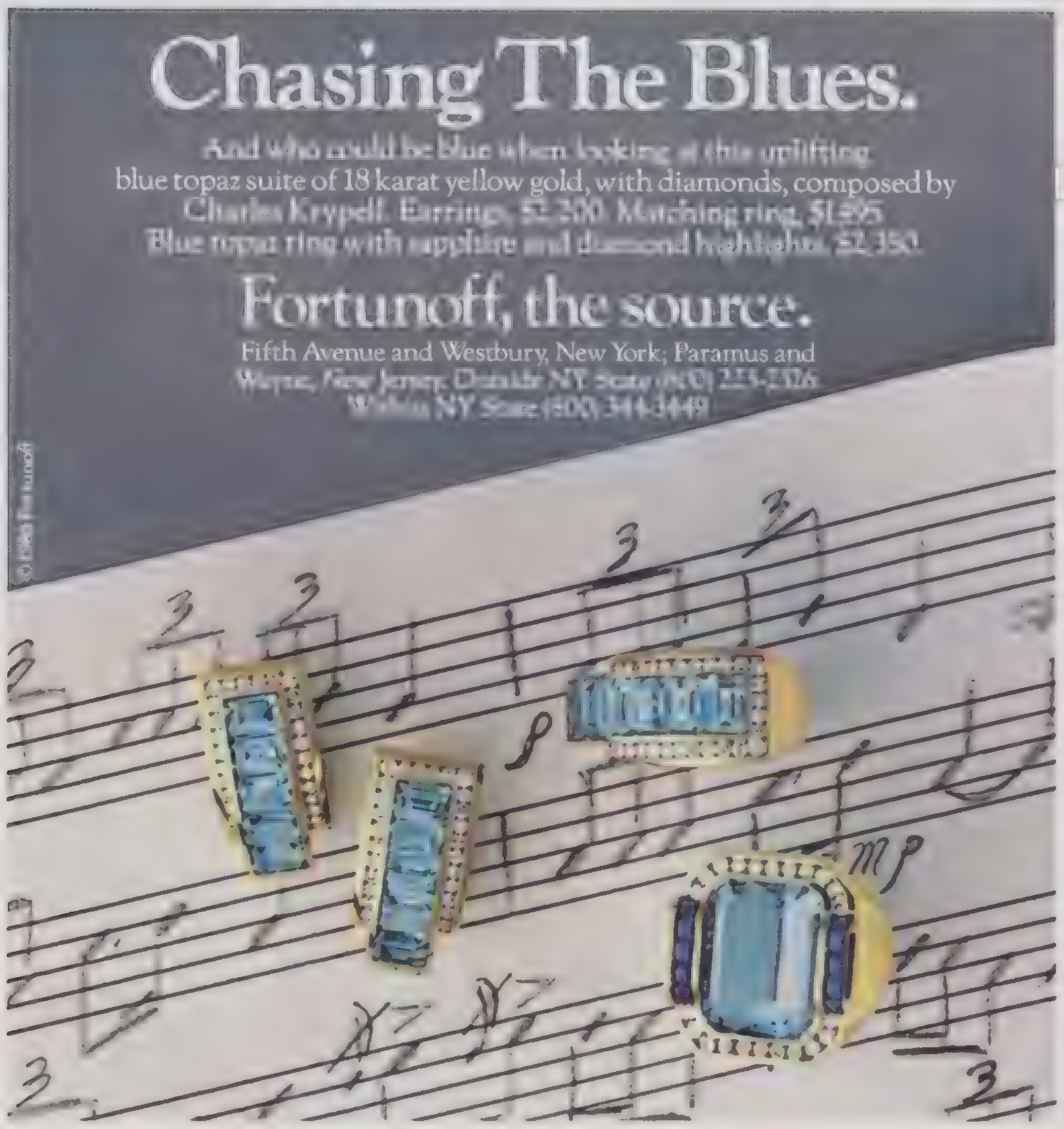
New yuppie and "mini" cars! . . . autos to collect . . . safety warning. BY LESLEY JANE NONKIN

Quickly replacing the BMW as yuppie car of choice: the Saab 900 with a strangely appealing body (like a half-squashed beetle), a good safety record, cachet from its Swedish heritage. . . . To look for in '87: the Saab 9000S non-turbo—more sedan-ish than the 900—for those who don't want, need, extra power; and a modified, recolored version of the terrific 900 turbo convertible, introduced last summer as a limited edition only.

Hottest new "mini" car this year? The Korean-made Hyundai: cute. inexpensive. easy to park . . .

Hottest collectors' items around? Special limited editions celebrating the America's Cup. From Ford, the Sail America Edition Lincoln Town car; from GM, the America II Eldorado—both with boater's insignia, special interiors, paint, red-and-blue side stripes. . . . And, coming soon to the U.S.: the racy Renault Alpine—a two-seater turbo for the performance driver who likes to put a car through its paces, designed to compete with Porsche 944, Corvette.

Biggest news in safety? The continuing investigation into "unintended acceleration": complaints that certain automatic transmission cars accelerate suddenly when shifted from "park" to "drive" or "reverse." Researchers for Audi, just one of many companies to come under scrutiny, suggest drivers accidentally hit the wrong pedal; but the company plans to install new automatic shift "locks" on 1978-86 and new '87 models anyway. For more information, call the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration's Auto Safety Hotline: (800) 424-9393; 366-0123 in DC area. . . . Keep your eye on the debate about raising the highway speed limit from 55 mph. While one side argues that "55 saves lives," the other contends that unenforced 55 is actually hazardous. "It is dangerous not to keep up with the true pace of traffic," observes Sam Yaksich, executive director, AAA Foundation for Traffic Safety. "And increased safety may not be related to 55 as much as to other improvements such as more concrete median barriers, etc." . . .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And who could be Blue when looking at this uplifting
blue topaz suite of 18 karat yellow gold, with diamonds, composed by
Charles Krypell. Earrings, $2,200. Matching ring, $1,425.
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"What I really enjoy about my Jeep is *not* taking care of it," says Eva Gabor, who drives a Wagoneer with a white exterior, red interior. "I just pile in the garden furniture and go; there's a certain freedom and comfort in that. It also lets me travel incognito because no one expects me to arrive in a Jeep; they park my Rolls but tell me to park this myself!" . . . Coming this March: the ultimate four-wheel-drive vehicle—the super-luxurious British-made Range Rover, $30,000 plus; plush enough for the Queen. . . .

VOGUE, December, 1986

RARE WOOD, FRAGRANT LEATHER,
AN INDOMITABLE V-12 ENGINE
AND A LEGENDARY
HIGH PERFORMANCE HERITAGE.

JAGUAR XJ-S

From the classically beautiful SS 100 to the celebrated XK Series to the LeMans conquering D-Type, memories of quick, spirited Jaguars endure. In the XJ-S grand touring coupe, this heritage finds new expression.

A motorcar of considerable finesse, the S-type gracefully conquers demanding curves. A fully independent suspension system keeps the automobile confidently in touch with irregular road surfaces while providing a smooth, supple ride. Power rack and pinion steering affords the driver precise control.

Equipped with a 262 horsepower overhead cam V-12 engine, the XJ-S is as quick as it is agile. Advanced electronic fuel injection and ultra-high 11.5:1 compression ratio render it superbly responsive. Yet because the firing pulses of a twelve-cylinder are more closely spaced than those of a six or eight, the XJ-S accelerates with a silent smoothness that belies its tremendous reserves of power.

Within the S-type's comfortable passenger cabin, the driver is surrounded by fine walnut and supple, aromatic leather upholstery and trim. Automatic climate control maintains cabin temperature at a pre-selected level. Cruise control, a trip computer, a theft-resistant 80-watt stereo sound system and numerous other features entertain and assist the S-type driver.

A veteran of international racing competition and millions of highway miles, the thoroughly proven S-type is protected by a three year/36,000 mile warranty. The XJ-S is waiting for you at your Jaguar dealer. See him today for a test drive and full details of the Jaguar limited warranty. For the name of the Jaguar dealer nearest you, dial 1-800-4-JAGUAR.

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JAGUAR XJ-S

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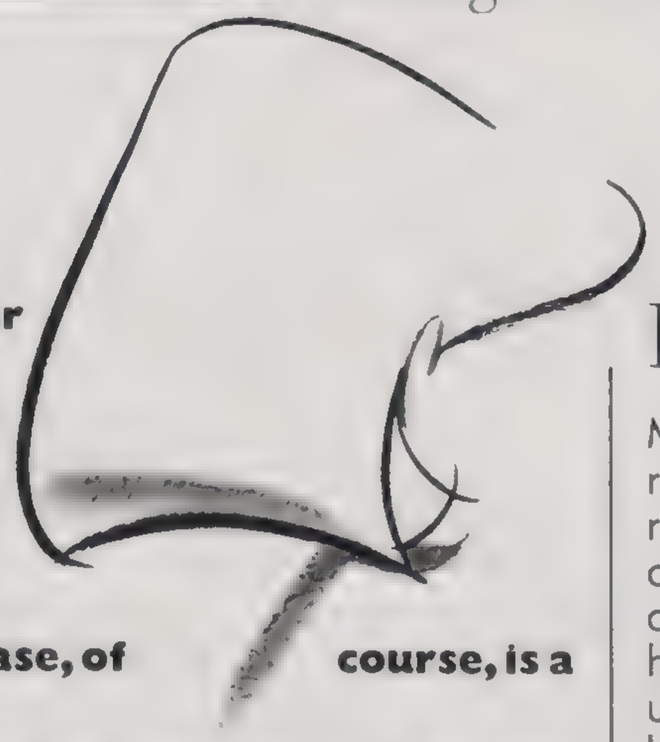
For the holidays: the unmistakable elegance of Anne Klein, evident in a quilted black satin clutch secured with braid and tassels. Inside, like a sensual secret, is 1/4 oz. of Anne Klein Parfum in a magnificent crystal flaçon you'll want forever after. It's all yours, this $75.00 value, for only $15.00 with any Anne Klein fragrance purchase. Available at fine stores everywhere.

HAIR NOW

A sharper, neater line . . . red-color "charge" . . . Madonna's new look



What's essential for hair this season is . . . neatness, polish, line (sketched *right*). The base, of course, is a cut that allows for movement. But the change you're after—and what was seen, time after time, at the Paris couture showings: hair that was straighter, "cleaner," more controlled. Where the appeal, and the difference, comes in: in the 'lift" that takes hair back, off the face—by day, to reveal a new charm...by night, in a fuller ponytail, a softer topknot to beautifully "highlight" a barer neck, bare shoulders. And always...a ribbon, a bow, or a jeweled comb to hold hair in place. Tools you want: mousse for lift, direction, line; enormous rollers for instant volume, wave; the biggest round brush...and a perfect ornament for finish—this season, it's a big black bow. Here, how it looked at Yves Saint Laurent's fall/winter couture collection, *top to bottom, left*, done by Alexandre de Paris. *Directly above*, Sergio Valente's version of a "bow" for Valentino.

Red Rage

Maybe it's the influence of rock women (see *below*), but red has been revived as an option in haircolor. Temporary and permanent solutions can highlight or totally change natural color. Anna Caso, haircolorist, Peter Green salon, White Plains, NY, uses Sebastian's Cellophanes to give semipermanent color that lasts five weeks or longer. More temporary (i.e., gone with a single wash) are mousses, gels, which add color and boost holding power, versatility. (One to try, Vidal Sassoon's.) To apply color: try combing-in, streaking, fringing. The more you work in mousse or gel and blow-dry, the more subtle the effect. Should you opt for a permanent process, Keralogie from L'Oréal Laboratories and Clairol both offer brighter reds, which "hold" their color.

Photos *left* GUY MARINEAU Sketch. TY WILSON Photo *bottom right* ANTHONY SAVIGNANO/Ron Galella, Ltd

New...

One look at Madonna, *above*, and it's obvious her punk-y blond hair has been restyled into a classic image. Hollywood stylist Victor Vidal cut and colored Madonna's hair—now white blond. And in the future? This undoubtedly will not be Madonna's last "look"...

Photo: Michel Comte

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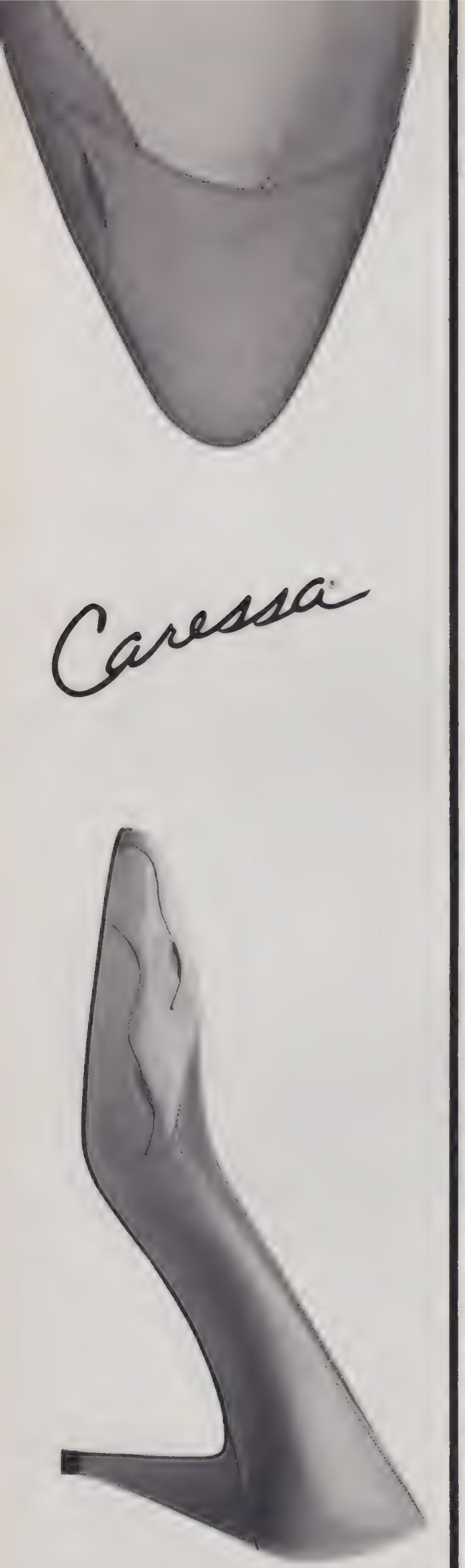

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horoscope

BY ROCKIE GARDINER

December's Astrological Weather: Who's naughty? Who's nice? Taurus plays Santa to Cancer; Libra exchanges meaningful glances with Scorpio; and Leo is utterly astounded by Capricorn's generosity. The Scrooges of the season—Gemini, Virgo, and Pisces—may be too involved with themselves or each other to spread much Christmas cheer. Even playful Sagittarius doesn't feel the holiday spirit until the 21st. As the month ends, bellicose Mars incites antagonism against Aries and Aquarius, who may prefer spending New Year's Eve by themselves.

SAGITTARIUS November 22–December 21 This birthday confirms how self-possessed and mature you've become over the past year. Although sobering Saturn may add to your anxiety about an aging relative, you will graciously attend to his or her needs and still find the time and the heart to celebrate with a few trusted friends. As the sun conjuncts Uranus on the 14th, your desire to break old habits and dissolve stale relationships intensifies. With a little luck from your Jupiter ruler on the 21st, you can take a giant step toward reaching your personal goals.

CAPRICORN December 22–January 19 Attending the office party or other quasi-social event in the first week may solidify a friendship with a person prominent in your field, resulting on the 15th in a long-term financial opportunity. The spiritual side of your nature dominates the Christmas holiday weekend. Set aside some time alone so that you can reach a decision about next year's career objective. Opt for an intimate New Year's Eve celebration.

AQUARIUS January 20–February 18 Meeting parental obligations or fulfilling your employer's demands at the beginning of the month can dampen your holiday mood. Remember on which side your bread is buttered and you'll be rewarded with an extravagant gift on the 21st. Forget and you'll face a serious financial problem on the 15th. A close friend who comes through for you on the 14th may be upset on the 29th by your aggressive Martian attitude. Don't let this spoil your plans for New Year's Eve. Sociability reigns on Christmas Day—have an open house.

PISCES February 19–March 20 Stable Saturn and erratic Uranus, powerful contradictory forces, affect your career dramatically. In the first week, the safe and sane approach proves financially and emotionally rewarding. Yet, mid-month, the slightest frustration may trigger behavior that can threaten your security. Any untried alternative will then seem preferable to your predictable routine. After the sun connects with your Neptune ruler on the 27th, you'll have a clearer idea in which direction your personal growth lies.

ARIES March 21–April 19 During the first ten days, Venus and Pluto eliminate any lingering resentment you may hold against your spouse. Mid-month, as Saturn puts restrictions on your credit, avoid making major purchases. When your Mars ruler joins Jupiter on the 18th, a simple act of charity can have far greater repercussions than you imagine. As the year ends, the erratic pulse of Uranus pushes for an abrupt change—try to curb your wanderlust and to control your quick temper.

TAURUS April 20–May 20 Friendly vibrations between your Venus ruler and bold Mars on the 5th give you the courage to ask your employer or career mentor for a special favor. Although you may detect an undercurrent of jealousy from the Scorpio in the crowd, most co-workers make a point of showing their support on the 10th. Finances may be constrained in the first week by your partner's frugality, but once you benefit from Jupiter's generosity on the 21st, you should feel free to go overboard with your Christmas shopping list and lavish celebrations with friends.

GEMINI May 21–June 21 In the first week, Saturn's chill may isolate you from your spouse or lay another financial burden on your shoulders. The Gemini full moon on the 15th causes you to overreact to his unexpected behavior and to start planning your escape route. Business partnerships undergo the same tests of patience and loyalty until early 1988 when Saturn and Uranus leave Sagittarius. By insisting you discuss your feelings openly, your Mercury ruler will get you through Christmas. *(Continued on page 136)*

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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 134)

CANCER June 22–July 22 You may be caught up in a romantic whirlwind during the first ten days while sexy Mars and affectionate Venus favor your Cancer sun. Mid-month, while the moon is full in Gemini, you could unconsciously sabotage a project at work or, by acting recklessly, hurt yourself at play. The Capricorn sun and idealistic Neptune combine in your partnership sign to make this an especially creative and highly spiritual holiday. But as the month ends, in-laws may create a situation that tries your forbearance.

LEO July 23–August 22 As the month begins and Saturn magnifies little family anxieties, one of your parents might demand that you play the role of dutiful daughter to the hilt. Because Jupiter is unfriendly to your sun ruler, you can't count on your sense of humor nor on your partner's financial support to see you through this time. Around the 14th, Uranus appeals to the rebel in you and sparks a round of exciting social events that culminate in a wonderfully romantic encounter from the 27th through New Year's Eve.

VIRGO August 23–September 22 Don't allow your concern over a sibling's difficulties or your partner's apparent run of bad luck to interfere with a delightful opportunity to enjoy yourself and increase your cash flow in the first week. You'll have enough of your own problems to wrestle with when Uranus upsets your household in the middle of the month. The hectic pace of the holidays and an abundance of family visits keep you on edge until your Mercury ruler finally enters stable Capricorn on the 29th. Escape to a romantic hideaway for New Year's Eve.

LIBRA September 23–October 22 The happy relationship of your Venus ruler with Mars in your house of romance keeps a secretive smile on your face for the first ten days. Your subtle magnetism attracts many invitations to holiday celebrations. However, you might feel a financial pinch as the month begins, so save your Christmas shopping for the last minute. After the 21st, Jupiter increases your cash flow and enables you to cancel an outstanding debt. Because a volatile, and oftimes violent, Uranian force may affect your physical well-being, take extra care if traveling around the 29th.

SCORPIO October 23–November 21 The best time to pursue a creative or romantic interest is during the first ten days when Mars and Pluto, your co-ruling planets, receive the effortless support of Venus. After the 15th, hard-working Saturn forces you to concentrate almost exclusively on complicated financial matters for the next two weeks. The same person you take such delight in on the weekend of the 20th can provoke a nasty scene on the 29th when your equilibrium is upset by erratic Uranus. Earn everyone's gratitude by calling a truce on New Year's Eve.

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HAIR NOW

Night news . . . try-on cuts . . . scalp "toners"

Scalp "toning"

Reflecting new hair-care specificity: increasing interest in scalp treatments. Latest: scalp "toners," applied near hair roots with a cotton ball. Says Philip Kingsley, "If your scalp is dry, it needs moisturizing; if it's oily, a toner can 'refresh' scalp, counteract hair's limpness near roots." Doctors' thinking? While such products may have cosmetic appeal, there's no medical reason for their use. "If scalp's flaking, itching isn't relieved by shampooing," said Robert Auerbach, M.D., NYU Medical Center, "it should be checked by a dermatologist."

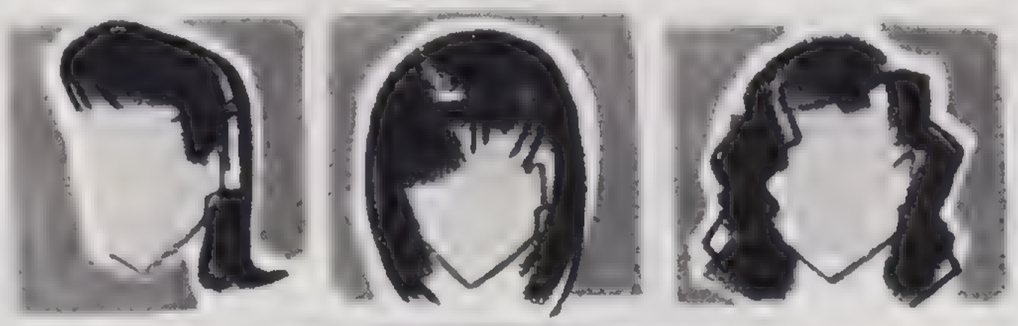
Men's News Problem: finding a favorite hair-care product plundered by a family male. The solution: gels, glazes that allow control, have a "men's" fragrance (Aramis' Maltplexx gel is one) . . . Time-saver for men and women: Sebastian's Systema hair care . . .

Video Hair

Taking guesswork out of new cuts/haircolor: videos that freeze your image on-screen, let you "try on" almost seventy styles *before* a cut (from Seja Systems; info: 800-222-SEJA. A similar idea at Ian & Co.; Gainesville FL) . . . and Clairol's Color Visions (lets you "try on" a variety of shades). Call: 800-558-5005, after Dec. 15.

P.M. Changes

The nice part about modern-looking evening hair: it's never "done" or "done up" . . . but relaxed, easy hair, embellished with the perfect accessory or a bit of sparkle gel. For active women who usually run from the office right to dinner or to the theater, this is a boon. Hairstylist Mitch Barry suggests a woman carry in her handbag: an "excellent" brush, and a simple, elegant accessory—such as a barrette tied with a black bow in silk, velvet, or taffeta, or a wide black velvet headband. Headbands also work perfectly for controlling growing-out hair. "Push all your hair back; leaving wisps on forehead," says Mitch. Attractive, too: gel worked into hair roots along forehead, then brushed to give hair "lift." . . . Charming P.M. alternative: streaking silver-glitter gel on dark hair, gold-glitter on blond.



Photo, above: WAYNE MASER hair, Madeline Cofano for Bruno Dessange makeup, Andrea Paoletti. Details, last pages. Sketch, BOB HIEMSTRA

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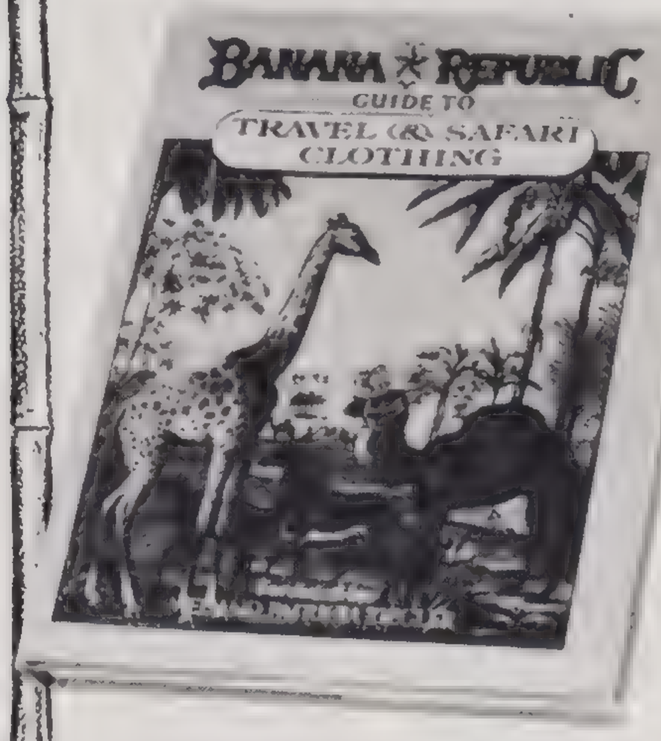

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travel fit

Regardless of fitness level, planning an active vacation requires taking certain factors into consideration. Plane travel, which may dehydrate you, is one; time to adjust to significant temperature changes and jet lag are other factors. But traveling to a high altitude can be a more severe shock to your system, says Julie Anthony, Ph.D., director of the Fitness and Sports Medicine Institute, The Aspen Club, Colorado, "because air is thinner and less oxygen is available to your body. At 7500 feet, for example (approximately the altitude in Aspen), there is one-third less available oxygen than at sea level. Therefore, it's not unusual to feel fatigued, experience shortness of breath, dizziness—especially during the first few days—and it may take *up to two weeks* before your body fully adjusts.

"When you exercise at high altitudes, do so at a moderate pace; don't overexert yourself. Unless you're trained for a high-altitude activity, you will never be able to perform aerobically as well in high altitudes as you would at sea level, so set realistic goals. Moderate exercise can actually help you to feel better; because as circulation increases, your bloodstream brings more oxygen to the brain. If you tire during exercise, rest—particularly if you're doing a high-risk sport (such as skiing), because there's a greater chance of injury.

"Listen to your body. If you develop severe headaches, a dry cough, and/or a congested chest feeling, it may be more serious; see a doctor.

"Remember that the sun also is much stronger at high altitudes—summer *and* winter—and that the lack of humidity can lead to dehydration. Keep in mind that people perspire less in high altitudes, and that water is lost continually through skin and breath. *Don't* let thirst be your guide; make a *conscious* effort to drink at least eight to ten glasses of water a day to minimize the risk of dehydration. Wear protective clothing—a hat, an *opaque* SPF 15 sunscreen, appropriate sunglasses that block out ultraviolet light."

JOHN KELLY/Image Bank

ROXANNE LOWIT

● **Christy Fichtner, Miss USA 1986, *left*, is an attractive woman in the modern sense, an atypical "beauty queen": her hair is straight, not curled; she doesn't wear a lot of makeup. At twenty-three, her life is that of a working woman. How does she keep up with a demanding travel schedule (up at 6 A.M., never in one town for more than three days)? A healthful diet and lots of water. Christy's used to hours of sports, but there isn't time on the road. Solution: stretches, "contour" exercises before bed, and, when she needs one, a half-hour nap.**

Leotard, tights, Taffy's Photographed at Pursuits at The New York Hilton

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BEAUTY NOW

Hair: style ease, news, chemical caution . . . Whitney Houston's makeup

HAIR NEWS

An example of the rock/punk hair influence, here, on models Kersti Bowser, *top right*, and Louise Vyent, *top left*, styled up and off the face by Sam McKnight of La Coupe, NY, the height achieved with mousse or pomade, applied with fingers to give hair just enough moisture to hold its shape. The base for this look, for *any* look, especially for black women, is hair in healthy condition, hair that hasn't been overprocessed. *Inset*, Kersti's hair in its "natural" state—she never relaxes her hair . . . The biggest mistake black women make, in fact, is using too many chemicals,

says fashion model Peggy Dillard, *left*, who has just opened a new NYC salon, Turning Heads, in the Harlem YMCA, and who personally consults with clients (212/491-5635) . . . Stylist John Atchison is now bicoastal, with a new salon in L.A., specializing in relaxed hair (213/655-2887).

relaxers

Approximately 70 percent of black women now use some form of chemical process—coloring, perming, or relaxing hair. Many do such treatments at home; but it's important to see a professional first, *before* using an at-home kit, says Olive Benson, director of education, Soft Sheen. Care is vital when you use chemicals, especially relaxers, which dry out hair while they change the curl pattern. Before opting for a relaxer: hair should be in good condition; be sure your stylist gives you a strand test, and that he/she keeps chemicals off your scalp, away from your face as they can irritate skin, eyes.

Care timetable: Condition frequently; avoid using blow-dryers; have *only* new growth touched up. More information, call Soft Sheen's hotline: 1-800/621-6143; in Chicago, 312/978-0700.

MAKEUP

Whitney Houston's makeup from pro Quietfire (who also does Cicely Tyson, Diahann Carroll): eyes shaded with blue or chocolate brown, bare cheeks, matte lips. P.M. "turner": smudging kohl-black pencil on eyelids.

—Contributed by AUDREY SMALTZ and LA VERNE POWLIS

Top photo ERIC BOMAN Makeup, Laura Mercier Middle inset KING Hair makeup Rick Gillette

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Jaclyn Smith is wearing Satin Blush™ in Midnight Mauve. © 1986 Max Factor and Co.,

FOR GIVING, '86: THE FASHIONABLE PRESENT

Style and something more: the best, the brightest, gifts of the season—to own, to want, to wear

BY KATHLEEN MADDEN

What do women want? Just ask them.

"July in Cornwall," says one. "May in Mykonos. Mel Gibson."

"A live-in sushi chef. Anything—everything—in knitted cashmere. Twice-weekly psychoanalytic sessions."

"Four more inches in height. (Or four inches less on my hips.)"

"Stocks that never go down. A black pug. Black pearls. More time."

"Weekly flowers."

To wit: What women want this particular Christmas time of year are things ephemeral, altruistic, or solid as sterling. Through all, only a clear—unquestionable—sense of quality holds true. Quality time. Quality finds. Quality fashion gifts, as well.

It's the key to the best presents this season.

MINING THE CLASSICS

The ultimate '86 Christmas-list fantasy would carry no price tags. (Quality dreaming, quite fortunately, is costless.) "Quality" shopping, in this fashion fall of cashmere, camel's hair, and crocs, is clearly not that. And yet, for pinning onto a jacket lapel, a cache of crystal star-or-bar studs ($6 each from Swarovski) is a find of the season.

To fantasize or find: Mother's cashmere sweater-set classics have been updated by bright designers into what, quite probably, rank as the glamour gifts of the year: matching sweaters that are bigger-scale, jacket-length, a softer substitute for a shirt and jacket. In a season of cashmere, two of the best sets to be found are Calvin Klein's cardigan and sleeveless turtleneck twin set (both, $620) and Michael Kors/Lyle & Scott's generous crewneck ($300) and coat sweater ($420) in paled-pink cashmere. Chanel's two-ply coat sweater comes gold-buttoned, in endless colors ($1040)—the most "classic" of classics anywhere. To shawl over all: Calvin's matching cashmere knit blanket ($960) or the businesslike pale grey or wheat shawls ($880) of Donna Karan. (All prices approximate.) All are grand—finishing—sweater gestures.

Maud Frizon takes cashmere to the season's long, longest-length gloves ($160). Portolano's grey, taupe, or black cashmeres ($70) are sufficiently long to warm hands, arms, and elbows. Hermès weaves the world's most famous fringed wool/cashmere blanket shawls ($495)—this season, looking newest in dark brown or charcoal. Asprey's (of London) wool plaid picnic blanket ($75) has tailgated successfully from Glyndebourne operas to Princeton weekends. Echo's bright lambswool fringed mufflers ($28) give a splash of color to grey or camel classics. Barneys New York would then add the most traditional of crewnecks: rugged, for men or women, made-just-for-them. In all-American brights ($125) and six-ply Shetland.

Definably classic: original Chanels (one 'fifties suit, also at Barneys New York, is $1700 and reportedly a past Catherine Deneuve); Helene Arpels collectible moccasins (in gold, $296) have yet to be beaten. As much as cashmere is a sign of the season, so too are textured leathers: alligator and crocodile. Women are collecting—hunting out—"antique" Chanel or Hermès croc bags, from the 'thirties on to this year. Brown is the color-of-choice for leather.

To stake out now: Ralph Lauren's small fold-over crocodile envelope bag ($2600) and quite perfect 2½-inch brown alligator belts ($540) to put with this or any season's jersey dress or trousers. With the right width (2½ inches) and the right black or brown color, Ruza Creations' "alligator"-embossed leather belts ($40) add seasonal pizazz. Chanel's flat crocodile moccasins ($710) come with classic "double C" gold trim; Esprit's flat "croc" mocs have an appeal that's blatantly fake. Price, for these "beasts": $48.

THE ACCESSORY MESSAGE

In a fashion sense, accessories, more and more, are the modern name of the game: they give a woman's own stamp to the most pared-down dressing. The real difference now? Less costuming, more personalizing of classics—quality pieces—to *(Continued on page 150)*

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FASHIONABLE PRESENTS

(Continued from page 146)

wear again and again. Glitz and glitter this Christmas easily add delight at night; some best bets are a glittery "pavé" toggle-link bracelet (from Roxanne Assoulin, $80) or, for a bare black dress, rhinestone bow earrings of enormous charm ($120) from Kenneth Jay Lane. Chanel's "diamond" studded bangles (five for $330) are new collectible classics; so, too, are Prada's short gloves in ostrich ($350). The season's hot sunglasses come aviator-style and in newly pale tortoise ($60, Ralph Lauren).

To her stackable "donut" shape bangles (past years' big cuffs have been colored China red, gold, silver), Tiffany's Elsa Peretti this season adds a new ($275) version for her fans: an "animal" print in swirls of black and red.

New, too: among the ever-growing world of fashionable—very personal—watches, Calvin Klein's classic silver tank watch now comes strung on a strong-link silver chain band ($1495); it matches up, too, with a separate silver link bracelet ($875). The news from Louis Vuitton this season is non-initial—wheat-grain—leather; and in small versions, Vuitton's new leather pieces can organize any handbag. Billfolds, business card holders, wallets, coin cases (each, $68-$220) mix and match in clear bright (royal blue, emerald green, black) leather.

Giving for the fashion year ahead: one handbag direction for the coming season is clearly toward a smaller size; another is a "bucket" shape. Louis Vuitton's soft sac is in epi leather in a "sable" color ($380); Chanel's small chain-strap bucket ($460) comes with a quilted base. Both are made to use day-in, day-out—beyond seasonal (or strictly fashion) categorizations.

"Day-in, day-out" also seems the clue to the changing world of jewels: women, more and more, are leaning less toward grand stones for night than to daytime investment jewelry. Translation, this holiday season: a heavy Barry Kieselstein-Cord toggle-link bracelet in 18k gold; a small Kieselstein star charm to hang with decided style off a watch strap. Day jewels equally precious: M & J Savitt's pristine new earring hoops, shaped on a large scale, all glittery pavé diamonds. At Boris-le Beau, sliver-thin gold rings come with small dangling "charms" of brightly enameled gold ($295)...to stack, mix and match, pair with other charm rings ($495) with a dangling diamond initial.

STOCKS AND FASHION BONDS

What do women want? Cross-country, American stores, it seems, are banking on an '86 sense of luxury: stockpiling crocodile, napa leathers, antique jewelry. In Chicago, Marshall Field's, for one, has a feeling for things British: sweaters, tartans, Butler & Wilson costume jewels, George Trumper toiletries straight from Mayfair. Neiman-Marcus has gone Australian and to bush-country; New York's Bergdorf Goodman to "Vienna" with Barry Kieselstein new gold-band rings inlaid with a kaleidoscope of moveable stones, to all-American handknits from Perry Ellis. Bloomingdale's, to honor the store's 100th birthday, has been offering up exclusive clothes pieces from favorite designers.

NEW FASHION BEATS

In a season notable, often, for lack of color, Ralph Lauren's buttery suede "bush jackets" ($538) turn up brilliantly red, magenta, or jade. Giorgio Armani's classically tailored raincoat—in a new stone grey shade, in a man's size ($250)—stands out among the year's many balmacaans and trenches. By day, by night, new—nearly weightless—padded silk coats offer up a change of pace: and two of the best are Drizzle's brightest-orange topcoat ($260) and Go-Silk's padded white blazer ($260). Both easily roll up to go under a plane seat, could readily serve as a woman's only coat for city/country travel needs. Knitted silk Go-Silk T-shirts in endless colors ($90) pack flat, wrinkle less, work with anything—city suit, skirt, jeans, or weekend trousers. A stack in white, khaki, navy, grey is a truly usable, truly lavish gesture.

Feminine gestures by night are the hot fashion news: be that a Chanel black satin and sequined hair bow ($170), a stock of lace to tie on at the wrist ($10), or Donna Karan's below-ankle "ribbon" skirt ($780)—that swings full, fullest. Olga's new (and 'fifties-reminiscent) net petticoat in white ($50) adds

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fullness and savvy motion to crisp taffeta dresses by night or the newest seasonal skirts. Antique Boutique tosses off flamenco netting in black, pink, navy, white, or blaring red ($35) for a young woman to wear under skirts—or out dancing at night. Minimalists can step, instead, into Derek May navy silk shorts ($120) and pullover T ($200). The traditionalist's evening find: Hermès most-classic tuxedo trouser suit ($1795) in black gabardine. Jacket lapels are covered with signature Hermès scarf-print fabric.

"What women want are ephemeral, altruistic, or solid as sterling. For all, only a clear sense of quality holds true: quality time, quality finds, quality fashion"

THE GRANDEST GESTURES

Beyond fashion, beyond simple luxury or classic clothes traditions, there's also the grandest of the grand: once-in-a-lifetime, fantasy presents.

In a visibly feminine-dressing season, French iconoclast designer Andrée Putman, for one, carries a cigarette case by Fabergé. For women with similar panache, New York City's À La Vieille Russie will convert one of its antique Fabergé cigarette cases to working, mirrored, powder-puff compact order. At Vieille Russie, a gold-on-gold case from the Russian master is $18,000; gold striped with white enamel, $14,000. Fred Leighton also offers up a signed Fabergé card case of diamond and pink enamel work on gold ($25,000). Here, too, are the pins of the year—the real ones: a diamond dragonfly ($120,000), the most charming diamond floppy bow pin ($45,000). In rhinestone versions, both have starred on Oscar de la Renta runways.

The most opulent dressing, often, comes with a pedigreed heritage: Neat diamond and platinum cufflinks—original 'twenties Cartier Art Deco pieces ($4,300); Tiffany's double-stranded South Seas pearls ($115,000). Cartier's "newest" watch this winter is a restyling of the famous man's gold Pasha—with real weight, strong impact, the first in a long modern line of watches to be noticeably overscaled ($22,500). To order from Paris (or find in the U.S., come springtime), the newest from Hermès: called the "Symbiose" collection, each limited-edition handbag—in a traditional shape such as the time-tested "Kelly" ($3500-$8500)—is made of a patchwork of one-of-a-kind leathers on the order of Savoy calf, grey ostrich, green lizard, white lambskin.

To grandstand: An entire wardrobe of silk lingerie pieces—each made-to-order and custom-fitted—at New York's Donna Giambrone. Ralph Lauren's black velvet robe with a sable collar is floor length, easily fit for Catherine the Great ($9000). Giorgio Armani's blue striped cream silk pyjamas look great in a man's size ($525). Ultimo New York's Merry Widow bustiers—lingerie to wear outside—are of Lyon silk fabrics.

Cashmere goes to extraordinary lengths, this season, at Adagio in a pink wrap robe ($1700); to warm winter days and nights, Fogal cashmere tights line up ($195) in white, beige, black, or camel. Valentino Night adds strips of pearls to a black cashmere pullover ($4140), while Carolyne Roehm jewels her cashmere at neck and cuffs ($7000): nighttime sweater and jewelry, conveniently, in one package.

And for all pennies saved: Barneys New York hand-tooled goatskin luggage—in creamy white with black leather trim—turns up in the neatest sort of makeup case ($480); Andrea Pfister's crocodile boots ($2500) are the extravagant reptiles of the season.

Calvin Klein, though, may understand true extravagance best: For Bergdorf Goodman, he's specially made the most tailored—very modern—coat of Russian sable. It's one-of-a-kind (possibly two)...and $150,000. ▽

MENSTYLE:

SUITING A MAN

Even Nancy Reagan, it seems, may get carried away: shopping for a man is far from easy. Here, the "what nots" of giving

BY FREDERICK EBERSTADT

In Washington, where few people agree on anything, even his fiercest detractors agree that Ronald Reagan looks every inch the President. In his double-breasted blue suits and white shirts, he is a figure to inspire confidence. Photographed at his mountaintop ranch in California, dressed in a fancy suede jacket with fringe, he sends a very different message. He looks as if his vacation wardrobe were a malign gift from Ted Kennedy or Mr. Gorbachev, which clearly it is not.

What change takes place in Santa Barbara? My bet is that Mr. Reagan's wardrobe is bought, part and parcel, by his wife. And certainly no man was ever blessed with a more adoring partner. Nor one who is less likely to make a blunder when shopping for herself.

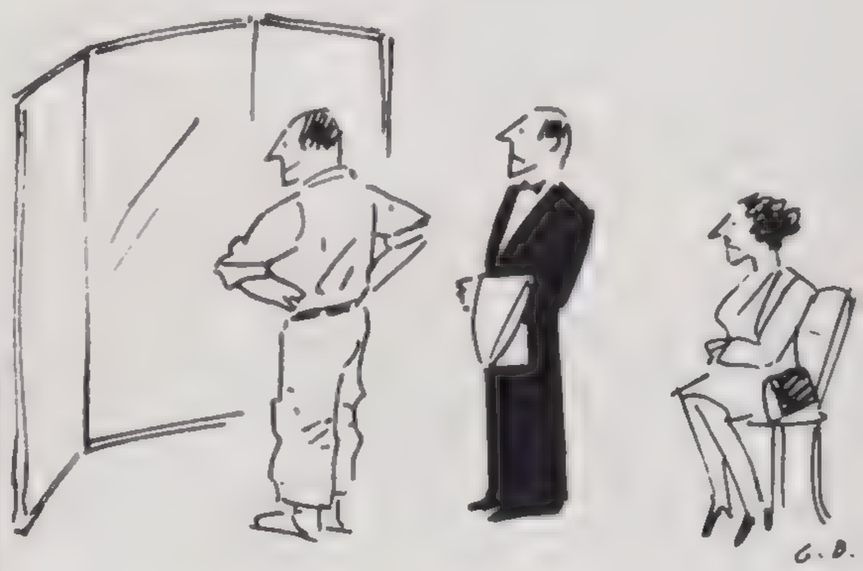
Shopping for a man, it seems, is a very different matter. Women buy clothes for men that no man would ever buy for himself. And, since all men have an exaggerated respect for women's taste, they wear these absurdities and make fools of themselves. The problem is not so bad in town or at business; convention still holds sway there. It is in dressing for leisure time that the real mischief is done.

Most women, at heart, know that a man would rather have something from the L.L. Bean catalog than the season's "more interesting" sports clothes from resourceful designers. The shopowner's real victim is a woman about to give a present to a middle-aged man who suffers from the lunatic notion that the poor guy would be happier if his dingy sports clothes were traded in for something smart and snappy. To be fair, it is not hard to understand why women think that way. A little shabbiness on men—frayed cuffs, baggy knees, trod-down heels, even a patch or two—implies comfortable habits. Shabbiness on women suggests hard times.

I know that Robert Burns once said something about seeing ourselves as others see us, but he said it with a Highland accent, which somehow turned the obvious into finer stuff. About the time of last Christmas, one of my young relatives brought the point home to me by telling me that I was a problem—something, I admit, I have become used to hearing.

"I don't know what to get you," she said. "You're a man who has everything."

Me? A man with everything? Could she be serious? Late that day, on a long drive, I pondered the extraordinary idea. The fact of the matter is that during the last decade or two, I've accumulated a certain amount of impedimenta. It does not mean, however, that I am difficult to get things for. Quite the opposite. My tastes are an open book. I like classical records, biographies, and nineteenth-century



"Women buy clothes for a man that no man would ever buy for himself"

novels, preppy sweaters and socks that come over the calf. I also like cuff links, most kinds of food, odd gadgets, pajamas in extra large sizes, anything representing Jack Russell terriers, and ties for summer in a single loud color such as turquoise or lemon yellow. All I want is more of the same. Lots and lots.

What I do not want, not at all, are Madras trousers or pants with hibiscus, ponies, or anything else printed on them. I also do not want open-net shirts or fancy sandals. Not being a dashing Italian, I have never learned how to wear an ascot. Few American men have. I do not want any garment conventionally made of cloth that is now cleverly turned out in suede or leather. I want no costumes. I am not a frontiersman or a rock singer, nor do I wish to disguise myself as one.

I hope I have made myself as plain as possible. I have left one thing out. My birthday is July 24. Should you miss me for Christmas, there is plenty of time to shop. ▽

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GIFTS—ON THE RECEIVING END

People who crave control find it harder to get than to give... BY PHYLLIS ROSE

We are told it's more blessed to give than to receive. I disagree. To receive is the harder task, demanding far greater resources of tact and charity. We've all gotten gifts that would strain the patience of a saint—the cute or perfunctory detritus of weddings, birthday parties, weekends in the country, Christmas, and other occasions of formal gift giving.

Because a gift represents an interpretation of our nature, we are more likely to be irritated by a dud than pleased, as we're supposed to be, by the thought behind it. A gift tells us what kind of person our friends imagine us to be—wearer of clothes, grower of plants, lover of gadgets—and we are always so much more. Gifts, unable to address our complexity, unworthy of our multiplicity, are potentially insulting. Books might seem to be the answer, but they merely push the problem back a level. Which book? *The Joy of Cooking* or *The Joy of Sex*? Proust or Judith Krantz?

The messages of gifts are sometimes scary. They may say, "I am tired of the person you are. Try something new. I'm pretending that this inappropriate [fill in the blank] is a joke, but I'm really looking for someone who matches it." Other gifts say, "I've given up trying to please you. I'll just please myself, and you can take what pleasure from it you can. But I dare you to say I haven't given you anything lately." Among the more common presents intended for the donor rather than the ostensible receiver are sexy lingerie and kitchen equipment; but I recently restrained a friend, a man with a taste for fine crystal and Cognac, from giving Baccarat brandy snifters to a wife who doesn't drink.

Traditional gifts are traditional for a reason: they signify less, hence risk less offense. Neutral and undemanding, flowers pay tribute to the recipient's sense of beauty. Candy is always in good taste. A tie tells a man no more than, "You are a man." It is so traditional a gift as to be virtually invisible. That's the trouble with low-risk offerings: the payoff is likewise low. The gifts are bland.

Good presents speak to that elusive entity the secret self. A hard-to-please friend recalls that the best present he ever got was a black enamel-on-gold Dumont cigarette lighter. He doesn't smoke. He doesn't know many people who smoke. He was unlikely ever to have bought himself an expensive lighter or to have received one. All the more reason he loves his. For his secret self lives in a black-and-white film of the 'thirties, in which an impeccably dressed man offhandedly but gracefully whips out his elegant lighter to light a friend's cigarette. Who would have known this about him, a guy who dresses in blue jeans and secondhand shirts? The secret self is only touched by indirection and luck.

Because the secret self is hard to find, gift givers belabor the self's more obvious parts. A golf player gets golf balls. A sailor gets nautical charts. Our gifts parody people: we treat women too exaggeratedly as women, and men too much as men, whereas I suspect that the secret self is often androgynous. I've never known a man or woman who didn't want a terry-cloth bathrobe. In our secret selves, we are naked, wet, emerging from the bath, longing to be wrapped up warmly.

When you consider what a perilous business this giving and receiving of gifts is, the wonder is that anyone dares it. The safest course is never to give. That way you offend no one, waste no time shopping, confer no unwelcome obligations. But from another point of view, the nongiver is a parched and meager spirit, never trying anything lest it prove the wrong thing, never offering love lest it be rejected. For what is a gift but an offer of love?

"A gift tells us what kind of person our friend imagines us to be"

Sometimes it's an offer of love that carries a demand for love with it. You may like the present, but the fact that it has been given at all seems wrong, especially if the gift itself is overweight on the inner scale that tells you how much is appropriate. (A homemade jazz cassette is fine, but the complete Beethoven symphonies on DGG too much.) Gifts that up the stakes more quickly than the receiver would like are their own punishment. Instead of producing affection, they tend to arouse suspicion. What is wanted in return? Even if it's only gratitude, that sometimes is more than we care to give.

People who crave control find receiving gifts especially difficult. A present places them in the position of having to respond. My friend Michael says, "Please don't give me anything. I'm too hard to please. If you give me something I don't like, I hate having to act as though I like it. I don't do it well, and I resent having to do it at all."

When people have such decided tastes that nothing you give them pleases, their behavior implies, "Who are you to think you can satisfy me? Only I can please myself." The analogy with sex is inescapable. Giving pleasure and receiving it are parts of love. But some people—they make difficult friends and impossible lovers—refuse to accept pleasure. There are psychosexual terms to describe their behavior, but I prefer to use moral terms: they nourish a life-denying perfectionism. ("Only the best is good enough for me, and only I know what the best is.") This stance makes the people around them lose faith in themselves. They do worse and worse—as gift givers, as lovers. Since they know they will fail, their efforts become more and more perfunctory. If nothing pleases, why try to please? This confirms the perfectionist in her sense that she is the only capable person in a world of incompetents. Yet her clear idea of who she is is more illusory than real. A truly self-confident person should be able to wear a tacky scarf or an inappropriate bracelet without feeling her identity threatened.

I once complimented a woman on a dress she was wearing and was told it had been a gift from her husband. I was astonished. Did her husband know her taste so well that he could buy her clothes? She smiled and said it hadn't always been that way. When she'd got married, many years before, she'd been advised: "Accept all his gifts. For the first couple of years, you may hate them, but don't say so or you'll scare him off. He'll stop giving you things. If you're enthusiastic, he'll get better with time." And that's what this wise and happy woman did. Gift giving between any two people is like sex: if you stick with it, it gets better; and a cheerful response, over time, encourages better performance. If gifts are offers of love, they often demand the greatest act of love in return—refraining from saying exactly what you think.

One should accept gifts as a prima ballerina receives flowers at the end of a performance, without looking at them too closely but as though the tribute were one's due. One should love the world and all things in it so that every gift might be charming. Some people have this talent. They are a pleasure to give to. For the rest of us, graceful acceptance is a spiritual discipline that must be learned. Perhaps we should spend less time worrying about what to give and more learning how to receive.

Phyllis Rose *is the author of "Parallel Lives" and "Writing of Women."*

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health

Warning: danger in "self help" for herpes . . . new flu vaccine . . . diet vs. appendicitis. BY MELVA WEBER

FOOD ADDITIVE NO CURE FOR HERPES

The food preservative BHT (butylated hydroxytoluene), touted for treating genital herpes, won't do the job, say medical authorities. Besides, it can cause severe toxic effects when taken in the two- to six-gram doses being used by people trying to self-treat herpes.

Student health physicians at the University of California, Los Angeles, reported in *The New England Journal of Medicine* that BHT in large doses was popular on campus as a result of a best-selling book recommending at least two grams of BHT to be taken at bedtime on an empty stomach. UCLA's Deborah Shlian, M.D., and Judi Goldstone, M.D., described a young woman who had taken four grams, resulting in two trips to the emergency room with severe nausea, vomiting, dizziness, and loss of consciousness. On the second trip, she was seriously dehydrated, requiring several days of treatment.

The BHT myth began with a laboratory experiment more than a decade ago, says Richard Oksas, Pharm. D., M.P.H., of *The Patient Medication Bulletin*. Several viruses in test tubes were exposed to high concentrations of BHT. Herpes virus was partially killed off. No tests were made on virus-infected animals to see if BHT is safe or effective for them. In other animal testing, BHT increased cancer incidences, but was not found cancer-causing in human uses as a food preservative.

Even if BHT proved to have some antiviral activity, it's doubtful if enough can get into the system to do much good. It's rapidly removed from blood circulation, and binds to body fat. Teaspoon quantities of BHT can produce drastic effects—but cure of herpes is not one of them.

FOOD AND YOUR APPENDIX

Investigators reported in "British Medical Journal" that there is a connection between the incidence of acute appendicitis and the kinds of foods that predominate in the diet. Using data from England's National Food Survey and appendicitis figures from fifty-nine areas in England and Wales, a research team from the University of Southampton found green vegetables and tomatoes appear to protect against appendix attacks, while potatoes do not; and cereal foods and the total amount of dietary fiber have only insignificant effects. Appendicitis rates were not affected by bread (neither white nor whole-wheat) or by meat, fish, or sugar. Vegetables that scored in appendix protection included cabbage, cauliflower, peas, beans, Brussels sprouts. Leafy salad vegetables did not correlate with lower appendicitis rates. Green vegetables and tomatoes may protect against appendicitis, possibly by altering bacterial flora in the appendix, the researchers suggest.

RELIABLE PRENATAL TESTING

Chorionic villus sampling (CVS) has been established as an accurate prenatal detector of genetic disorders, says a report in the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*. In one thousand procedures done in the last three years at the University of California, San Francisco, researchers found CVS safe and reliable in determining whether a fetus is affected by such disorders as Down's syndrome, sickle cell anemia, or Tay-Sachs disease.

CVS involves the removal of a tiny sample of the tissue that later forms the placenta, taken during the first trimester of pregnancy. Amniocentesis, the more widely used detector of genetic disorders by means of the amniotic fluid surrounding the fetus, must be done in the second trimester. Thus CVS allows earlier decision-making for women who have risks of fetal genetic problems. If CVS does lead to a decision to terminate the pregnancy, it can be done more simply and safely than in the second trimester.

Mitchell Golbus, M.D., director of the Prenatal Diagnosis Program at UCSF, says seven hundred CVS procedures done since the initial study supported the original findings. A study at seven medical centers and backed by the National Institutes of Health is expected to have results in early 1987.

WATCH FOR NEW FLU

During this winter's flu season, public health leaders will keep a wary eye on local outbreaks of influenza. A new variant of the virus A(H1N1) is causing outbreaks in other parts of the world. The 1986-87 flu vaccine, which carries antigens for three virus strains, is believed to provide at least partial protection. A one-strain vaccine has been prepared to protect against the changed A-virus, which the U.S. Public Health Service recommends for high-risk children (those with chronic heart and lung disorders) and young adults who appear most susceptible to the A(H1N1) infection. Should flu outbreaks occur, the Centers for Disease Control says prompt laboratory diagnosis will be needed to see if they are due to the A virus. If so, the antiviral agent amantadine hydrochloride can be used either as preventive cover until vaccination takes effect or for lessening the severity of existing flu infection.

CONTROLLING URINARY INCONTINENCE

As many as twelve million Americans suffer from some kind of bladder control problem, but only one out of twelve seeks professional help. According to E. Douglas Whitehead, M.D., assistant clinical professor of urology at Mount Sinai School of Medicine, many of them won't tell their doctors or family, withdraw from social events, and virtually imprison themselves at home. To focus more attention on this problem, Dr. Whitehead and urology technician Anne Smith-Young formed Continence Restored, Inc. Its purpose: to help people of all ages with bladder control problems, to educate on care and cure of the condition, to destigmatize it, and to serve as a resource center for consumers.

Incontinence is a symptom, not a disease, Dr. Whitehead emphasizes. It could indicate a serious underlying problem that should be identified and treated. The National Agenda to Promote Urinary Continence, which met in Chicago, includes advancing nursing and medical training on incontinence, fund-raising for research and education, helping consumers become their own agents for change, and working with manufacturers of incontinence products to provide better products. For more information and locations of support groups, write to Continence Restored, Inc., 785 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10021.

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Women, men, and appetite . . . the song that refreshes

BY CAROL TAVRIS

MUSIC—A CURE FOR MIGRAINES!

Music soothes the savage breast, and, it turns out, the pounding head. A new study finds that people who suffer from migraines respond to "treatment" with music.

Janet E. Lapp, Ph.D., of California State University, Fresno, worked with thirty men and women aged eighteen to forty-five who had a history of migraines. She randomly assigned them to three groups: one was given biofeedback training; another, which she thought would be a placebo group, listened to an "easy listening" medley (they resisted her initial choice of classical music). Both groups were also taught relaxation and imagery techniques. The third group received no treatment of any kind. All participants kept a "headache diary," and Lapp monitored them for two weeks at the end of training, again a month later, and finally after a year.

To Lapp's surprise, the music listeners reported the greatest decreases in severity, frequency, and duration of their migraines—even a year after the experiment. (The biofeedback group also improved.) Perhaps, Lapp speculates, music releases pain-killing endorphins in the brain. More interesting—and more immediately useful—was the migraine sufferers' observation that music became a signal for them to use the relaxation techniques they had learned.

FRIENDSHIP AND THERAPY—CAN THEY MIX?

Successful therapy depends on closeness between client and therapist: the client's "positive transference" of admiration and affection for the therapist, and the therapist's empathy and support for the client. Sometimes a therapist may overstep the boundaries of this close but professional relationship and become more of a friend than a counselor. The result can be disastrous for the client who, instead of treatment, is getting a friendship, and may blame herself for any friction. She may become overly dependent on the therapist, depressed, or show worsening symptoms.

The news media have occasionally reported sensational stories of therapists who sexually exploit their clients. But other forms of intimacy also violate professional ethics and harm patients. In their book, *Sexual Intimacy Between Therapists and Patients* (Praeger), Kenneth S. Pope, Ph.D., and Jacqueline C. Bouhoutsos, Ph.D., argue that there are many kinds of therapist "seduction."

For example, the therapist may treat the client's positive feelings as if they reflected "true love" rather than admiration. He or she may see the patient socially. The therapist may create and exploit excessive dependence instead of helping the patient to become independent in life and eventually leave the therapy. Sometimes the therapist's needs become the focus of the therapy hour. All of these signs, Pope and Bouhoutsos warn, point to breaches of the therapeutic contract.

Many patients who become emotionally involved with their therapists say later that they thought "this was the way therapy was supposed to happen." Pope and Bouhoutsos note that the best indication that something is amiss is the client's own feelings. An honest, ethical therapist will not manipulate or intimidate a client who raises concerns about her therapy, or make the client feel guilty or stupid for asking questions. "Don't assume that the therapist must be right," they advise, "or that your doubts are only a function of the difficulties that led you to seek therapy."

SHE STARVES TO CONQUER

When Scarlett O'Hara went to a party,
she had a little snack
in advance—so no man would see her
publicly do such an "unfeminine"
thing as eat. Today's women would never
dream of curtseying to their
modern Rhetts; but they retain their sense
of femininity in public situations
by picking at food they really want to eat.
In an experiment, DeAnna L. Mori, Ph.D.,
a psychology associate at the Boston Veterans
Administration Medical Center,
and Shelly Chaiken, Ph.D., of New York
University, demonstrated what most
women know—that when women are
with men they find attractive,
they eat much less than when they are
with unattractive men or other women.
In another study, Mori and Chaiken
randomly told some young women that,
on the basis of personality tests,
they had either "masculine" or "feminine"
interests. Then they observed the women
in the company of men—and of a bowl
of candy. The women who were told
that they had "masculine" interests—
and who believed that the young men
they were talking to knew this fact about
them—ate less than anyone else.
They did so, the researchers believe,
to prove their femininity
in front of men who might think
that they were too masculine.
Women now are more career-oriented
and enjoy the so-called masculine traits
of independence and assertiveness,
but the traditional feminine role
that Scarlett played is very much alive.
This conflict of roles, the researchers
speculate, may contribute to a constant
obsession with eating and weight,
and may be associated
with eating disorders among women.

REASON TO BE CHEERFUL

At the recent American Psychological Association meetings, Albert Ellis, Ph.D., gave an address on the future of mental health. Ellis is the father of "Rational-Emotive Therapy," which is based on the premise that emotional distress and unhappiness are caused by irrational beliefs. If people wish, Ellis has long maintained, they can control their "emotional destiny." Now, though, he admits that changing people is more difficult than he had previously envisioned.

After years of work, Ellis is now wondering why people cling to ideas that make them miserable. Why doesn't insight help them? He thinks the problem is that people unconsciously, habitually prolong their mental dysfunctioning. They don't act this way out of masochism, but because they are "obsessed with the pleasures of the moment rather than [those] of the future." Even grief and rage can be momentarily "pleasurable": they make a person feel powerful, righteous, and vindicated.

The barriers to mental health, said Ellis, lie not in the obvious irrational beliefs that torment people (such as, "I *must* be perfect in everything I do")—these can be articulated, debated, and abandoned—but in the "subtle or tricky irrationalities" that are largely unconscious or unstated ("Because my father didn't love me, I must be perfect in everything I do *and maybe he'll love me then*"). The ubiquitous human qualities of rigidity, ignorance, imperceptiveness, and defensiveness, Ellis said, often sustain these irrationalities.

Ellis recognizes that he has been "near-Pollyannaish" in his earlier belief that people can achieve consistently good mental health. But even though he has come to the pessimistic conclusion that irrationality is universal, he also has great hopes for the complementary side of human nature, its "self-changing and self-actualizing powers."

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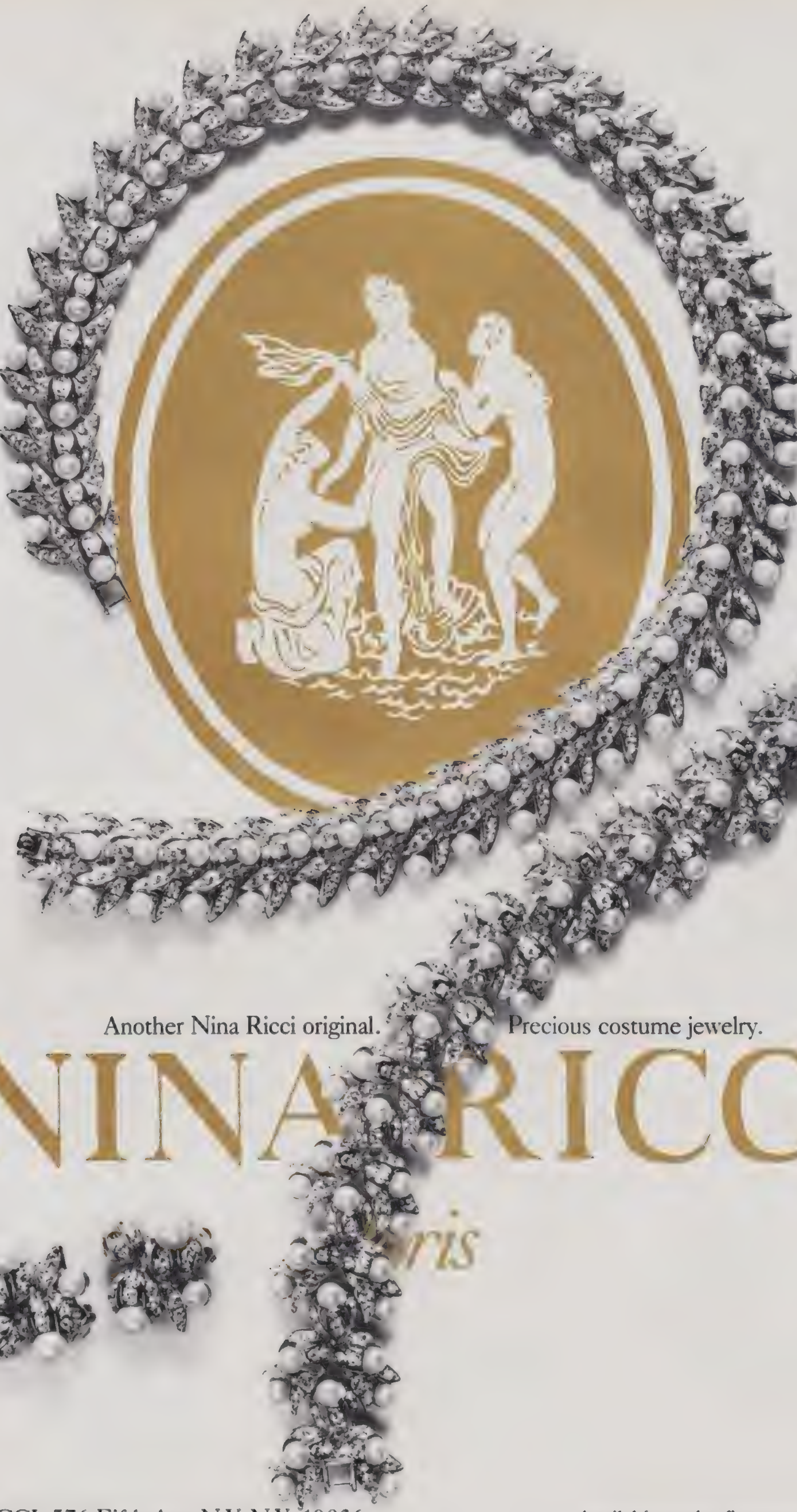

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT books

Lillian Hellman a woman always accused of confusing fact and fiction

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AN UNVARNISHED WOMAN

Lillian Hellman knew that what becomes a legend most . . . is controversy

By JOHN WATERS

If you love being intimidated, you'll be sorry if you never got a chance to meet Lillian Hellman. She must have been really scary. Even reading William Wright's *Lillian Hellman: The Image, The Woman* (Simon and Schuster) makes you nervous. You half-expect her to barge into your bedroom from beyond the grave, snatch the book from your hands, and bawl you out for not waiting for the "official version" she had approved. Why is it that famous people turn out to be so difficult? Weren't *any* nice people talented? Do you have to be heavy-handed, touchy, crabby, and complain constantly to become a legend these days?

We only had to wait a little more than two years from Lillian Hellman's death (something of a record, I'm sure) for this juicy, full-scale biography to hit the stands. But William Wright has done his homework well, and the result is a book that seems ultimately (gasp) fair—no *Commie Dearest* here. With so many friends and enemies still alive, it will probably set off a whole new round of literary bitchery and left-wing backbiting. Was Lillian Hellman a humor-impaired, money-worshipping Pinocchio with a pencil, who lied about everything, including "and" and "the"? Or was she the brilliant heroine of the McCarthy era, one of the greatest playwrights of our time, the grande dame of literary memoirs?

First of all, she had that face! And anyone with emphysema who snarls at the nurse from her deathbed, "If you don't give me a cigarette this minute, I'm going to start screaming!" gets my vote as a force to be reckoned with. She spat in Abe Burrows' face, yelled at Elizabeth Taylor, hit super-agent Sue Mengers with her pocketbook, and once called a celebrity-studded audience "drunken bastards" for not listening to a speech. And this is just the light stuff. She cheated in school; tried to blackmail a gay reporter who refused to print a retraction to a backstage story about one of her plays; committed her semi-senile father (who never forgave her) to a hospital; persuaded Dashiell Hammett's daughters to auction their majority share of his estate, and then bought everything at the lowest possible bid; and even made the mistake of gypping student typists, one of whom later turned out to be critic John Simon, who continues to get his revenge—down to blasting Zoë Caldwell's recent one-woman show *Lillian*.

But how do you explain her legion of friends? Dorothy Parker, Edmund Wilson, William Styron, Mike Nichols, Warren Beatty? Clearly, it was all worth it to some. The author goes to great pains to counterbalance all the horror stories: her "loving treatment" of Hammett at the end of his life, her frequent silence on her "highly commendable acts of generosity." John Hersey's eulogy best sums up the pro-Hellman forces' reasoning: "You shone with a high finish of integrity, decency, uprightness. We thank you, we honor you, and we all say goodbye to you now with a love that should calm that anger of yours forever."

Her enemies would have none of it; they were out to destroy her literary reputation both before *and* after her death. Like Katherine Anne Porter, she seems to have embellished much of her life. Always charged (and she admitted it) with cribbing her plays from true-life ideas given her by Hammett, she "would begin her career as a public figure with the accusation that she presented fact as fiction and she would exit with the opposite accusation—that she presented fiction as fact."

Tallulah Bankhead was the first in a long line to call her a liar. When Hellman's highly acclaimed, best-selling memoirs (*An Unfinished Woman, Scoundrel Time, Pentimento*) were released, the allegations rose to a feverish pitch. Her account of a visit to Spain during the civil war was hotly denied by Hemingway's third wife, Martha Gellhorn, who was there at the same time. Hellman's own lawyer questioned *Scoundrel Time*'s version of her appearance before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. But the severest blow to her credibility was the publication of *Code Name Mary*, by Muriel Gardiner Buttinger, who many feel (and Mr. Wright proves) was the real "Julia"—a woman who had never even met Hellman.

Why couldn't Lillian stop lying? "What a word is truth," she wrote. "Slippery, tricky, unreliable." Was she a "victim of her own dramatist's skills"? Did she realize that all autobiographical writing is a lie of sorts, so why not go all out and ensure her place in literary history before the enemies started harping? Was she just plain nuts, believing everything she wrote? Maybe. Perhaps Mr. Wright offers the best if not saddest solution: "In Hellman's case, she may have worked out a compromise with her psyche: to realize wish-fulfillment fantasies and salve painful truths by revising her history . . . and perhaps thereby forestalling a collapse into psychosis."

John Waters *is the author of "Crackpot" and the director of "Polyester."*

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DEADLY NIGHTGOWNS

Victorians saw women as animals. The beast goes on

By ALISON HUMES

The eroticism of women "collapsed"

Sarah Bernhardt's insistence in the late 1800s on traveling with a coffin (one she sometimes slept in) was not the product of her morbid imagination, according to Bram Dijkstra, a professor of comparative literature at the University of California at San Diego. In his new, copiously illustrated book, *Idols of Perversity: Fantasies of Feminine Evil in Fin de Siècle Culture* (Oxford), he observes that her eccentricities were, "given the late-nineteenth-century's fascination with the notion of feminine insanity and the cult of the woman as corpse, truly flawless responses to the cultural taste of the times." In this ambitious psychosocial history of the period's attitudes toward women, Dijkstra illuminates that cultural taste—and why it ran to images of women on their deathbeds, for instance—by analyzing its expression in art and literature. He contends that society's opinion of women was souring then, and his main concern is with why that happened, why the bourgeoisie's romantic veneration of the saintly, asexual housewife gradually became a revulsion at the evil, sexually degenerate virago.

The archetypal females that Dijkstra discovers along this slide still frame our thinking today. He finds in turn-of-the-century paintings that depict women lying naked in some sylvan or sophisticated setting, their backs so arched with desire that their spines would break were they human, a root of the idea that women want to be raped. In another chapter, the parallel he draws between the twentieth century's equation of thinness with beauty and the nineteenth century's equation of self-denial with virtue is astute if sad: in both periods, women drew attention to themselves—and exercised a measure of control, however negative, over their lives—by manipulating their bodies, resulting today in eating disorders and then in invalidism.

The point of Dijkstra's argument is to demonstrate how the reasoning behind late-nineteenth-century attitudes toward women was the same as that behind early-twentieth-century hopes for a master race. Just as society later justified extermination of those considered effeminate or primitive with "science," so it justified in the late 1800s its increasingly negative images of women with the "scientific" theories of craniology and social Darwinism. That women had smaller brains than men suggested they had not evolved as far, which in turn explained why they were savage and no more intellectually developed than children.

The dualistic mentality of the nineteenth century understood the world to consist of paired opposites—whatever man was, woman was his opposite. At century's end, rich, white men knew themselves to be the pinnacle of evolution and women to be the base; but at its beginning, men were thought base while women were good.

To prove themselves in the free markets of young capitalism, men needed to establish credit. The easiest way to do this was to dress the wife well and imprison her in a well-appointed home, "a place unblemished by sin and unsullied by labor." Her virtue was so pure that it redeemed her husband's soul, blackened by the predation of commerce.

But male appreciation of the "resident nun of the bourgeois family," as Dijkstra calls her, was not enough to keep her on her moral pedestal. Society became suspicious of women's true nature as more of them rebelled against the confines of sexless, weak-kneed virtue and as their men saw a future of individual powerlessness in the face of a corporate economy. Artists titillated the art-buying bourgeoisie—at a time of much public hand-wringing over the dangers to women of masturbation—with paintings of groups of women "collapsed" in fatigue, their bodies incredibly heavy yet spineless, their hands suggestively lying in their laps. Sleep itself became erotic.

Images of women in painting and literature became increasingly perverse: Ophelias too crazed with love to be much bother; invalids too weak to pose a challenge; women of history being raped or martyred; women mindlessly absorbed in their own reflections; Ledas and Europas trysting with animals; women themselves part animal (sea monster, snake, sphinx); duplicitous whores (Circe, Salome, Judith). The culture sought the psychological annihilation of the disobedient woman, the woman beyond male dominance.

Dijkstra sometimes stretches his argument thin, but he writes with flair and surprising humor: a triumph considering that he shows us how nineteenth-century ideology crushed women's ability to be free and whole human beings, and, equally important, paved the way to genocide.

"Summer Moon," by Lord Frederic Leighton, Great Pictures in Private Galleries, vol 1 (London, 1905)

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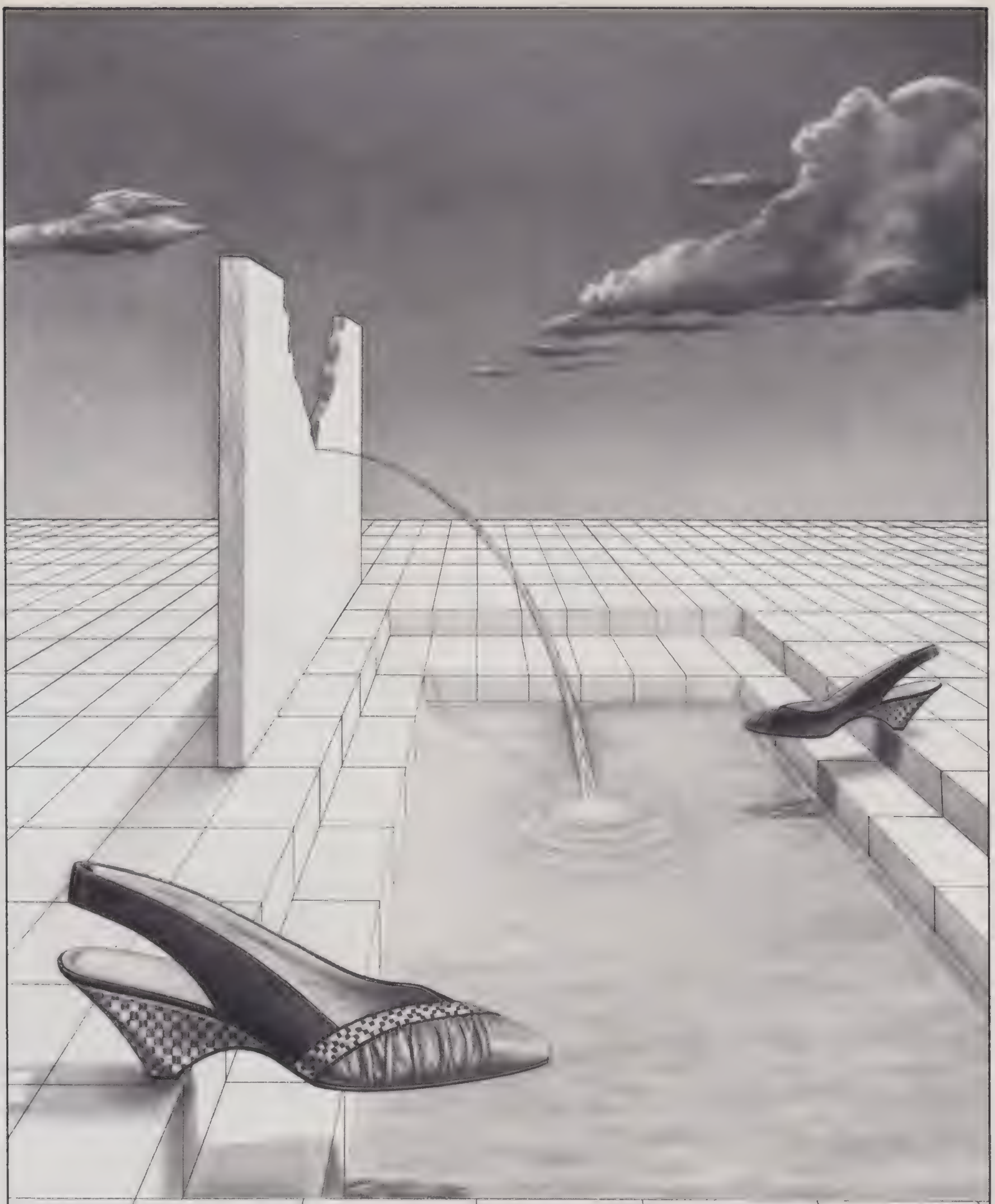
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Kay Boyle, as captured by Man Ray

A GENIUS ALONE

Paris in the '20s. Frisco in the '60s—Kay Boyle knows where to be when

By NANCY RAMSEY

Kay Boyle—a thin, elegant woman now in her eighties—has led an extraordinary life. She lived and wrote in Paris in the 1920s, served as a foreign correspondent for *The New Yorker* in Germany following the Second World War, visited Southeast Asia on a peace mission and helped lead the faculty strike at San Francisco State in the 1960s. Man Ray photographed her; Joan Baez shared a paddy wagon with her in an antiwar protest; and Samuel Beckett, a long-time friend, hopes to see her this year.

Boyle, who now lives in Oakland, California, is the author of more than thirty books (fiction, nonfiction, and poetry); this fall Virago Press reissued two of her novels, *Year Before Last* and *My Next Bride*. She is also the subject of a new biography, *Kay Boyle: Artist and Activist* (Southern Illinois University Press), by Sandra Whipple Spanier, and one in a group of four expatriates profiled by Hugh Ford, in *Four Lives in Paris* (North Point Press). In contrast to today's fiction, in which writers present a social panorama often no broader than the shopping center just down the road, Boyle's novels and short stories weave together intense personal and political issues: racism ("Black Boy"); Nazism ("The White Horses of Vienna," and *Primer for Combat*); family relationships and moral choice ("The Crazy Hunter"). Her nonfiction is equally compelling: spending Christmas Day in 1970 on Alcatraz Island during its occupation by American Indian activists; holding a vigil as plastic bags with the remains of servicemen killed in Vietnam were carried into the mortuary in San Francisco (both essays appear in *Words That Must Somehow Be Said*). And she richly evoked the spirit of the expatriate scene in Paris in *Being Geniuses Together, 1920–1930*, written with Robert McAlmon.

Boyle was born in 1902 in St. Paul, to a recalcitrant, conservative father and a soft-spoken, freethinking mother, who ran on the Farmer-Labor ticket for the Cincinnati Board of Education, took her daughter to the Armory Show of 1913 to see Marcel Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase," and read aloud to union organizers from James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Early in the 'twenties, Kay married a Frenchman, Richard Brault, and moved to France. Her writing, which had been appearing in experimental magazines in America, fared better than her marriage. She met Ernest Walsh, a promising young poet who would die at the age of thirty-one; they lived on the run from hotel to hotel (before innkeepers, wary of contagion, heard his endless coughing), and their daughter, Sharon, was born to Kay after his death.

Arriving in Paris with her young daughter in the late 'twenties, she eagerly joined the expatriates and later married Laurence Vail, an aspiring writer. They had three daughters, Apple-Joan, Clover, and Kathe; the family lived in France, Austria, and England, following the dollar's most favorable exchange rate. In 1939, she met and fell in love with Baron Joseph von Franckenstein, an Austrian whom the writer Janet Flanner called, "the gent God meant." He became her third husband, and they had a son and daughter, Ian and Faith. Franckenstein died in the early 'sixties, and Kay Boyle never remarried. She still wears a wedding ring and refers affectionately to him as "my husband."

For the past twenty-five years, Boyle has taught writing, although her advice to students is often to get out of the classroom: "I tell my students to experience life, to learn about tragedy, learn about happiness." Teaching seems an unlikely choice for her, which she herself has acknowledged in an essay: "I had lived on mountaintops, carried my babies in a rucksack on my back when I skied, believed in poets more than any other men, honored French Resistance fighters and Italian partisans, *(Continued on page 176)*

Nancy Ramsey *has written for "The New York Times Book Review," "The New Yorker," and "Harper's Bazaar."*

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT BOOKS

(Continued from page 174) crossed into Spain with letters from the exiled to the brave and the defiant and the imprisoned there, and brought their illicit messages out. And now, through force of circumstance, I was, of all unlikely and unsuitable things, a college professor."

When I visited her a few months ago, she'd just returned from Bowling Green, Ohio, where she'd been teaching creative writing. Apologizing for the still unpacked trunks, she led me into an otherwise immaculate flat, which she shares with two cats. A believer in reincarnation, she offhandedly remarked that she sometimes wonders whether one of them is her mother. Her daughter Apple is a painter, and several of her works hang on the wall. In the front hallway is a sculpture Boyle bought in New York City on an outing with Marcel Duchamp; and photographs of William Carlos Williams, her great friend, and of Samuel Beckett sit atop a bookcase.

Yet she actively resists talking about the 'twenties in Paris. "They've been overly romanticized," she says. "There was suicide, alcoholism, and misery." She does talk about the 'fifties, the McCarthy era (when she and Franckenstein, at that time an officer in the American foreign service in Germany, were under investigation), because she sees similar political threats today. In 1979, under the Freedom of Information Act, she opened up her security file; among the two thousand pages was an allegation that she had had an affair with Ezra Pound before the First World War. "I would have been no more than ten," she says, amused. Still a committed leftist, she is currently active in Amnesty International.

"I've been reading over the journals that I began in 1941," she says, as we discuss politics over a glass of wine in a café on a newly gentrified street in Oakland. "And I really haven't changed all that much." She does, however, admit to having aligned herself with some misdirected groups. "How mistaken I was about the Black Panthers," she says. Jerry Rubin's name comes up. "He's a yuppie," she says; and the word seems to puzzle this determined radical, dressed conservatively in a navy-blue suit, high-necked ruffled blouse, and ivory earrings.

And always, always, it is to the writers that she returns. In lectures and essays, she's quoted Bertolt Brecht, who in a poem wrote that it was "almost a crime to write of trees/ When that means silence about so many evil deeds," and Thomas Mann, who believed that it was the intellectuals of a country who bore the weight of moral responsibility. "I don't want to talk in clichés," she says, a slight urgency entering her voice, "and ask, 'Where are the Camus, the Brechts, the William Carlos Williamses?' But I do miss them."

Raphael's paramour, "La Fornarina"

PAINTED WOMEN

Sydney Biddle Barrows' *Mayflower Madam* isn't the only book this season on the oldest profession—*Lives of the Courtesans: Portraits of the Renaissance*, by Lynne Lawner (Rizzoli), airs the dirty linen of some prominent figures of the Renaissance. Raphael was given a prostitute to keep him company while he frescoed the Villa Farnesina (where his patron's own mistress is immortalized in the guise of Galatea); the "Mona Lisa" may have been the courtesan of a powerful Medici leader. Although a contemporary critic noted that no artist could equal the colors these women painted themselves, the illustrations by Titian, Tintoretto, and others make this one of the most tantalizing art books in years. —E. W.

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The masterpieces make the books: top right, Post-Impressionist Raoul Dufy's "The Three Umbrellas," 1906; top left, Paolo Veronese's trompe-l'oeil in the Villa Barbaro, c. 1560; bottom, Velázquez's luminous "Las Meninas," c. 1656 (detail).

COLOR AND LIGHT

Feast your eyes— the most elegant art books of the year

By BARBARA ROSE

The most distinguished and elegantly written art book of the year—and, at $45, the season's best buy—is Jonathan Brown's *Velázquez* (Yale). The original, solidly researched, and concise text plus color illustrations of all the major paintings make for a living portrait of an enigmatic genius, one of the most popular artists of all time. And the carefully reproduced, enlarged details of Velázquez's famed masterpieces let us study the evolution of his inimitable technique.

Helmut von Erffa and Allen Staley's *The Paintings of Benjamin West* (Yale) is another art book exceptional for the quality of its design and color reproduction, its scope (all of West's known works are illustrated), and its careful scholarship. The extensive *catalogue raisonné* is a must for serious students, but everyone can enjoy the biography of the first American to earn international fame and influence European painting.

Nineteen eighty-six has been the year of Impressionism and Post-Impressionism. Exhibition catalogues of this popular art proliferated; among the most distinguished is *The New Painting* (The National Gallery), which documents the influence of the Impressionist exhibitions held between 1874 and 1886. New editions of John Rewald's trailblazing two volumes, *Studies in Impressionism* and *Studies in Post-Impressionism* (Abrams), reaffirm their status as classics. But the most beautiful book on the subject is Diane Kelder's well-named *The Great Book of Post-Impressionism* (Abbeville). Oversize illustrations are accompanied by a balanced, insightful, and readable text that reveals the roots of Fauvism in Gauguin and Van Gogh while tracing the complex transition from nineteenth- to twentieth-century concepts of color, space, and iconography.

Among the spate of books catering to the new interest in fake anything, Miriam Milman's colorful and informative *Trompe-L'Oeil: Painted Architecture* (Skira/Rizzoli) is a serious study of the history of making one thing look like something else.

Top right: The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston. The John A. and Audrey Jones Beck Collection. Top left: From "Trompe-L'Oeil: Painted Architecture" by Miriam Milman/Rizzoli, New York. Bottom: Giraudon/Art Resource, NY

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ALPHABET SCOOP

A good ABC book is like a good relationship—a little quirky, beautiful in its simplicity—and just as hard to come by. Now, *two* ABC books that capture the thrill of the abecedarian adventure for adult and child alike: *The Museum of Modern Art/New York ABC* and the *Museum of Fine Arts/Boston ABC* (Abrams). Depending on a clear eye and an impeccable sense of humor, Florence Cassen Meyers has discovered, in these two great museums, evocative, sumptuous images that lift the ABCs far above "A is for Apple"—and into "N is for Van Gogh's 'The Starry Night.' "

At *left*, from the Museum of Modern Art, are "A is for Pinin Farina's Automobile," and "B is for Jim Dine's Bathrobe."—S.B.

THE OCCIDENTAL TOURIST

The Japanese used to believe that cameras could absorb the soul; if so, the photographs in *Once Upon a Time: Visions of Old Japan* (Friendly Press), taken by adventurers Felice Beato and Baron von Stillfried in the 1860s and '70s, reveal tranquil souls—often in sumptuous, ceremonial trappings. Images like the delicately hand-tinted, lustrously sensual "Reclining Nude" (*above*) were among the first to fuel Western curiosity about the mysterious land of shoguns and farmers, geishas and samurai.—E.G.

From "Once Upon a Time: Visions of Old Japan"/Friendly Press, New York

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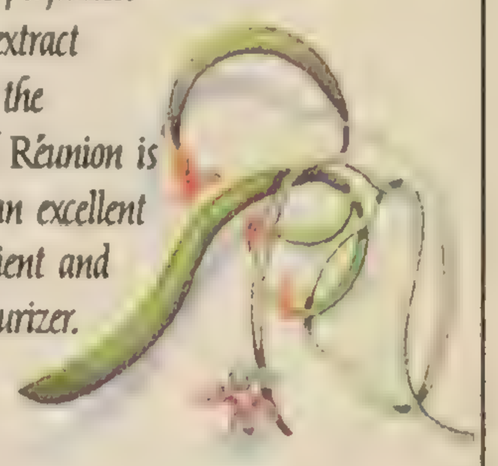

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THE BEST OF WINES

Celebrating Champagnes! The *crème de la crème* of the holidays. BY MARTIN GERSH

Champagnes and *méthode champenoise* wines are getting better all the time, and they are being expertly made throughout the world by more vintners than ever before. Many of the currently available examples are challenging, sumptuous, full-bodied, and complex; very few are dainty wines that melt innocuously into the background. When I recently assessed a large international group of sparklers in anticipation of this holiday season, I found them generally to be of high quality. In fact, I rejected only six—one-third the number eliminated last year—which was gratifying indeed.

Primarily because they are individually fermented in the bottle, Champagnes and their *méthode champenoise* cousins are by far the most labor-intensive, time-consuming, and costly wines to produce. Though some of them, as a result, are very expensive, many others are relatively modestly priced.

Except for two *crémants* (less bubbly than "normal" sparklers) and the Lembey Brut from Spain, all the wines recommended below are made from Pinot Noir and Chardonnay, the classic grapes of Champagne. Incidentally, I have tried numerous Spanish effervescent wines over the years, but the Lembey is the first one I can enthusiastically endorse.

These delectable creations are marvelous to drink right now, and should be consumed during the next two to three years. Even with the most discriminating standards, you can enjoy sparkling wines of this caliber again and again without experiencing Champagne fatigue.

RECOMMENDATIONS

Vallarino Gancia Gran Crémant Riserva *An interesting and provocative Italian méthode champenoise wine from Piedmont—austere, cohesive, very dry yet decently fruity. $14–$15.*

Korbel Blanc de Noirs *Reasonably large-bodied, featuring a spicy cherry-like flavor aspect with a hint of sweetness—a most commendable California Champagne. $13–$14.*

S. Margherita Chardonnay Crémant *From the Trentino–Alto Adige region of Italy, extremely classy, very exciting, of moderate size—revealing a subtle bitter-lime fruit component. $14–$15.*

Seppelt Imperial Brut *This sophisticated South Eastern Australia Champagne is fairly large-bodied, tightly knit, well-balanced—just delightful! $10–$11.*

J. Schaetzel Crémant d'Alsace *A delicious, majestic French sparkling wine made from the noble Riesling grape—with a rich melon-like flavor whose finish is slightly bitter and faintly sweet. $8–$9.*

Korbel Rosé *Showing a vivid, unmistakable red raspberry-like taste element, this is a beguiling California sparkler of great character and impressive scale. $10–$12.*

Marchese Antinori Nature Cuvée Royale *Graced with an intriguing touch of bitterness in its finish, this rather reserved méthode champenoise wine from Tuscany is highly polished and fascinating. $18–$19.*

Pierre Bourée Fils Crémant de Bourgogne *Impeccably structured, elegant yet mouth-filling, splendidly fruity, with a piquant melon-like flavor component—a divine Burgundian crémant. $12–$13.*

Domaine Mumm Cuvée Napa *An estimable new California sparkling wine of palest peach color, demonstrating agreeably tart fruitiness coupled with minimal sweetness. $12–$13.*

Piper-Heidsieck Cuvée des Ambassadeurs *Featuring a benign tangerine-like taste constituent, this is a harmonious, stately French Champagne of fine quality. $23–$25.*

Chandon Brut *Graceful and fetching, beautifully made—a moderate-bodied Napa Valley sparkler exhibiting a tangy peachy-apricot fruit aspect. $13–$14.*

Chandon Blanc de Noirs *Again from Napa, rosy amber-hued, with terrific Pinot Noir varietal fruitiness—truly laudable. $13–$14.*

Scharffenberger Brut 1983 *Absolutely scintillating—a huge, multifaceted Mendocino méthode champenoise wine with a wonderful peach-like taste component. $13–$14.*

Schramsberg Cuvée de Pinot 1983 *A solid, commendable Napa Valley Champagne of good size—outspokenly fruity, with a flavor that epitomizes the Pinot Noir in all its glory. $18–$20.*

Comte de Bailly Brut 1983 *Another crémant from Burgundy—vigorous and exceptionally attractive, showing grand scale and overwhelming Chardonnay varietal fruitiness. $9–$10.*

Iron Horse Blanc de Noirs Wedding Cuvée 1983 *High-styled, moderate-to-large-bodied, with a pleasing citrusy taste constituent, this is a distinguished sparkling wine from Green Valley in Sonoma County. $18–$20.*

Scharffenberger Brut Rosé 1983 *A splendid Mendocino County rosé of important size—very complex, marvelously fruity. $15–$16.*

Piper Sonoma Blanc de Noirs 1983 *Uncommonly fine—thoughtful in manner,. with an aromatic fruit presence and not a smidgen of sweetness. $14–$15.*

Scharffenberger Brut 1982 *Displaying interesting coppery color, this Mendocino sparkler is sturdy, adequate in size, markedly high in quality. $13–$14.*

Lembey Brut 1982 *Ornamented by lively citrusy fruitiness, showing no perceptible sweetness—an admirable, startlingly well-priced Spanish méthode champenoise wine. $5–$6.*

Bollinger Grande Année Rosé 1981 *Titanic, magnificently rosy in color, superbly fruity—a great French Champagne capturing the essence of the Pinot Noir grape. $38–$40.*

Iron Horse Blanc de Noirs Wedding Cuvée 1981 *Revealing a seductive, distinctly tart red cherry-like flavor aspect, this is a bewitching Sonoma wine of medium body. $22–$24.*

Veuve Clicquot Ponsardin Texas Sesquicentennial Cuvée 1980 *From Rheims in Champagne, big, exuberant, very grand—possessing a wonderful fruit component that combines astringent apple- and peach-like elements. $35–$40.*

Piper-Heidsieck Brut 1979 *An excellent, expansive Champagne with a lemony-lime fruit presence that culminates in a perceptibly sweet finish—nicely counterbalanced by fine acidity. $27–$29.*

Henriot Cuvée Baccarat 1979 *A regal, compelling Champagne whose remarkably flavorsome melon-tinged fruitiness is highlighted by a faintly salty finish. $55–$60.*

Piper-Heidsieck Brut Sauvage 1979 *Highly animated, most ingratiating—boasting attractive orangey taste nuances. $32–$34.*

Henriot Réserve Baron Philippe de Rothschild 1979 *An enthralling Champagne—immense, simply marvelous, and gloriously fruity, with a suggestion of fresh green pears in its exquisite flavor. $45–$50.*

Veuve Clicquot Ponsardin Carte Or 1978 *Superb—imposing in scale, characterized by an evocative peach-like taste element that shows virtually no sweetness. $30–$35.*

Veuve Clicquot Ponsardin Rosé 1969 *Only now making its American debut, seventeen years after the vintage, this profoundly beautiful rosé Champagne displays extraordinary intensity of color, notable complexity, and large body, along with penetrating plum- and tangerine-accented fruitiness. (Magnum) About $150.*

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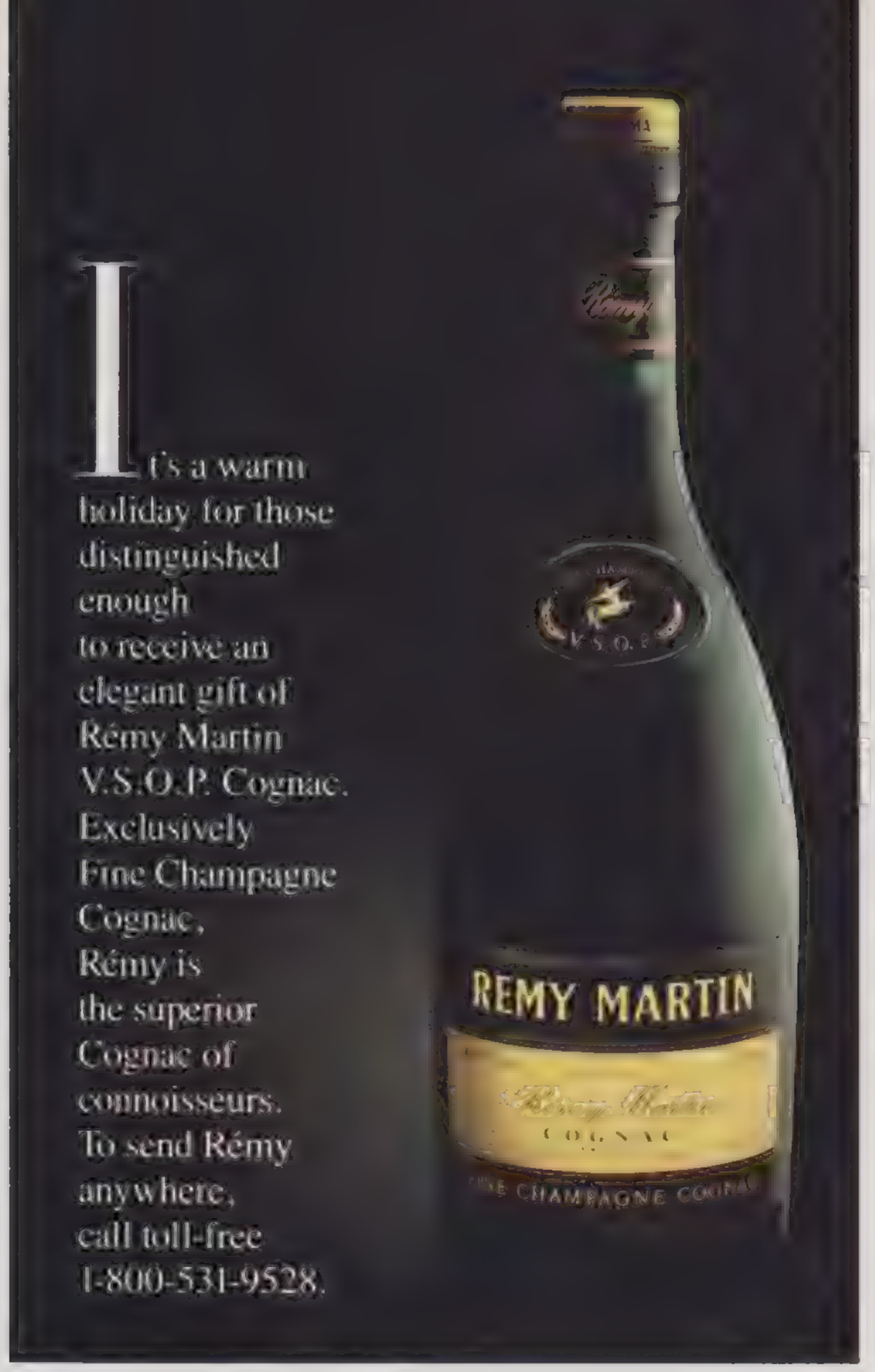
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A Guide to Holiday Giving

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A Guide to Holiday Giving

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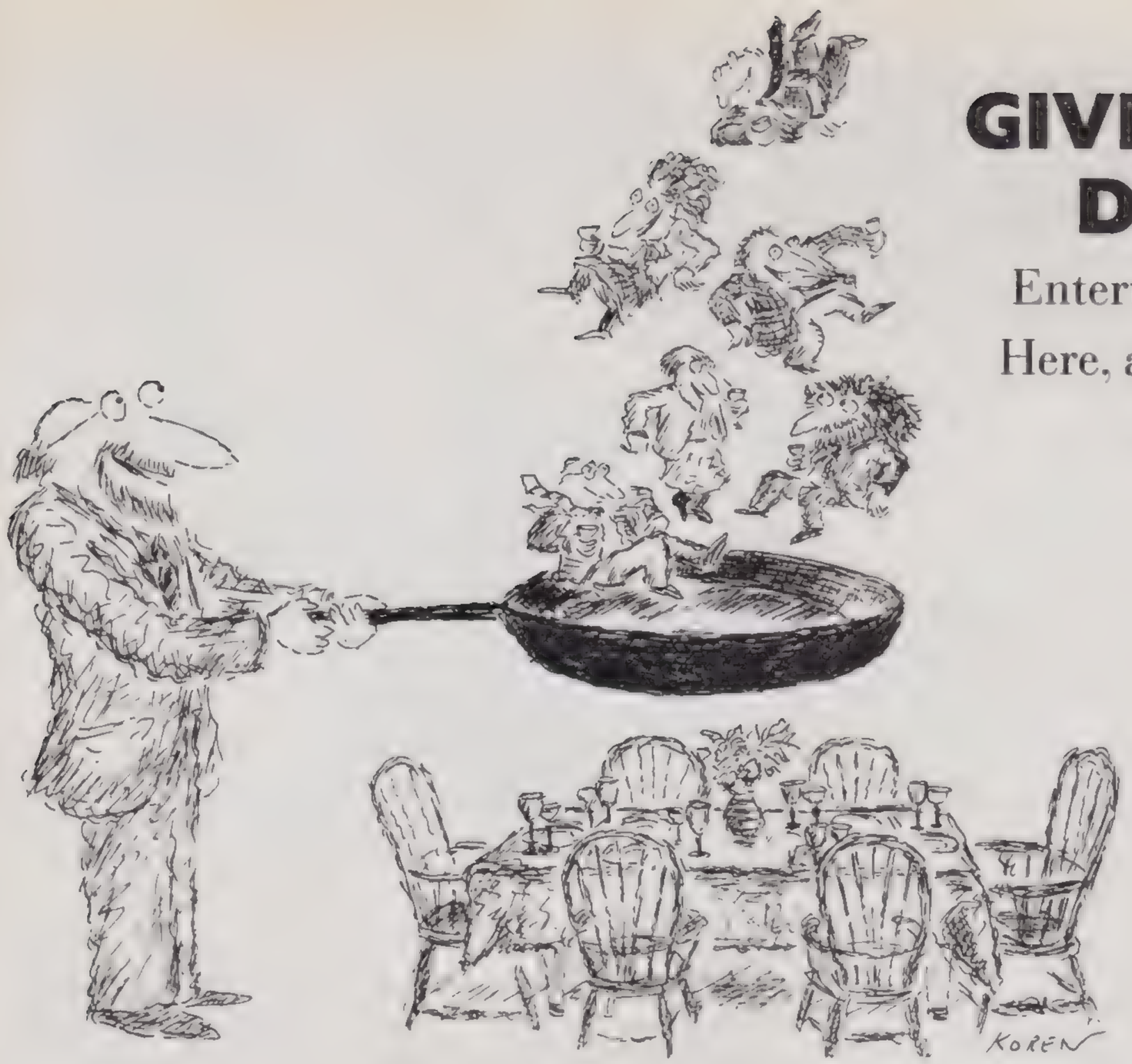

GIVING THE PERFECT DINNER PARTY

Entertaining at home may be a lost art. Here, a social critic—and a swell cook—recaptures perfections past

BY RICHARD SENNETT

Swaying as they struggled heavily to their feet, gasping for air, the men had good cause to be pleased. They had dined upon caviar, lobster bisque, a turbot floating in a sea of sauce Nantua, sherbet for a breather, then boned quails, slices of lamb, finally some strawberries in kirsch. Over the port and Madeira, which had refueled their gastronomic engines, the men had discussed politics and other weighty matters. Now, the gentlemen prepared to join the ladies, who had adjourned after the roast to the drawing room for a little gossip of their own. Once reunited, the twelve men and women would sip Champagne, then bid one another a graceful adieu.

This was the usual dinner party in a private mansion in Berkeley Square or in the Rue de Varenne at the height of the Edwardian era. Like most cooks in the Age of Kiwi and Sushi, I was brought up to despise such evenings as nightmares of overly rich foods and social formality. However, I came to appreciate the virtues of the Edwardian evening during the eight years when I directed a cultural organization in New York City.

My position obliged me to entertain at least once and usually twice weekly; I am a serious and well-trained cook; my guests were usually writers and artists. Thus I thought at first that these soirées would be the fun part of my job, yet for lack of a proper understanding of the older art of the dinner party, I managed to give some thoroughly disastrous evenings.

You may imagine, for example, that if you invite twelve writers to dinner, they will discuss Marcel Proust or the Future of the Novel. You would be wrong. Twelve writers at one table compare advances on their latest books, indulge in a little showing off about movie options, or sink morosely into comparisons of how terribly they have been treated by publishers. The Edwardian host or hostess would never have committed the error of inviting people who had too much in common.

Often I failed my guests gastronomically, even when I served them food that, in its own right, was excellent. Once I gave a dinner party for twenty-four in honor of Jorge Luis Borges: I wanted the food also to honor the great poet, and so prepared a complicated sauce (Choron) that required more time over the stove at the end than I had foreseen. Sr. Borges sat next to an empty chair for nearly twenty minutes. The basic rule for the Edwardian dinner was that, once launched, courses should appear with clockwork precision; you make what you know how to serve.

Ours is an age without Edwardian means; even a middle-class house eighty years ago had a full-time cook, butler, and housekeeper. I employ students to help serve larger dinners, but they can't help with my sauce Choron—nor can the person who makes the beds or minds the children. Many of the problems of the dinner party can be solved by professional caterers, but then you are writing checks rather than giving yourself full gastronomic pleasure. Besides, though this may be mere prejudice, I think catered food always has a revealingly catered taste—no daring in the use of spices, for example. From nearly a decade of often disastrous experiment, I have therefore tried to sort out the ways to evoke within modern limits those amazingly orchestrated evenings our grandparents enjoyed.

If I try to imagine the perfect dinner party, the first and most serious question that comes to mind is, when will it begin? The "drinks before dinner" of today often assumes Wagnerian dimensions, lasting from seven-thirty until nine or nine-thirty. Alcohol triggers a regular physiological cycle: it stimulates the nervous system for fifteen or twenty minutes after intake, then it depresses the body. We have all witnessed the effects of this physiology: people who chatter away after one drink, but are tired, often withdrawn, after the second or third. Little bowls of nuts only make people drink more; dips and crudités are not heavy enough foods to counteract the narcotic effect of alcohol. All too often, therefore, after hours of drinks before dinner, a man or woman who has put in a full day is ready for bed, not the great meal to which you have ever so cunningly invited people whom he or she would find amusing.

There are, I know, real enough reasons for this fatal custom. People work, commute, and cope with their children on varying schedules. In America, many of our habits of socializing are based on family dinners, and no one can be blamed for reaching for the cocktail shaker when Uncle Ethelbert begins to recite once again his exploits in France during the war. And, as a people, we are not quite easy with strangers; we want to break down the barriers between ourselves and others. Prolonged "drinks" seems one way to loosen up.

The Edwardians found a better solution. They arrived half an hour before dinner; they were handed one minute glass of sherry and nothing to eat; by the time dinner was announced, they were avid and warmed up. When I entertain, I try to put this Edwardian principle into a more modern practice. I invite people late: never before eight-thirty, at nine if I can get away with it. This gives friends with kids a chance to have some family time; friends without, a chance to have a good long soak in the bath. I never serve hard liquor; indeed, I've stopped asking people what they want but instead have drinks waiting for them, including lots of nonalcoholic ones. Depending on my finances, I serve very dry white wine or Champagne and, following the Edwardian principle of stimulation through denial, never anything to eat. At nine-thirty we sit down to table, no matter who has failed to arrive. This may sound Draconian; in practice it doesn't work that way. My guests have caught their breath after the day; they are ready, perhaps a little more than ready, for dinner. *(Continued on page 192)*

Richard Sennett's *novel "Palais-Royal" (Knopf) will be published in January.*

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RICHARD SENNETT

(Continued from page 190)

If this solves the problem of when, the next difficulty is where to seat people. "I sat next to the most crashing bore, who only talked across my plate to some other bore about a deal they were beginning . . ." "Hilary is so amusing. Why he married Hermione I can't think, at least, I was unable to think further, about her or anyone else, after an hour's exposé of cheap diaper services . . ." "My dear, that man is a Communist agent if ever I met one! Do you know what he said to me? . . ." All this is your fault. You did not wake up in the middle of the previous night, reach anxiously for the pen and pad of paper ever ready beside your bed, to make yet another note about placement. How food and drink tastes to your guests will depend on whom they share it with.

The great Edwardian hostesses were geniuses at placement, but their rules cannot be ours. For instance, it makes no sense now to alternate men and women at table; the old reason was that since women were confined to the home, alternating the sexes insured that two people sitting next to each other would not talk business; they might instead cavort and flirt a bit. The Edwardian hostess continued the Victorian practice of putting the most important man at table next to her, and his wife next to her husband. Today, this is a good recipe for offending anyone in the middle of your table; in a more democratic age other rules are needed. Even if mine seem a little odd, I've found they work surprisingly well.

First of all, I have taken to heart the metaphysical truth that opposites attract. Several of the people I adore are coupled with duds. If I invite these couples to dinner, my duty as a host is to shelter my guests from the dud; I place the dud (or, heaven forbid, duds) next to me. This sounds contemptuous, but is simply a matter of recognizing a basic rule of courtesy: you are responsible for all the guests you invite. Suppose, however, it is truly a great dinner party, and everyone is amusing. The rule of opposites then influences placement in other ways.

Those dinners of twelve novelists comparing subsidiary-rights clauses have taught me never to put together people who have anything too obviously in common. New York is less a city of married couples than other places in America; in carrying out this rule of placement in New York, I don't, therefore, put a recently divorced man next to a recently divorced woman. I don't put gay men or women next to each other. However, since husbands and wives in New York often spend more time with their analysts than with each other, I usually put them together. If the evening is good, the effect is a sense of discovery: a guest meets someone unexpectedly sympathetic, even if it is his or her own spouse.

Once the diplomatic question of where people sit is settled, you have to solve the architectural one. Trotting out heavy pieces of silver, loading a table with high candelabra may look grand but it also chastens people and even prevents them from talking. You never give people a good time by impressing them; moreover the more easily and informally people feel that they can move even when seated at table, the more relaxed they are. I never use high table ornaments, therefore; I change silver at each course, if necessary, rather than lay out the entire resplendent service; wine and water bottles litter the table so that during the course of the dinner people can avail themselves without having to ask. A convivial table should seem like an English garden.

If you are giving a large dinner, the whole trick is to avoid any hint of the institutional banquet. As a rule, I try to use small, square tables, of no more than six people each, as conversations tend to merge at round tables, which means that at any one time five people are quiet. How to deploy these small, noisy tables depends on the nature of your large party. A few years ago, I had a dinner for the mayor of Barcelona; he was exhausted after a round of official visits; he wanted nothing better than to put his feet up, watch television, and have a sandwich. Even so, there were forty invited guests, plus various guards and assistants. I solved the problem by putting the mayor's table in a corner, seating him next to American students who spoke neither Catalan nor Spanish, but shared his interest in sports. He had the respite he needed, and seating him next to the youngest and "least important" people in the room was received (if I may say

On the first night of Christmas

*Void where prohibited by law. 80 Proof Cognac, Imported by © W.A. Taylor & Co., Miami, Florida 1986

so) as an inspired solution to the problem of placement on my part.

Some years earlier, when entertaining the mayor of Bologna, I had to resort to other means to deprive the dinner of any institutional taint—although the mayor was a Communist, he was even more an Italian, and in Italy important personages must be accorded central places, surrounded by others like themselves. In this case, I decided to serve Japanese food; I hired several young Japanese students to demonstrate to each table the use of chopsticks; happily, the mayor proved both willing and adept, so that throughout the evening at every table Italians wiggled little sticks at one another.

Let us assume the curtain is up. At the right time you have the right people in the right places. They are hungry. This is the moment for Edwardian inspiration. Their rule was: many courses of small portions. Four tablespoons of lobster bisque for each person, for instance. Wine was treated like food; one tasted four or five wines during the evening, but only a glass of each. Edwardian gastronomes believed the senses are stimulated by a quick series of tastes, tastes later to be recalled in memory—does this sound like Marcel Proust? It should: the gastronomy and the literature of the era shared a sensibility, and indeed, passages from the writings of the greatest Edwardian chef, Escoffier, echo Proust's prose. The idea of one taste repeated over, be it glass after glass of even the greatest wine or helping after helping of caviar, seemed to them only to deaden the palate.

If all this makes sense to you, then you have abjured the "one-dish dinner" (an idea of gastronomic pleasure that surely is derived from pet foods); you are determined to prepare food in portions of a half to a third of what your guests are used to, and, even with the assistance of students, baby-minders, and bedmakers, seemingly you are doomed to spend days preparing a five- or six-course dinner. However, you can be a modern Edwardian chef and still attend your own dinner party.

"If the evening is good, you meet someone unexpectedly sympathetic—even if it is your own spouse"

No matter how many or few people I have to an elaborate dinner, I plan the menu so that the first two courses are ready to come to table when the guests sit down. I try always to serve soup, the obligatory curtain-raiser to an Edwardian meal. Friends who run restaurants tell me soups are not now much in demand, which is surprising. They can be as elegant and elaborate an affair as you like—once, and only once, I made turtle soup by starting with the freshest of ingredients. No matter how lengthy or gruesome an afternoon you've spent in the kitchen, in the evening, when guests look properly peckish, they can sit down immediately to hot food. I like to follow soup with vegetable purees, which are simple to make, any time of the day of a party. I serve two, usually, of contrasting tastes and color, for instance one puree of lettuce and peas, with another of carrot and celeriac.

Let's say you are now going to serve medallions of lotte (monkfish) with yet another vegetable puree, this one of sorrel, with a second side dish of *gratin dauphinois*. (For months you have been infatuated with one of your guests, who has so far treated you with courtesy only, and tonight you are pulling all the stops out.) Over the medallions of lotte you are going to pour a sauce made from a reduction of the poaching liquor, flavored with sherry, parsley, and cinnamon. Following what I shall call the Borges rule, you have no more than four minutes away from the table. It sounds too complicated to orchestrate all this in four minutes. But you must be creative. Moreover, you must cheat.

The creativity comes in the use of the freezer, and in remembering (what people so oddly tend to forget) that this is not the only dinner party you will ever give. Thus you made up an enormous pan of *gratin dauphinois* (sliced potatoes baked in broth *(Continued on page 196)*

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RICHARD SENNETT

(Continued from page 193)

and Gruyère cheese, crusted over with Gruyère and Parmesan); then you froze it, a treatment it takes well. Similarly, whenever you serve fish, you save, strain, boil up, and freeze the cooking liquor, which lasts two months in this state. In fact, the freezer rather resembles a pathology laboratory, the remains of dead meals neatly labeled in plastic boxes and bottles. This creative effort on your part allows you now to cheat. Instead of waiting for tonight's lotte to cook, in order to reduce its poaching stock, you have in the afternoon reduced the poaching stock of last month's lotte. All you need to do at the end is take the *gratin* out of the oven, remove the sorrel puree from the double boiler, remove the lotte slices from their pan, and pour a very little of this lotte liquor into the prepared sauce—thus allowing yourself to say honestly that you have just prepared the sauce for the fish. The honest statement of a deception, or better an illusion—Proust would have thoroughly approved.

If your loved one has still not responded to treatment, you could at this point serve a dish of roasted quails. You could do so because you have served portions of soup, purees, *gratin*, and fish so small that your guests' eyes are not glazed; rather their eyes occasionally dart in the direction of the kitchen. Moreover, the quails have also come happily from your freezer; defrosted and barded in bacon, they merely spend a little time under the grill in their barding, then a last few moments without the covering.

From this point, everything is easy. A smile of lascivious pleasure has escaped from the infatuator; it remains only to serve salad, cheese, and dessert. I make salad and cheese separate courses for good gastronomic reasons. The vinegar or lemon in salad dressings kills the taste of delicate cheeses; it also ruins the taste of wine. I've found it best to serve a green salad accompanied by water; then, cheeses introduce a new red wine. If you are serving fruit for dessert, you could combine these last two courses; if you are serving a proper dessert, let the cheese have a moment on its own.

I love elaborate desserts but can't make them, so I usually buy pastries or cakes for the end of a dinner. The most sensible cookbook I know of for people who like to make sweets is Maida Heatter's *Book of Great American Desserts* (Knopf). After a long and varied dinner such as I've described, the rule of stingy portions is even more important; a huge dose of sugar at this point ruins both the memory and the digestion of what's come before. Now, however, is the time to bring out hard alcoholic drinks, if you want them—single-malt Scotch, Cognac, or *eau de vie*. Both the body and spirit are ready for them.

In our calorie-conscious age, it's worth noting that a dinner of mock (!) turtle soup, two vegetable purees, lotte with sorrel, *gratin dauphinois*, quail, salad, cheese, and fruit is equivalent calorically to a cheeseburger with French fries, followed by a slice of pecan pie. The logistics involved in it do not require you to be away from table; instead, they oblige you to plan, and also to be willing to use lots of plates and silverware. Thanks to the dishwasher, this Edwardian amplitude requires little work. But even if you lack one, and your kitchen is small, dinners on this scale can be given. One of the best cooks in New York, Moira Hodgson, has served more elaborate meals than this from a kitchen three feet wide by five feet long; she's detailed how in a recent book, *Great Food from a Small Kitchen* (Times Books).

As Proust showed his own contemporaries, the past is never truly recovered, only evoked through an obscuring gauze of memory. Edwardian gastronomy was founded on an economy of servants that has disappeared, and thus much of the cuisine of the era is impractical for us to prepare, save as experiments. Edwardian manners are also irrecoverable. If the Edwardians were perhaps a little fatter than we are, they were certainly more discreet; they neither talked business at dinner, nor related the gripping drama of adolescent conflict with Mother to a stranger seated next to them at table. But I have noticed about the dinners I have conducted on updated Edwardian principles that there is a curious echo of the past. Seated next to unexpected companions, with so much happening on the table, people tend to pay more attention to the occasion, and less attention to themselves. Odd things will happen when the stupefying routine of too much to drink and eat is broken: sometimes a surprising discussion, or even a betraying smile of affection. ▽

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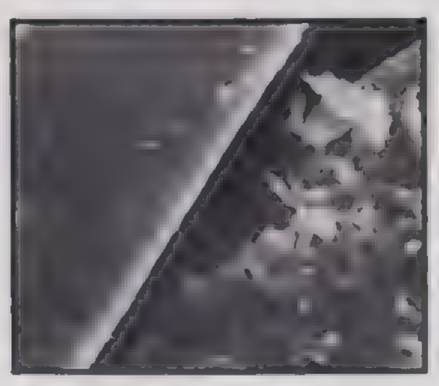

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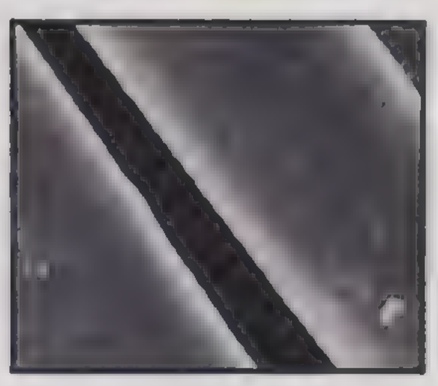

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ENTERTAINING

The most exotic, unexpected New Year's Eve —in Kenya, on safari, in black tie

BY WILLIAM AND CHESBROUGH RAYNER

Every other year, Jorie and Geoffrey Kent abandon their Palm Beach polo games to organize a New Year's Eve dinner for ten or twelve of their more adventurous friends, who don black ties and tiaras, sip Champagne, and dance the night away. While these activities are not in themselves particularly adventurous, the location of their fete is: the Kents take their friends to Masai Mara, the great Kenyan wildlife preserve deep in the African bush. Just after Christmas, their guests jet into Nairobi where they are met by a fleet of minibuses that bounce them off into the Mara. There, tents have been set up, provisions convoyed in, and a staff of two dozen or more assembled to cook, serve, and act as guides for the party. Because the Kents own a safari company—known as Abercrombie & Kent—they are better equipped than most to pull off an affair of this nature. Even so, they devote weeks to planning and boundless attention to detail; anything forgotten cannot be found for hundreds of miles.

Geoffrey Kent is eminently qualified to organize these campaigns—he learned the principles of logistics as a young officer cadet at the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst (another Sandhurst alumnus was Winston Churchill); he also learned, or so he claims, that "only a fool should be uncomfortable." Geoffrey orchestrates the overall plan, but it is up to Jorie to manage the details. For the tables, she arranges to have flowers—strelitzia, anthericum, and tuberoses—as well as Georgian silver, Crown Derby china, Waterford crystal glasses. Menus may include anything from roast suckling pig to smoked sailfish to Grand Marnier soufflés.

Last New Year's Eve, the Kents served shrimp à la papaya as a first course, accompanied by a Mâcon Lugny 1983 Les Charmes. The main course was a splendid rack of lamb accompanied by savory garlic-rosemary tuiles, couscous timbales, and saffron turnips with carrots, plus Alexis Lichine 1982 Pommard; and dessert was walnut tarts and fruit ices along with Laurent-Perrier Champagne.

Though many of the luxuries the Kents provide for their guests are imported from Europe or America, African delicacies—such as Mombasa oysters, lobster, or Molo lamb from Mt. Kenya—may be flown in on the Kents' own plane, which is designed to land on the short runways they have carved out of the bush. But flying in delicacies is one thing, and serving them without benefit of ice or ovens is quite another. Fortunately, the Kents' cook, Omolo, who has been with the family for two generations, has devised some ingenious ways to cook in the wild. Bread, for example, must be prepared fresh each day. For this, Omolo enlists the help of the local termites—or rather their six- to twelve-foot-high mounds, which dot the countryside. Omolo's men knock a hole out of the mound's side, place coals in the bottom, position the bread (or chicken to be roasted) on a shelf above, and cook until done.

The Kents, seated above, with writer John Heminway and Donald Johanson, the anthropologist who found "Lucy"

Left, New Year's banquet in the bush; below, campfire lamb with couscous timbales, vegetables

It goes without saying that the Kents' guests do not go all the way from the playing fields of Palm Beach to the plains of the Masai Mara for just one evening of frivolity. The party usually lasts for a week; and while the campers may dress each night for cocktails around the campfire and a candlelit dinner, their days are spent on game runs—sighting and following the animals–and picnics under the massive shade trees.

For the most adventurous, the Kents may arrange a little side trip to Rwanda for some gorilla tracking or down to the Indian Ocean for marlin and sailfishing. For those who remain in camp, each day begins at about 5:30 A.M. when a bearer arrives at your tent with a pot of steaming English tea, which is supposed to fortify you for the morning's game run. It doesn't. The run lasts about two hours—or just short of the time it would take you to expire from hunger while fresh fruit, scrambled eggs, kippers, kidneys, hot breads, grilled tomatoes, pancakes, sausage, bacon, and coffee await you in camp.

To make matters worse, all the animals you spot—Thomson's gazelles, antelopes, zebras, giraffes, impalas—are eating something; unless, like the lions, they have the good sense to remain asleep so early in the morning (lions sleep ten to fifteen hours a day and reserve four additional hours for "catnapping"). Andrew Marvell got it all wrong when he wrote that "Society is all but rude/ To this delicious solitude." It is the animals who are rude.

CHRISTOPHER BAKER

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FOOD IN VOGUE

Seasonal extravagances: cocktails & canapés . . . delicious gifts . . . a luxurious, low-calorie holiday dinner. BY BARBARA KAFKA

For every person who rushes into the holiday season with spirits high, there is someone else who is dismayed by the inevitably high calorie count of festivities. Even those who feel no need to be rigorous about their diets may be less than delighted at the prospect of massive, exhausting meals.

Help and pleasure are at hand. Tired of preparing dinners that are more admired in theory than in the eating, and committed to fitting into the same clothes I wore before the holidays, I have come up with a recipe for a holiday turkey dinner (*see page 204*) that is light, delicious, low in calories, and traditional enough to keep me from feeling like Scrooge. The brilliant white turkey meat (poached, not roasted) is set off by golden sweet potatoes that are totally unbuttered, but lightly sprinkled with balsamic vinegar. The plate is jazzed up with a redder-than-red tomato cranberry *salsa* and a Christmas-green tomatillo and bell pepper *salsa*. That's *nouvelle* Southwest with a vengeance. The dinner does require work, but almost all of it can be done ahead of time. The broth for poaching the turkey is prepared first, and can be served, skimmed and seasoned, as an ambrosial first course.

Since it is no longer necessarily true that hordes will gather at table, it is nice that you can make as little or as much of the turkey as you wish; just wrap up and freeze the meat you won't be cooking or, if you're making dinner for two, substitute turkey scaloppine and chicken broth. Just be sure to avoid the "self-basting" turkeys that have been injected with nasty fluids.

Holiday entertaining is looking backward as well as forward: cocktail parties are coming back as a simple, relatively inexpensive way to cope with a crowd. They may be another manifestation—along with long skirts, crinolines, and boomerang furniture—of the growing influence of the 'fifties on styles and attitudes. Canapés, the mainstay of 'fifties entertaining, are a lot of work, though, and passing them requires that you hire help and silver trays. Buffets are a practical alternative; and today, with so many people going to parties straight from their offices and using cocktail nibbles as "dinner," buffet food may be preferable.

If you have a chafing dish, this is a good time to pull it out, clean it up, and fill it with a warm, comforting dish. I have been updating the Swedish meatballs so popular in the 'fifties by turning them into Greek meatballs (made with lamb) in an *avgolemono* sauce that has been prettied up and made fragrant with dill.

Exquisite white-peach Bellinis, to be served with or without alcohol

A country ham and a hunk of a tasty but fairly solid cheese like fontina—both of which the guests can cut up themselves—with an assortment of breads and mustards make substantial fare for hungry guests. Don't torture yourself trying to find the time to cut raw vegetables artfully. The leaves of endive, left whole, are both pretty and easy; serve with a yogurt-cottage cheese dip flavored with scallions, parsley, and black pepper.

A small and elegant, early or late evening can be simply done with the aforementioned endives, a baby Stilton to crumble out with a cheese scoop, a bowl of walnuts for shelling, and a vintage Port, which is becoming a chic drink again.

Of late, I have tried to offer a really good non-alcoholic drink for my growing number of abstaining friends. An ideal solution is a mixture of seltzer (not salty club soda) and a white peach puree, called "Pesca Bellini," from Harry's Bar in Venice and now packed in jars; or seltzer and "Lampone Carnevale," a raspberry nectar with a bit of lemon. Originally, they were destined to be frothed up with bubbly Italian Prosecco, which I would still do for the wine drinkers in the crowd. For non-drinkers, mix either juice with an equal quantity of seltzer and a few drops of lemon juice and pour over ice cubes in a Champagne glass. Top the drinks with thin slices of lemon.

These fruit nectars—served at a party or presented as gifts—should be for cherished friends, as these essences of summer are as costly as memory. Both are sold by Club du Faisan (King's Highway, Sugar Loaf NY 10981—914/469-9902). Two 11.6-ounce jars, one of each flavor, in a wooden box cost $26 plus shipping, or you can pop into Lee Bailey at Henri Bendel, Bergdorf Goodman, or Chicago's Convito Italiano and pick up individual jars for about $14 each. They make wonderful gifts with or without a few bottles of Prosecco.

Another good edible gift would start with a festive tin of Biscotti Cioccolotti, almond *biscotti* dipped in bittersweet chocolate, from La Tempesta. They are addictive on their own or dunked in good coffee. *Biscotti* are $15 the tin at Bloomingdale's; if you order them from Dean & DeLuca (121 Prince St., N.Y., N.Y. 10012—800/221-7714), it is easy to add *(Continued on page 204)*

A modern take on tradition: poached turkey breast zipped up with piquant salsas

Top photo LIZZIE HIMMEL, bottom BRIAN HAGIWARA Details, last pages

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(Continued from page 202)

some of their superb Viennese-roast Kona coffee beans ($11.10 for ten ounces).

A good source for a Stilton—Long Clawson makes the best—is Edward Edelman's Ideal Cheese Shop (1205 Second Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10021—212/688-7579). A five-pound Midget costs $39.95, a nine-pound Farmhouse Royal is $59.95. For a gift, add a copy of Edelman's *The Ideal Cheese Book* (Harper & Row), written with Susan Grodnick, an easy-to-follow guide to all the cheeses likely to be found in America. Unlike most books, this one gives a good idea of what the cheeses will taste like, how to buy and store them, and it has very good recipes.

This brings us to the easiest and one of the most welcome gifts for food lovers—books. If you have trouble finding any of them, call Nach Waxman at Kitchen Arts & Letters, 1435 Lexington Ave., NY, NY 10128—212/876-5550), the Manhattan store that is entirely devoted to cookbooks. Over the year, I've told you about a lot of the best cookbooks as they have come out. I don't have space for a complete list; but here are a few recent ones and some I just didn't get to before.

Almost a stocking-stuffer in price is the delightful *Fresh 15-Minute Meals* by Emalee Chapman (E.P. Dutton, $9.95 in paper). The meals may take a trifle longer than promised, but Chapman gives recipes for the kind of fresh and uncomplicated food that I, at least, want to eat. You might tie it up with *French Cooking in Ten Minutes* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $9.95) by Edouard de Pomiane, a delightful classic written in 1930 and reissued this year.

Another pair of books, one for particular tastes, is *The Book of Garlic* and *The Official Garlic Lovers Handbook*, both by Lloyd John Harris, both in paper from his own Aris Books ($10.95 and $7.95 respectively; 800/222-7411). They are fun to read and the recipes are terrific if odoriferous.

One more teeny but wonderful book is *The Arcadia Seasonal Mural and Cookbook*, by Anne Rosenzweig (Abrams, $14.95)—very up-to-the-minute, with recipes and beautiful color prints of the New York City restaurant's mural, a seasonal panorama by Paul Davis. Just as contemporary and good is John Sedlar's *Modern Southwest Cuisine* (Simon and Schuster, $22.95). Chef of St. Estèphe, a restaurant in Manhattan Beach, California (near Los Angeles), Sedlar started the Southwestern cooking trend that has become a tidal wave. His recipes are complex and fabulous.

A book too good to miss for those interested in Chinese food is *Florence Lin's Complete Book of Chinese Noodles, Dumplings and Breads* (Morrow, $19.95). It is the best book by this famous teacher.

Poached Turkey with Two Salsas

(serves six to eight)

Begin this recipe the day before you want to serve it: make the stock, as well as the salsas and crispy skin. The next day, all that remains is to poach the turkey and steam the sweet potatoes. If you don't serve the stock as a first course, freeze it for later use.

1 10-12 pound fresh turkey, skinned and boned; save skin and bones

Cut the turkey meat into 2 breast halves, 2 thighs, 2 wings, and 2 legs, then wrap meat and refrigerate.

Stock

Bones from fresh turkey
5 ribs celery
2 carrots, scrubbed
1 onion, quartered, with skin
Stems from one bunch parsley (save leaves for another use)
12 cups chicken stock or cold water

Chop all the turkey bones into 3- to 4-inch pieces and place with wing tips and gizzards in an 8-quart stock pot. Add remaining ingredients and cover with stock or cold water. Bring to a boil over high heat, then reduce heat to a simmer. Skim the stock. Cook, skimming from time to time, for 6 to 12 hours. As the stock cooks down, top it off with cold water or chicken stock so that you always have 3 quarts of liquid. Pour mixture through a colander, cool, and refrigerate overnight.

Tomato-Cranberry Salsa

(3½ cups)
2 cups fresh cranberries
½ cup coarsely chopped red onion
¾ pound ripe tomatoes, cored, seeded, and in ½-inch dice (if using canned tomatoes use ¾ cup, drained and coarsely chopped)
1 fresh jalapeño, seeded and deveined, or 1 canned jalapeño, rinsed and drained
2 teaspoons kosher or sea salt (or ½ teaspoon table salt)
2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
½ teaspoon ground cumin

Place cranberries and onion in bowl of food processor; pulse until coarsely chopped. Add tomato and jalapeño and pulse 2-3 times to combine. Remove mixture to ceramic or glass bowl. Stir in salt, lemon juice, and cumin. Allow flavors to ripen 45 minutes at room temperature or overnight in refrigerator.

Tomatillo-Green Pepper Salsa

(3 cups)
12 fresh tomatillos, about 2 cups husked and quartered or an equal amount of canned
1 medium green bell pepper, seeded, deveined, and quartered
2 cloves garlic, smashed and peeled
1 fresh jalapeño, seeded and deveined, or one canned jalapeño, rinsed
½ cup loosely packed fresh coriander leaves
2 teaspoons kosher or sea salt
¼ cup fresh lemon juice

(Continued on page 206)

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*Excerpt from Neutrogena Skin Care Institute Report

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FOOD IN VOGUE

(Continued from page 204)

Combine tomatillos, green pepper, garlic, jalapeño, and coriander leaves in bowl of food processor. Pulse just until all ingredients are coarsely chopped and well combined. Pour into a glass or ceramic bowl. Stir in salt and lemon juice. Allow flavors to ripen 45 minutes at room temperature or overnight in the refrigerator.

Cracklings
Reserved turkey skin
Kosher or sea salt
Freshly ground pepper

Preheat oven to 450° F. Using kitchen shears, cut turkey skin into 1-inch x 3-inch strips. Put skin in a deep roasting pan in single layer. Sprinkle generously with kosher or sea salt and freshly ground black pepper. Cook 20-30 minutes or until crispy and golden, turning larger pieces once if necessary. Remove from oven and drain on double layer of paper towels until cooled. Before serving, heat in 400° F oven for 5-7 minutes to recrisp.

Poached Turkey
10 cups turkey stock (see above)
4 teaspoons kosher or sea salt
½ teaspoon crushed red pepper flakes
½ teaspoon ground cumin
5 grinds black pepper
1 10-12 lb. turkey, skinned, boned, and cut into pieces

In a large, deep skillet, bring stock to a boil. Add seasonings and reduce heat to a simmer. Cook 5 minutes. Slip in two breast halves of boned turkey. Cook 15 minutes. Add boned thighs, legs, and wings. Continue to cook 8-12 minutes longer, until a meat thermometer inserted into the thickest part of each piece reads 150°-155° F. (Certain pieces may cook more quickly than others.) While turkey is poaching, prepare steamed sweet potatoes. Skimmed turkey stock can be seasoned to taste and served as first course.

Sweet Potatoes with Balsamic Vinegar
(Serves 6-8)
6 medium sweet potatoes
2 tablespoons balsamic vinegar
Kosher or sea salt

Scrub potatoes. Place on steamer tray over boiling water and cover tightly. Cook 20-30 minutes, or until tender. Remove from steamer and peel, carefully, while still warm. Cut lengthwise into ½-inch thick slices. Keep warm, covered with a damp towel, until ready to serve. Just before serving, sprinkle lightly with balsamic vinegar and kosher salt.

Presentation:
Slice turkey breast thinly across the grain. Alternate slices of turkey with slices of sweet potato. Sprinkle cracklings on top. Garnish with ½ cup of each salsa per person. Decorate plate with sprigs of fresh coriander. ▽

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LIVING

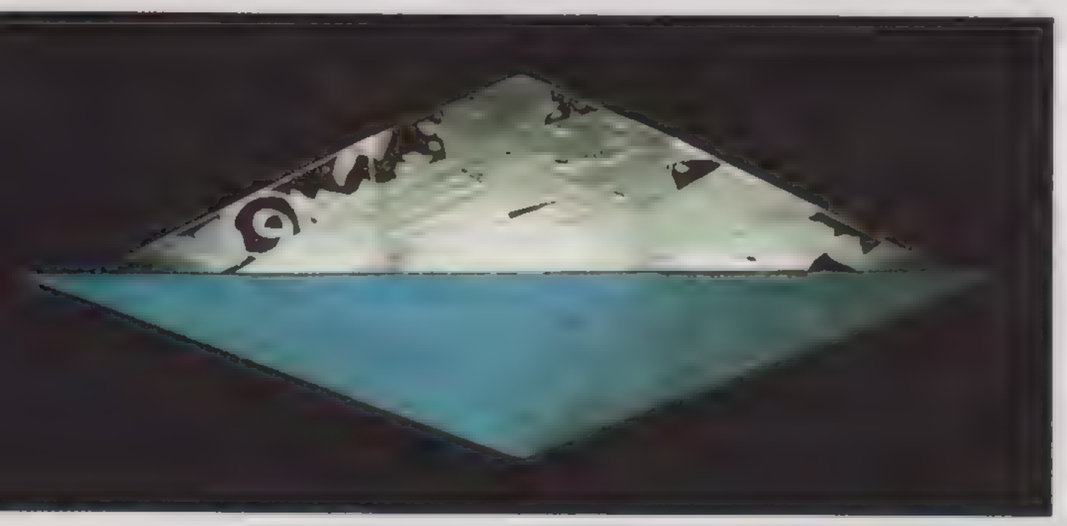
American crafts: another opening, another show. BY BARBARA PLUMB

This is a triumphant season for the American Craft Council. For its thirtieth anniversary celebration, the council recently cut the ribbon on its long-awaited new home for the American Craft Museum at 40 West Fifty-third Street in New York City and on a provocative first show, *Craft Today: Poetry of the Physical*, representing the largest survey of contemporary crafts ever organized in the United States.

More than three hundred works, including furniture and accessories by 286 American artists—all of it created since 1980—are strikingly displayed. Colorful, varied and energetic, the exhibit underlines fascinating changes that have occurred in this rapidly expanding field since the Museum's last comprehensive show in 1969. Then there was a great deal of experimentation for experimentation's sake; now, with the artists' freshly gained confidence in their techniques, the focus is on purposeful experimentation, encouraged by new patrons (and collaborators).

So healthy and productive is the crafts movement in America today that many artists are able to earn a living by selling their work. It is with pride that Paul J. Smith, the director of the Museum, can now say, "I think there's no geographical area in the world that equals the United States in the richness, originality, diversity, and activity of its craft media."

Above: Alphonse Mattia creates the varied hues in his valet chairs by applying bleach, stain, paint to the carved faces and seats.



Left: Sleek yet ornamented, Ray King's "Aurora" sconce combines an opaque, patinated-bronze base, an elaborately carved optical-glass top.

Above: Pencil-post bed by James Schriber.

Above: A decorative cotton hanging by Warren Seelig, trained in industrial weaving.

Right: "Africa," a 150-by-45-inch crêpe-de-Chine textile, was emblazoned with graphic elephants and splashes of color by artist Julia Hill. Painted by hand in the resist technique, it is meant to be worn or hung on a wall.

Far right: Unique perfume bottles by Stephen M. Paulsen in a variety of rare woods, including orange ivorywood burl, Tagua ivory nut, arariba, and Pernambuco. Elaborately inlaid, turned on a lathe, finished by hand—they are magnificent.

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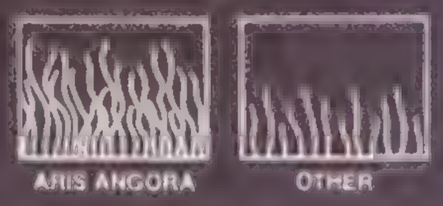

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LIVING

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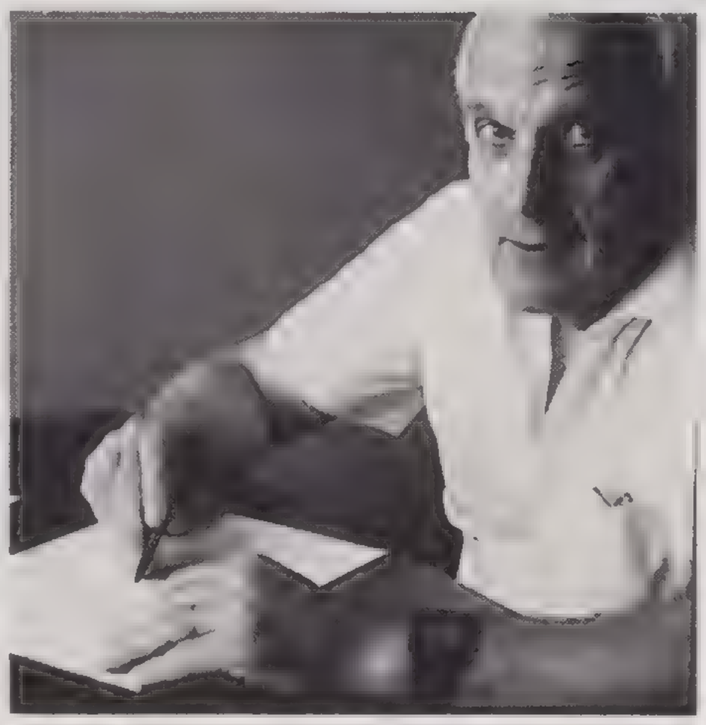
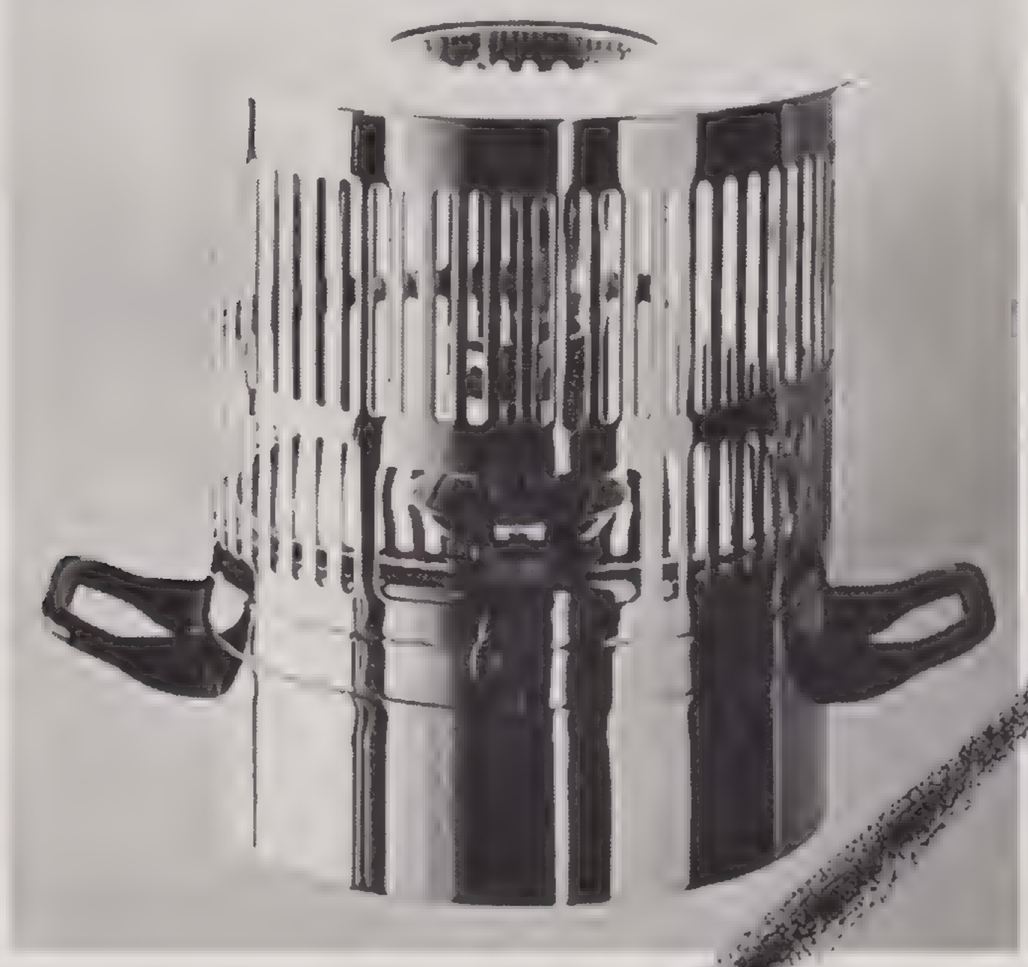
Designer Richard Sapper, renowned for the Tizio lamp, has turned his considerable talents to cookware. In a seven-year project for Alessi, Sapper collaborated with French and Italian three-star chefs, including Roger Vergé, the Troisgros brothers, Alain Chapel, and Gualtiero Marchesi. Each chose the material best suited to his specialty—stainless steel, copper, black steel, cast iron—while Sapper's design philosophy pulled the line together. This beautiful twenty-three-piece set—$4000, also available individually—arrives December 15th at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC.

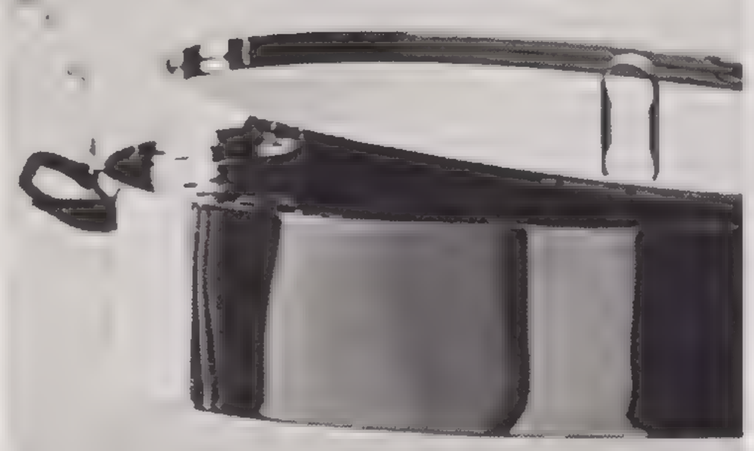


Above: Richard Sapper, creator of state-of-the-art cookware. Left: Sleek, stainless-steel alcohol burner, conceived by Italian chef Angelo Paracucchi to go with a copper flambé pan—"They permit you to cook practically anything at the table," says Sapper.



Below: Gleaming, elegant copper fish poacher designed with Roger Vergé, who specified twenty-seven-inch stainless-steel grate.

Above: For the crêpe pan, Michel and Pierre Troisgros chose heat-holding black steel.



Left: Colander in stainless steel, inspired by Gualtiero Marchesi of Milan.

Sketch: RODGER DUNCAN

Helen Z

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TRAVEL NOW

Big news in Beverly Hills. . . St. Moritz plays polo. . . the ultimate ski trip. BY RICHARD ALLEMAN

For skiers, heli-skiing is the ultimate high. . . a chance to glide down mountains that few have ever seen, much less skied. Until recently, the sport was reserved for only the most macho of expert skiers. But no more—now that CMH Heli-Skiing has come up with "Intro-Week" packages aimed at strong intermediates. Accommodations are in surprisingly luxurious lodges—offering excellent food, Jacuzzis, saunas, and massage therapies—in remote areas of the Canadian Rockies accessible only by helicopter. Skiing—with helicopters doubling as "lifts"—is done in groups of ten accompanied by two guides who carefully choose terrain and offer powder pointers as well as moral support. Departures are set for every Saturday between December 13 and April 25. Price—from $1650 to $3310 (Canadian), depending on the week—includes everything except U.S.-Calgary air fare. For further information, see page 222, or call: (403) 762-4531.

ON THE U.S. VIRGIN ISLAND OF ST. JOHN, THE VIRGIN GRAND BEACH HOTEL DEBUTS THIS MONTH—THE FIRST LUXURY RESORT FOR THIS PRISTINE ISLE IN THIRTY YEARS.

Great dates *For friends who travel, two holiday stocking-stuffer ideas: (1) Per Annum's "Metropolitan Diary," a leather-bound datebook that comes with maps and survival facts for twelve U.S. cities; $28 at stationers. (2) The "IN World Diary," a sturdy day-planner offering insider tips on hotels, dining, shopping in twenty world cities; $115 at Saks Fifth Avenue, Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman Marcus.*

Celebrating its seventy-fifth birthday next year, the palatial pink Beverly Hills Hotel has undertaken major renovations. Besides refurbishing all its 268 rooms, suites, and bungalows, the hotel has totally redone its famed pool/cabana area, *right*, turning this bastion of L.A. luxury and deal-making into one of the town's prettiest places.

St. Moritz: the Glamour Goes On

Chalk up one more glamorous reason to be in St. Moritz this winter: polo! The only place on earth where the sport of kings and maharajas is played in the snow, St. Moritz hosts a series of high-goal matches this year between January 30 and February 1. . . . Meanwhile, for those who like to have it all ("all," in this case, being the high life of St. Mortiz and the peace and quiet of a traditional Swiss mountain village), the Silvaplana area offers a happy solution. On the outskirts of St. Moritz, Silvaplana is a cluster of three villages—Silvaplana, Champfer, and Surlej—that surround a beautiful lake and have a handful of excellent, low-key places to stay. Among these, the four-star Chesa Guardalej in Champfer looks like a tiny country inn, but is actually an unusual hotel that encompasses ten surrounding houses—all connected via brightly lit, white-stucco-walled underground tunnels. Hidden away at the Chesa Guardalej are 170 guest rooms, several good restaurants, and a fitness center with squash court, swimming pool, gym, and hydrotherapy baths. Another lure of Silvaplana is its proximity to mighty Corvatsch, St. Moritz's highest (and, skiers say, best) mountain. (Pictured, left, polo players in St. Moritz with Badrutt's Palace Hotel in background.)

Top: PETER H. WINGLE/CMH HELI-SKIING; center: TIM STREET-PORTER

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Yuletide sparkle: Stockholm's downtown lit for Christmas

TRAVEL

THE BEST CHRISTMAS

The most extraordinary holiday dinner— at Stockholm's renowned Operakällaren restaurant

BY JAN MORRIS

To experience—and I choose the verb with care—to experience what is in my opinion The Best Meal in the World you must be in Stockholm, Sweden, on a Sunday shortly before Christmas, and if possible you should fly there on a Scandinavian airliner on the feast day of St. Lucia, December 13.

St. Lucia's Day reminds the Swedes that Christmas is almost here, and somewhere along the flight, your stewardesses, withdrawing for a moment behind curtains, will reemerge dressed all in white, with candles on their heads, to sing sweet carols innocently down the cabin. This is not at all how airline stewardesses are generally supposed to behave, and it puts you in a properly touched and wondering frame of mind for the event awaiting you, which is partly gastronomic, of course, but chiefly, so to speak, *atmospheric*.

Stockholm is atmospheric enough at any time of year, but at Christmas, especially, it welcomes you in a kind of faerieglow, as if the whole city had candles on its head. As you drive into town from the airport, everything seems to glint and gleam at you. Snow glints on rooftops. Windows gleam in the cold sun. Faces shine. Ice glitters. When darkness falls, early in the afternoon, *flambeaux* blaze on sidewalks and balconies all over town, and in the evening the pale chill aquavit of the country glistens almost preternaturally in its spotless Swedish glasses.

You have time to kill before the Best Meal (in 1986, St. Lucia's Day falls upon a Saturday), but a day or two in Christmas Stockholm is nothing to complain about. No city knows better how to celebrate. Out from their quays with a toot of sirens, the little pleasure boats sail one by one, bedecked with lights and tinsel, taking happy office parties on cruises through the archipelago. In the center of town, music rings perpetually above the outdoor skating rink, where young and old swoop and stagger beneath the floodlights. Along the wharves, suburban burghers and their wives, attended by excited children, load their Volvos with Christmas trees bought from waterfront vendors.

The shops are decorated in the fastidious Swedish way, opulent but not bloated, and are attended by a host of Christmas elves: plump elves, skinny elves, mechanically nodding or breathing elves, winking elves, and elves sometimes flat on their backs asleep. In windows everywhere, high and low, electric candelabra cheerfully shine. Here and there a pungent vinous smell attracts you, and, upon payment of a few *kronor*, a gloved hand reaches out of a dark street stall, like a messenger from the forest, to hand you a steaming cup of *glögg*, the local spicy mulled wine.

There are people like Lapps around, all high cheeks, slant eyes, and fur-lined hoods. There are gaunt Swedish aristocrats in astrakhan hats. Rosy-faced laughing girls eat ice creams in café windows, and old men in boats potter around the ice-strewn harbor fishing. Half-frigid but ever dauntless, as the sun goes down, the poor sentries stand in their boxes outside the empty royal palace, or march stiffly up and down the *(Continued on page 216)*

DAVE MAENZA/FPG

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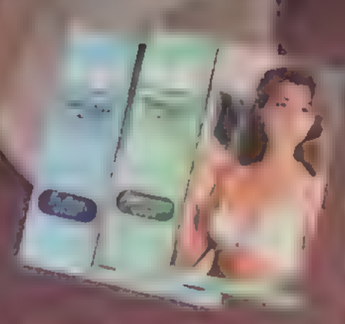

BALI.

Underneath, it's Bali.

STOCKHOLM

(Continued from page 214)

cobbled streets behind, while from the great gilded church of Storkyrkan nearby comes the festive music of an organ.

Is it a dream? Brrr. . .it is not. It can be very, very cold in Stockholm at Christmas. Bitter blow the sea winds, slippery with snow are the lanes of the Old City, and there are times when, however stoic your temperament or ascetic your tastes, you find yourself running the last few yards to the comfort of the coffee shop. But then that's the glory of the place and the moment—that so grand a city should be celebrating so merrily in the December darkness of the north.

Sunday dawns brilliant, we may be sure—well, almost sure. The Best Meal is drawing close, but first you must honor an old Stockholm tradition and go out to Skansen on the ferry—through the icy harbor, past the big night boat from Helsinki, leaving the spires and gabled houses of the Old City like an antique engraving behind you.

Skansen is Stockholm's celebrated folk museum, a large hilly park a mile or two from the center of town, in which old buildings of all sorts have been lovingly reconstructed, indigenous animals and birds are cherished, and Swedishness, in a generic kind, reaches a conservational apogee. It is a marvelous place always, but on a Sunday like ours, it is magical, for then half of Stockholm is out there for the Skansen Christmas bazaar.

December day: a winter view of Stockholm's harbor and Old Town

The core of this fete is a rambling assemblage of stalls offering all sorts of Christmasy Scandinavian objects—you know, straw goats, and hats with ear-flaps, and little lanterns, and painted wooden horses, and sheepskins, and furry boots, and heart-shaped sweetmeats. People wearing old Swedish costumes sell all this, the women in embroidered caps and voluminous skirts, the men in jerkins and quaint hats, and now and then a thin Swedish-style Santa Claus stalks through, his reindeer impersonated by somebody bent double beneath a blanket and crowned with a pair of horns.

Around the edge of the bazaar, things are better still. There the *glögg* flows, and men are grilling herrings on racks over open fires. A hundred thousand Swedish ducks congregate with almost impertinent confidence at the edge of their pond, hoping for tidbits, and all over the place adorable bundled children are to be seen petting tame squirrels, feeding real reindeer, or in a wooden church beyond the lake, an elderly blind couple, well-wrapped, tap their way towards the carol concert.

Getting hungry? The smell of the *glögg* and the grilled herrings does it, but never mind, it's nearly time for us to eat, too. The light is already beginning to fade, but the Best Meal lasts all afternoon, so we have plenty of time to walk back to town down the hilariously skiddy sidewalks beneath the big bare trees.

Along the waterfront we go, past white pleasure-steamers announcing their Yuletide Sailings, past the statue of Charles XII point-

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ing his finger so peremptorily towards Leningrad, and presently we stand in the lee of the Stockholm Royal Opera House, *flambeaux* flaring bravely in the wind along its high parapet. Since 1895 the Operakällaren, on the ground floor of this imposing building, has been the most celebrated restaurant in Sweden; and for many years it has served the most famous of all the world's smorgasbords. This magnificent repast is what we have come to Stockholm for. They serve it every day at the Operakällaren, but Sunday is the best day because then, by a long-established custom, Stockholmers like to go there *en famille*; and a Sunday shortly before Christmas is best of all, for under the blessing of St. Lucia, you may then share the pleasures of the Swedes at their most genial, their most generous, and (I choose my words carefully again, for they are an abstemious people) their least ungluttonous.

The ambience of this experience is tremendous. The great baroque dining room is decorated with a series of mythological paintings that were thought in the 1890s to be downright indecent, but now just seem amiably naughty; and it looks out through big windows to the harbor and the palace. The victuals are displayed on a gigantic table in the middle, and above them, just for Christmas, is suspended a large gingerbread model of the Opera House itself. The light of the chandeliers is subdued, the warmth is palpable, and the maître d' who so courteously shows you to your table looks like a Baltic duke.

White, white is your tablecloth, velvety your chair, fastidiously polished the cutlery, and before you get any further, here is your glass of the Operakällaren's own aquavit, Stenborgare, named for an eighteenth-century opera singer, subtly flavored with fennel and anise, and available nowhere else. *Skål*! Like aromatic fire it goes down, and you are ready in body and spirit for The Best Meal in the World.

It is a feast of feasts, not only of food, but of life and company, too. The Swedes are famously reserved, but once their shyness is broached they are the most companionable of people, and, as you line up plate in hand for nourishment, kindly voices are sure to guide you towards the most interesting pickled herring, explain to you the history of Stenborgare, introduce you to their mother-in-law Mrs. Andersson, or abjure little Erik to stand up straight when he is addressing strangers.

In the December darkness of the north, a grand city celebrates merrily

Little Erik actually is sure to be standing up straight already, dressed as he is in his very best suit, with a bow tie and a rather uncomfortable collar, and his sister Eva is extremely smart in blue check, and Mrs. Andersson is a most elegant old dame, and altogether your companions present a splendid picture of plump well-being and goodwill, as they urge you to shovel another portion of elk meat onto the corner of your plate.

Elk meat, or Swedish caviar, or salmon, or game, or berries, or cheeses, or prawns, or pickles, or reindeer tongue—"You can always come back for more," says Mrs. Andersson encouragingly. We take her advice, too, for in fact the food is not very filling, the afternoon is long, another Stenborgare presently turns up from nowhere, and the conversation is delightfully digestive. "Will you not have some cloudberries?" asks Eva in her most careful English. "People like them very much in Sweden"—and we do, we do.

So the hours pass, and soon it is pitch black outside the windows, and the lights of the *flambeaux* are dancing and flickering on the night. All is friendly, comfortable, decorous, and ample. As soon as one family of Anderssons leaves, another, just as well-dressed, just as smiling, is shown to its table. One salmon is replaced by the next on the great smorgasbord table, one elk succeeds another, herrings by the hundred come and go. The maître d', when at last the time arrives for us to leave, no longer seems like a maître d' at all, or even a duke, but more like an old family friend. We say goodbye to him almost nostalgically: for by the nature of things, Sweden being where it is, for us, The Best Meal in the World can come but once a year. ▽

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TRAVEL

THE CALIFORNIA CURE

At Two Bunch Palms, there's everything to soothe body and soul—and nothing you can't take lying down

BY MICHAEL SORKIN

"No Pain, no Gain" goes the credo of those new Puritans one hears so much about, busy pumping away at their Nautilus machines and concocting new exercises in self-denial. You know these people: they're the ones who embarrass you out of ordering the *crème brûlée* you crave by conspicuously declining to have dessert; the kind of people who call for a lite beer when you're working on your third Manhattan. Well, to be perfectly frank, I admit that I'm not unaffected by their attitude. We all have our little anxieties, and mine happens to be the possibility of sudden death—the result of sloth and a surfeit of *crème brûlée*.

Desert oasis: the pool at Two Bunch Palms

This particular constellation of indolence and distress is the reason for the rising popularity of spas. The underlying concept is unequivocally brilliant: the pleasure cure. As antidote to a daily life of stress and self-indulgence, one goes to an environment in which stress is expunged and self-indulgence is transformed into a virtue. Bygone exemplars like Baden-Baden or Marienbad were meccas of decorous hedonism where those who could afford it wined, dined, and returned to tryst again as they did last summer. Traditional instrument of the cure was "the waters," a mineral elixir that purged body and mind of threatening poisons and also mixed very well with your mid-afternoon whiskey. Spas are no less than resorts without guilt.

Feeling tense and overindulged, the wife and I concluded that we needed a few days in such a place. An upcoming trip to L.A. suggested the location, and we began to cast about for the ideal spot. The spas within L.A.'s sphere of influence seemed to fall into two categories: star spas and disciplinary ones. Of course, as with all culture, there was a lot of crossover, but mainly one either had to work hard at losing weight or work hard at being glamorous. "Boot camp for the rich" was how a friend described the first choice. The alternative didn't sound much better. For hundreds a day, one ate niggardly amounts of *nouvelle cuisine* and hoped for a glimpse of Candice Bergen.

Then we heard about Two Bunch Palms. Everybody knew about Two Bunch. That is, everybody seemed to know somebody who'd been there, although almost nobody had actually been. Second-hand appraisals varied widely. "It's a place for screenwriters with block," a screenwriter without block told us. "It's the in locale for industry assignations," said an industry friend who knew from The Industry. So far, so good, we thought. "You have to make your own lunch," a third informant informed us, somewhat dampening our initial enthusiasm. "It's decorated with strings of colored lights," said a fourth, who had actually been there. This registered in the plus column for me and in the minus for the wife. "When my ex and I *(Continued on page 220)*

TIM STREET-PORTER

ERIC MICHELSON

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TWO BUNCH PALMS

(Continued from page 218)

were breaking up,'' our source continued, ''two friends suggested we spend the weekend with them at Two Bunch Palms, thinking the atmosphere would be good for a reconciliation. The day we got there, we were sitting in the hot tub trying to think of reasons not to get a divorce when I noticed that the couple sitting next to me were trying to think of reasons not to get *their* divorce. In fact, the couple sitting next to my ex were also talking over *their* divorce. We got ours about a week later.'' This was ominous.

Our first actual contact with the place was over the phone. The woman who took our reservations had a considerable Germanic accent which, for me at any rate, somewhat colored the description she insisted on providing: ''The resort has a high iron fence. It is patrolled twenty-four hours a day by armed guards. Nobody is admitted to the premises without a reservation. Children are not admitted at all. In addition to our other facilities, we also provide private areas for nude sunbathing. Some of the rooms are furnished with antiques and all have television. There is a two-day minimum stay.'' We signed on for the minimum stay, which was beginning to sound like a minimum sentence.

Two Bunch Palms is located, as we learned, in Desert Hot Springs, a town near Palm Springs. This gives it two advantages. First, it shares the same spectacular mountain-hemmed desert scenery and climate, those dry-roasted days and weirdly breezy, cool mysterious nights. Second, it isn't actually Palm Springs. Palm Springs is dreadful—Rodeo Drive in the desert. And not today's terribly Italian Rodeo Drive, but the Rodeo Drive of twenty-five years ago, a place that derived its daytime esthetic from golf-links-plaid trousers and lime-green Banlon shirts—and its nighttime look from the Rat Pack image: the lavishly sleazoid dress-up of Sinatra, Dean Martin, and cronies, each of whom has a boulevard named after him somewhere around Palm Springs. Not exactly the milieu calculated to put either me or the wife at ease.

Two Bunch Palms turned out to be kitschy and congenial, exclusive and friendly

Two Bunch Palms, *mirabile dictu*, turned out to be just the right distance from all of this, kitschy but congenial, exclusive but friendly, pampering but funky. Driving through the dusty nondescript town, past shopping malls and fast-food joints, one does indeed arrive at a guarded gate. The guard, an older gent who looked benign despite his conspicuous pistol, serves, as we discovered, a useful purpose: he keeps the world away. As you drive in or out, he gives assurance that you really have gotten away from it all, that what you've left won't impinge. And it works like a charm. Although it isn't really big and it's anything but elaborate, there's something about Two Bunch that does put you immediately at your ease.

Part of it is that there's something distinctly daffy about the place. For starters, the nucleus of the establishment, a collection of rustic stone structures, was, it's said, the erstwhile hideaway of Al Capone; and the management maintains a certain amount of Caponeiana, including a mirror with a gangsterish bullet hole. Then there's the site planning and landscaping. The whole has the spirit of a very large miniature golf course, replete with artificial grottoes, fairy lights, mini-rivulets, winding paths, and zany vegetation. On a walk across the premises one morning, the wife and I came upon a crew of workmen creating a new lagoon for an extension to the resort. Several of them were bent over, placing quantities of wire mesh on a metal armature. They were making a rock. The perfect rock. ''Nice rock,'' we said. ''You have wonderful taste!'' one of them shouted to us as we gazed

smoke

please try Carlton.

at the spectacle of this ersatz boulder in the making. "So do you!" we replied, almost believing it.

On checking in at Two Bunch, we were issued our key, quantities of friendly solicitude from the impossibly tanned desk clerk, and certificates to be exchanged for the following morning's facial. We repaired to our room, which turned out to be Low Motel in style, ameliorated by a nice bowl of fresh fruit, a pleasant patio, and a water cooler that dispensed the celebrated mineral libation. From the window, we could see distant purple mountains' majesties across the parking plain. We had elected TV and no antiques, and it was nice to watch *Donahue* without guilt the following morning as sun streamed in through the palms. Changing into our swimming costumes (the only resortwear genuinely needed here), we sallied forth to do what there was to do. I, pulp novel in hand, immersed myself in the warm mineral bath, and the wife headed for a chaise, swimming-pool side, to soak up some rays—her passion. I am happier in the shade, and as I slid into the regressive torpor of the palm-fringed serpentine blue pool, I felt my cares beginning to lift, and, on emerging several hundred pages later, I was suffused with the dumb happiness of lobotomized bliss.

I padded over to the other pool to find the wife who, as is her remarkable wont, had bronzed nearly beyond recognition. Surveying the scene, I nodded at several other sun worshippers and sat down in the middle of a conveniently lengthened afternoon shadow to knock off my final chapter. As I read, a large bird galloped past my feet to snag some hapless bug. I recognized it at once, from years of Saturday-morning cartoon watching, as a roadrunner. The more ornithologically inclined will be disappointed to know that the genuine article functions *sans* beep-beep. Then I saw my first rabbit. It sat, immobile save for its regular mastication of a few blades of grass, in the midst of the manicured lawn adjacent to the pool. I returned to my reading. Looking up a few minutes later, I noticed that the rabbit had been joined by a comrade, likewise lunching at midlawn. I read again. I looked up again. Now there were four rabbits. Again I read. Again I looked. Sixteen rabbits. "They do multiply," I whispered to the wife.

"The rabbit square law," she allowed, helpfully. We got up quietly and drove into Palm Springs, where we ate Mexican food and drank Margaritas by the pitcher. We slept very soundly.

Next morning, we went for our facials. This entailed being coated with quantities of green clay that dried into a mottled pattern, not unlike jungle camouflage. Thus anonymous, if feeling perfectly ridiculous, I strode off to the hot pool, and the wife towards the sun. As I approached my destination, I heard my name shouted. Looking for the source, I saw a green-faced figure flailing his arms at me in obvious recognition. I strained to make him out, and at last, he rose from the water and spoke again, clearing up his identity even as his facial mask was clearing up his complexion. It was an old, old friend, and he was not alone. Other green faces revealed themselves to be other friends, a completely serendipitous (but somehow not altogether surprising, at this place) reunion. The atmosphere was, by now, downright convivial. And, to my mind, there's no better place on earth for hanging-out conviviality than the hot pool at Two Bunch Palms. One basks in such perfect indolence that conversation just ebbs and flows, no pressure, no competition, just pure palaver. We occupied a full day with this, taking time out only for naps.

The last morning was consecrated to the *ne plus ultra* of spa activities, a massage. Two Bunch Palms offers (for an additional charge) an array of massage styles and skin therapies, and the only real anxiety I felt during the course of my stay was having to choose among them. I chose a Swedish massage for no particular reason beyond an affinity for things Scandinavian. Now, I don't know about Shiatsu or Trager, but this was a good choice. Why beat around the bush, this was a fantastic choice. After an hour in dim light with a prodigy named Liz, I emerged like so much gelatin, barely competent to find a chair, sit in it, and glow with the beatitudes of perfect relaxation. And then we had to go.

Even before we'd entered the smogs of L.A. (only a few miles from the desert pleasure climes on a bad day), we were feverishly conniving how to get back to Two Bunch. Rather, how soon. ▽

TRAVEL

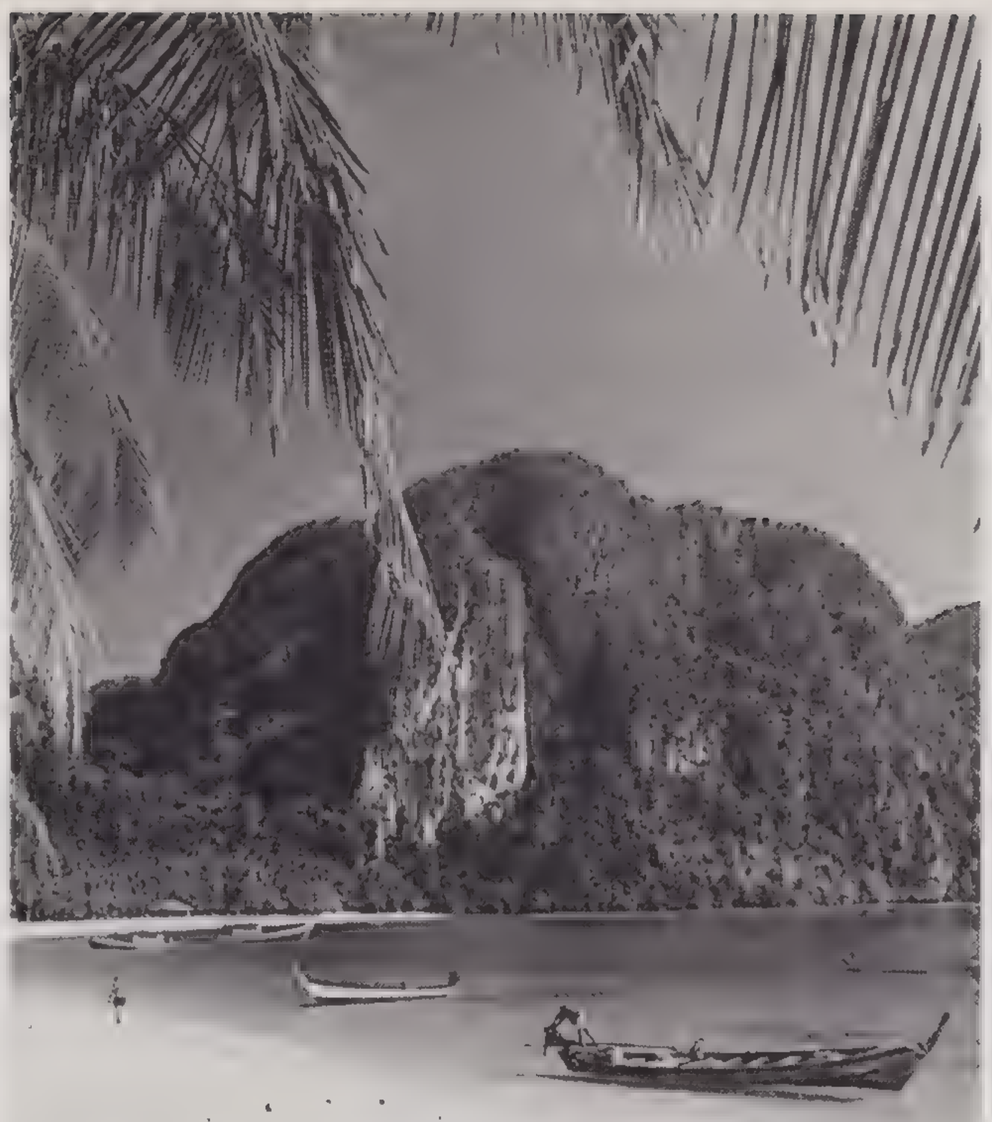
THAI HIGH

New glamour in the Far East . . . the next place to go

BY DENA KAYE

I have been to the Orient many times. And while I know the exhilaration that comes from a two-week whirl of shopping, eating, and sight-seeing half-way around the world, I also know that this sort of traveling can prompt you to say, once you're back home, "*Now* I need a vacation." That's why, for once, on this last trip, I decided to budget in the time and the place to recover—en route.

Some destinations are on a quiet rise to stardom, and catching them early on can be bliss. Such is the case with the spot friends suggested for my R&R in the Orient: the island of Phuket (Poo-ket') in Thailand. An hour's flight south of Bangkok, Phuket is developed for tourism, but not overrun with tourists. As I flew in, just the sight of this exotic island trimmed in varying shades of clear blue water relaxed my neck muscles.



Fantasy island: a beautiful Phuket beach

Hands down, the loveliest, most in-harmony-with-the-environment place to stay on Phuket is the resort called the Pansea. It has all the prerequisites of a tropical paradise: swaying coconut palms, plump mangoes, no phones, no television, beachside and hillside bamboo bungalows with mini-bars and air-conditioning, a beach that feels private, and a manager who gets his weather reports from the local fishermen. At the same time, you are constantly reminded that you're in the midst of another culture. Indeed, when you arrive, the first thing you see, smack in the middle of the hotel parking lot, is the spirit house. It is in this foot-high doll house that the spirits of the establishment are believed to live. And since they have the powers either to bless or to plague hotel guests, the management leaves food here each night to ensure the former.

A week (or more, of course) is a glorious length of time to spend at the Pansea. That way, you'll be able to hole up and decompress for a few days, and then, with your strength renewed, you can explore the island both on your own and on the side trips organized by the hotel. Recently, the Pansea acquired its own boat, a wonderful "junk" that will sail for days at a time to *really* deserted islands like the Similans and the Phi Phis.

My own idea of life with no obligations (other than breakfast and the beach) is to get up when you wake *(Continued on page 224)*

JEAN KUGLER/FPG

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ADRIENNE VITTADINI

(Continued from page 222)

up. For those who insist on a wake-up call, however, at the Pansea it is a gentle knock on the door. Meanwhile breakfast is an unending buffet that includes made-to-order flapjacks, breads baked at five that morning, juicy tropical fruits. In fact, the food merits several stars. Lunch and dinner offer Thai curries (the zing is softened by coconut milk), seafood salads, grilled fish, an array of waist-expanding desserts—all served in a covered but open-air dining room overlooking the pool and the beach.

Fortunately, the Pansea also comes up with such calorie-burning activities as wind-surfing, waterskiing, snorkeling, or golf, if you don't mind water buffalo grazing on the fairway. For me, one of the nicest ways of spending a morning or afternoon on Phuket was renting a scooter or Jeep from the hotel and visiting some of the island's sensational beaches. Each has a special allure, and none is farther than an hour's ride from the Pansea. Patong Beach, for example, is known for nightlife and bars. Kata Beach, home of the Club Med, is a lovely sweep of sand with a pleasant restaurant for lunch called the Kata Beach Boathouse. Another pretty spot is the outdoor Kan Eang restaurant on Chalong Bay, where I loved the fish wrapped in banana leaves and steamed over hot coconut shells.

Within fifteen minutes of the Pansea, I discovered my two favorite places on Phuket. One was Lamzig, a totally deserted beach; bring a book (or a friend), a picnic, and sun block. Then, just beyond the beach, there's the Muslim village of Kamala. On its unpaved main street, backdropped by emerald-green rice fields, you see women in sarongs tossing vegetables in woks, spotless shacks with VCRs, people snacking (a constant Thai pastime), and children, faces covered in white paste for sun protection, greeting you with a cheer: "HELLOHELLOHELLO."

The main town on the island is referred to as Phuket town, its architecture a surprising mix of not-so-high high-rises and Sino-Portuguese buildings with arches, curves, and balconies. To me, the market is the heartbeat of any city; and here, it's a showstopper. In a great warehouse space, dried fish hang from rafters, bananas form curtains, baskets hold the basics of Thai cooking—red and green chilies—and there are beautiful geometric arrangements of vegetables. Thai fast food—from fried bananas to steamed corn and soups—is purveyed from mobile food stalls. The best non-edible souvenirs are pearls.

The most famous excursion on Phuket is the all-day trip to "James Bond Island," the location for the last scenes of *The Man with the Golden Gun*. I found the island—its real name is Ping Gun—with its wall-to-wall vendors, the least interesting part of the trip. But the ride *out* to the island in a sleek long-tail boat was enchanting. We passed eerie moonscape outcroppings in the water, sailed through caves, and stopped for a seafood lunch at a Muslim village built entirely on stilts in the water, with markets, native houses, and a mosque.

Unless you go with a Thai friend to a nightclub, prowl the bars at Patong, or shop—souvenir shops are open late—there isn't much night life on Phuket. But you could go to the Thai-style drive-in movie. More accurately, a stand-in. In the middle of the village on the main street, people simply stand, mill about eating, talking, and watching a movie that is projected on *both* sides of the screen. It's often an Indian movie with Thai subtitles.

If, by chance, you are in Phuket in October (as I was), you can witness the Chinese vegetarian festival that promises participants purification of mind and body. The most astonishing part of this event is the procession of men and women, considered mediums, whose unwavering beliefs enable them to perform extraordinary feats. Parading in front of the local Honda dealer, they were wrapped in barbed wire, with long rods piercing their cheeks, and suffering no apparent pain.

Ultimately, I returned from Phuket feeling that I had been somewhere truly extraordinary, a place combining an almost otherworldliness with all the grace and sensuality that is Thailand. At the same time, I returned relaxed, since Phuket has all the necessities for not doing much of anything in a beautiful setting. I would add two words to that famous Michelin guidebook phrase and say . . . . Phuket is *more than* worth the detour. ▽

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VIEW

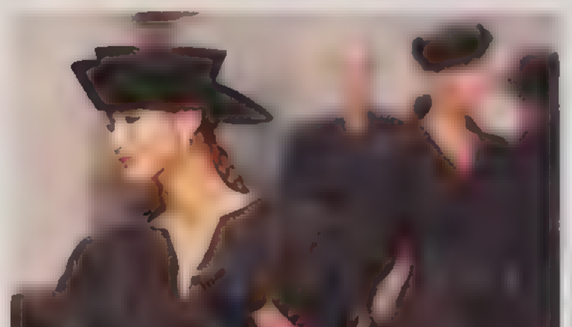
BY KATHLEEN MADDEN

Changes: Spring shapes up

THE NEWS OF A NEW SEASON starts with a new skirt: a skirt that's softer, shorter, that moves with a woman

Swing high, swing low: left, Gianni Versace skirting

Day-to-dinners: below, from Karl Lagerfeld



News by day: a soft skirt, new suitings. Above, at Calvin Klein

Short, shorter: Ungaro plays with length. Left, bright bloomers

In New York, Paris, and Milan—across continents and fashion capitals—there are changes in clothes for spring. Some are definite, some "directional." Others are, quite simply, charming. What's newest—and newly evolving—is a strong designer focus on the shape of skirts. From there, much of the season's real news—longer jackets, neat waists, barer necklines—falls in place. Skirts are the tip-off to what's happening elsewhere.

A sense of softness is the most obvious new direction: the narrow chopped-off skirt of other seasons has been replaced, now, by one with swing. By day, that might mean a Sonia Rykiel knit with an added back flounce for flirty movement; at Karl Lagerfeld, cotton poplin skirts fall in soft folds from the waist. In Milan, even Giorgio Armani takes his name for tailoring to an easier shaping: he puts scallop-edged petticoats beneath soft skirts and city jackets.

"Softer" does not translate as box pleats or suburban dirndls: skirts for spring fall from control at the hip and small waists. Lightest-weight—never bulky—fabrics even allow for layering on longer jackets, one of the best looks this season: a new black gabar- *(Continued on page 230)*

GUY MARINEAU, BRUNO RINALDI Illustration by ROGER DUNCAN

With a flirty edge: left, Sonia Rykiel

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VIEW

Spring shapes up . . .

Ruffles flourish; so does straplessness. In denim, above: by Fendi

Feminine gestures: above, at Chanel

Leggy effects: skirt, above, as only YSL does it

The crinoline comeback: charm by night, above, by Calvin Klein

Shaping, waisting, flirt: Montana "bubble," left

(Continued from page 226) dine wrap jacket put over plaid tropical-weight wool at Calvin Klein; a quilted blouson jacket paired with jersey skirting at Perry Ellis. In Paris, Montana and Ungaro even experiment with amusing balloon skirt shapes and bloomers of the briefest nature: both are simply ways of suggesting a softer shape.

They also suggest a decided shortness. . . and it's another part of the season's skirt news: not Ungaro thigh-highs (as he did his brightly printed silk crepe de Chine bloomers). . . but skirts at knee-top or a bit above that. It's the length Ungaro showed in his pieces for daytime; Saint Laurent wrapped his tulip-shape skirt to show plenty of leg. With a bare one-shoulder striped knit top, it makes for standout dinner dressing. In a season when "feminine" is the fashion buzzword, this sort of leggy appeal is the real—noticeable—change. Bustles and bows aren't the fashion message (though they make runway appearances); more often, it's a matter (as American designer David Cameron does it) of legs, legs, legs.

At night, skirts go full, fullest. As separate bottom pieces or the focal point for dresses, skirts may gain flounces, ruffles, or poufy shapes. Some fall from a high—"Empire"—waist. Crinolines are the fashion mainstay: Calvin Klein layers a black crinoline under a black taffeta-skirted dress, its bustier top of tan silk jersey fabric. Geoffrey Beene puts crinolines beneath small jacketed evening dresses. From Betsey Johnson flirtations to "Antique Boutique" inexpensive nettings to Valentino layers of lace, petticoats turn up at every price range and styling: ballerina, flamenco, or can-can. They add movement, charm . . . and emphasize a shorter skirt proportion: the news this season, for night or day.

("View" continued on page 232)

GUY MARINEAU, BRUNO RINALDI. Illustration by RODGER DUNCAN

Puffy Eyes. Crow's Feet. Help is in sight!

Eyes talk. Don't let them tell… they speak without words, too often revealing the secret of your age. It's no wonder as delicate eye contours face constant aggressions. Even the most innocent expressions—including squinting, blinking, and smiling—take a toll. Stress and fatigue, application and removal of eye makeup, all add their own damaging effects. The need for special attention becomes clearly evident—visibly urgent!

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VIEW

Patsy Tisch

CALIFORNIA CLASSIC

Myrna Loy had it pat; so, too, did Carole Lombard: a way of looking that was well-bred, classic, comfortably Californian. Today, in L.A., Patsy Tisch adds a young woman's finesse: a Hawaiian shirt, 'forties Mexican jewels, bicycle shorts in spandex. And nobody looks better.

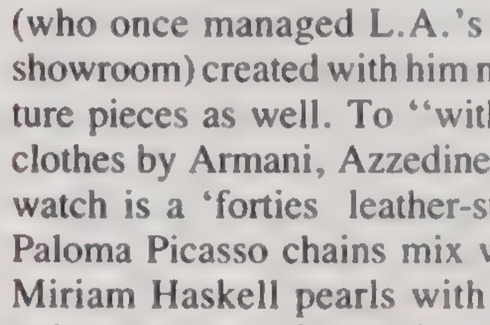
Arguably, nobody has a more public family: with producer-husband Steve Tisch's new *Soul Man* movie; father-in-law Preston Robert Tisch's new spot as Postmaster General. His brother Laurence has garnered a "new" company, C.B.S. Patsy and her father are setting up a foundation to support L.A. facilities for mental health care.

Style, for her, is equally a heritage: "I love clean, simple lines," Patsy says, "and things that will withstand time." The Tisch house— a "Greene and Greene style" California bungalow—came from a collaboration with architect Don Umemoto; Patsy (who once managed L.A.'s Knoll International showroom) created with him new cool-wood furniture pieces as well. To "withstand time" means clothes by Armani, Azzedine, or Ungaro; Patsy's watch is a 'forties leather-strap Rolex. Modern Paloma Picasso chains mix with Mexican silver; Miriam Haskell pearls with Hermès. All add a twist to the best of Chanel.

"Anything that's overdone gets tiresome," she says. "If I could only buy one thing, it would probably be Manolo Blahnik shoes."

("View" continued on page 234)

Above. Patsy Tisch. Her suit, her living room: both, custom-tailored



One woman's way with classics: Californian Patsy Tisch, far left, in Chanel by day; near left, Azzedine Alaïa pants, a bare Chanel top—of cashmere. A Chanel by night, above right, made for leggy good looks. Patsy's prescription, right, is a daily beach workout. Dressing by Nike.

An antique menswear scarf, a new Armani, an old Rolex: classic standards of dress ...and a most-modern beauty

PHILLIP DIXON. Hair by Peter Savic for Cloutier; makeup, Francesca Tolot for Cloutier

Nora Scarlett © The Gap 1986

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VIEW

bikini biz

Forty years ago, it all began: racy two-piece suits that bared the navel. Now, it's bikinis again: in new guises, the suits of the season

"It's time for a relief of fabric, for more skin," says Norma Kamali—whose thong-back bikini is one of the barest anywhere. Other changes this season in traditional shapes range from bandeaux to underwires or constructed cups to athletic tank tops. At Adrienne Vittadini, Liza Bruce, and Ellen Ann Dobrovir, high-cut bottoms often come with a roll waist. New, too: more bottoms sold separately—for U.S. women who sunbathe topless. *("View" continued, page 238)*

KING: PIERRE SCHEBMAN Illustration by BOB HIEMSTRA Hair by Bruno Weppe for Jean Louis David, makeup by Mar Schaeffer

Suiting the season: At top, Liza Bruce's pared-down bikini. Left, from Donna Karan: more covering, black jersey; pieces roll, too, to smaller shapes. New, too: hip-high bottoms—red from Gottex, above left; abbreviated print, above, Gottex; 'sixties-reminiscent print, far left, Leonard.

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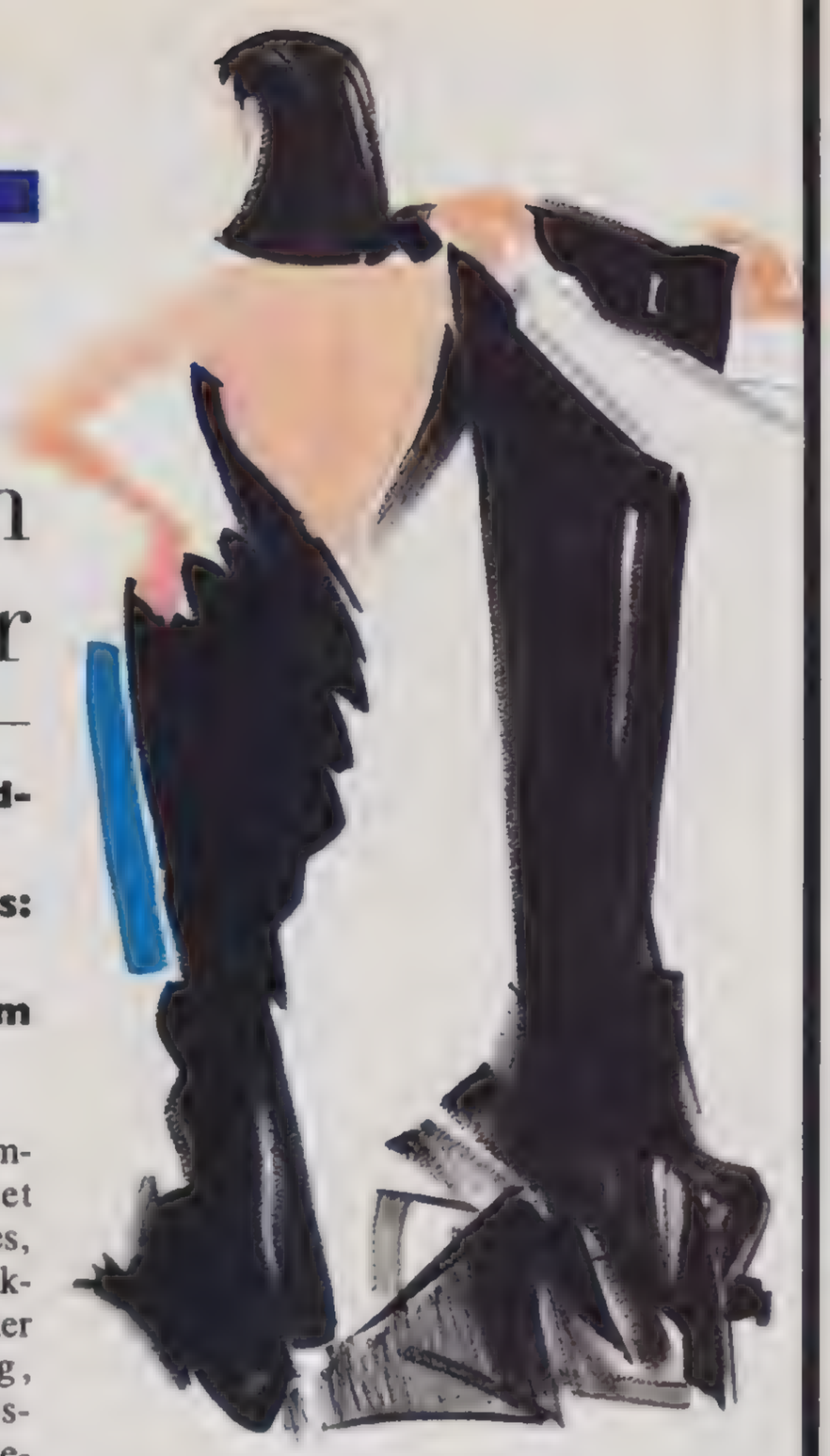
VIEW

American made-to-order

For savvy women, a new—modern—world of tailor-made clothes:

an insider's guide to who does them



Traditionally, American women buy off-the-rack, in set sizes; made-to-order clothes, much like the family dressmaker, seem the luxury of another day. Times are changing, though; for many women, "disposable" is being replaced by a desire for quality; assembly-line dressing, for things more personal. As Paris couture houses find clients increasingly young and American, tailor-made clothes are also turning up as a newly appealing U.S. notion. Options vary among designers: made-to-order or made-to-measure as modern ways to shop and dress.

Members of the wedding: Over-thirty women who want "something that's more what they're about" often go to OMO: Norma Kamali will rework her signature style for updated wedding dresses. Willi Smith, in the past year, both fashioned a strapless dress for a friend's Venetian wedding and turned out Caroline Kennedy's groom and groomsmen, nattily, for Cape Cod. Both bride and Mom were dressed by Carolina Herrera: Herrera custom-makes wedding dresses, restyles—or refabricates—styles for such private clients (see above) as Jacqueline Onassis.

Special clients: In addition to his new evening-based ready-to-wear collection, Donald Brooks also fills private orders for special customers; Galanos, when touring—and fashion-showing—has been known to accommodate requests to alter a fabric, or skirt and make-to-measure. Geoffrey Beene might pull together a blouse, belt, or gloves. He willingly works with women with sizing problems.

New "couture" news: Calvin Klein, for Bergdorf Goodman, offers special fabrics, all sewn by hand—for limited-edition dressing.

Zoran: With such customers as Mary Wells Lawrence, Isabella Rossellini, Candice Bergen, and Barbara Walters, Zoran puts some of America's most-public women in his most-pared-down modern clothes. "They know exactly what they want," he says. "They're usually working out a wardrobe." At his spare downtown New York City studio (Beverly Hills and DC shops) are "slip-on shoes, slip-on dresses," skirts, pants, jackets to order in a season's new colors, fabrics; past styles or favorite fabrics can be replaced.

Giorgio Sant'Angelo: He reworks, resizes Sant'Angelo style by special order; deals long-distance or fits in NYC. Clients include Catherine Oxenberg, Pilar Crespi, Lena Horne—some get wholly original designs. Maillot layerings are an on-stage specialty.

Arnold Scaasi: One difference in couture customers, says Scaasi, who also does a boutique collection, is "They shop in season." Scaasi, truest to couture tradition, shows two yearly made-to-order collections. Invitations go out to Brooke Astor, Ivana Trump, Anne Bass, many women in their thirties. Scaasi records sixty-two body measurements ("It allows us to take the stance of a woman, not just her size"); makes a dressmaker dummy, follows with fittings. "There's an image of this woman as being very frivolous. She's not; she thinks about what she needs. In many ways, she's very frugal."

Adolfo: True Adolfo fans go to his NYC salon: there, his soft suits and dresses are shown as samples, then truly made-to-order—with measurements and fittings.

John Anthony: The news is a new John Anthony late-day-to-evening collection—all in black: $5000 crocodile skirts or bare dinner dresses. From his antiques-filled NYC townhouse, Anthony also offers made-to-order, other colors, accessories. "I never realized there was such a need for clothes," he says of his women. "And they all have fabulous bodies." *("View" continued on page 242)*

RODGER DUNCAN

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VIEW people in fashion are talking about what's coming...

Weekends with a prettier look . . . designer-updated denim . . . bright finds. fashionable reads . . . a most-original woman's jewelry

People are talking about . . . a whole new look to women's favorite "weekend" dressing . . . and much of what's new is based on the new look of skirts. Skirts now come as comfortable, as easygoing, as the sweatsuit of another season; but they have much more, and it's a softer, surer, feminine attitude. At Joan Vass USA, long narrow knitted skirts pair up with oversized polos or boxy sweaters; short skirts layer over leggings—both in pale colors—for a new, charming look. WilliWear puts a Southwestern-style full skirt with a crisp white petticoat, tops both with Navajo twin-set sweaters; Ralph Lauren's newly long-and-flared jeans skirt goes wonderfully off-beat over white "long john" underwear. For more body-conscious dressing, the smallest "destroyed" denim makes new miniskirts; pull-on "jogger skirts" and tops in athletic grey give a new workout style to skirt dressing. In a season when a petticoat might pair with "safari" khaki, looks go individual and eclectic, at times almost costumey. It's a pretty, amusing change for playful dressing.

Christmas wrappings at their best are as wonderfully appealing as what's inside; and this year, Banana Republic does their whimsical best to hold up to that tradition. A box shaped like an old bi-plane houses holiday purchases: for the stores' safari clothing, it's packaging, too, in "Out of Africa" style . . . . If you've yet to be denimed, this spring is the season for it: everything goes blue-collar from Lagerfeld-designed ruffled denim Fendi dresses to the most American of blue-jeans hair bows. "Destroyed" (most-worn) denim turns up for weekend dressing; the traditional jeans jacket covers most everything. It's now a bolero or a hand-painted or embroidered Ralph Lauren outer piece, or it may come in new hot pink or floral. Saint Laurent makes his denim into the smallest back-button strapless dress; Zandra Rhodes glitters hers as a nighttime bustier. Gaultier, as expected, takes the denim idea to a whole other range: his rubberized jeans jacket in gold covers a skin-tight dress for evening . . . .

At times, fall and spring '86/87 fashion seems to start with the days of The New Look: Dior's famed '47 shape of small waists and long full skirts has shown up in everything from daytime jersey dresses to crispest taffeta. Balenciaga references and 'fifties bubble shapes have shown in Paris; American designers stake claims to Eisenhower-era moccasins and camel's-hair coats. Now even most-American Claire McCardell has her day: Paris's designer Guy Paulin dedicated his entire spring collection to this 'fifties creator of the "diaper" swimsuit, small puffed-sleeve looks, and wrapped dresses. McCardell's belted hostess dress turns up for modern spring at Paulin, Thierry Mugler, Versace.

"Skirts as comfortable, as easygoing, as a sweatsuit. But they come with much more . . . and it's a softer, surer, feminine attitude"

DESIGNER NORMA KAMALI STARRED IN PARIS THIS FALL; IN FEBRUARY, SHE OPENS AT THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC. THE NEWS: INVENTIVE (BLUE-STRIPED OR WILDLY RED) LAYERINGS TO COSTUME TWYLA THARP/PHILIP GLASS'S BALLET, "IN THE UPPER ROOM." FOR HER NEW "SIGNATURE" FRAGRANCE, KAMALI ALSO LAYERS: TWO DIFFERENT SCENTS, ONE UPON THE OTHER . . . .

Fashion life isn't all grey these days; and for spring, some designers are working real jolts of bright color. "Bright" in this instance means acidy and hard-edge: everything from a lime-green suit at Geoffrey Beene to Rifat Ozbek's watered-silk bolero jacket. Hot pinks and acidy greens brighten the day in sweaters from Italians Anna Purna and Malo Tricot; Adrienne Vittadini goes to stop-'em dead orange, pink, and chartreuse for cotton knits: her T-shirts, cardigans and small dresses surely stand out . . . . The newsiest accessories around have also turned color—and the sturdy brown leathers of the fall season are lightening up to a whole new world of appealing pales: bags and belts for warm weather may be newly ivory, grey-beige, most-muted green or buttery yellow. Untanned saddle leathers and soft napas make new covered-buckle belts, bucket bags, envelopes, mules, moccasins, even new high heels. Crocodile and ostrich both go creamy pale, paler, palest.

What's new? Diana Vreeland jewels (done in collaboration with Texan Lester Rutledge). And like the famed Ms. Vreeland herself, they're strong, sparkling, fully original: domed black jade rings, hourglass diamond earring drops, pearls aplenty . . . . A jewel, too: Julie Schafler Dale's new book (Abbeville Press), quite appropriately called "Art to Wear": bright testimony from Mrs. Jim Dale about the appeal of art clothing. No one knows it better. NYC's Julie: Artisan's Gallery has been a craft mecca for over ten years . . . Consider fall '87: designers are . . . and they're choosing fabrics. What's coming? Less black and grey by day, new shades of brown and chestnut, lots of woven textures. Crepe is hot; brushed jersey, too. Stretch turns everything around from wool crepe to crepe de Chine.—KATHLEEN MADDEN

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vogue's point of view
december 1986

What's new...and what's even better

Today, a change in approach: what you need determines what you look for as much as anything that's happening in fashion. It isn't always a question of "news," but of what works... and what works best.

Certain things have become accepted... that the kind of dressing you want for day is going to be low-key, straightforward, appropriate. There are changes within this framework—the length and texture of a jacket, the top under a jacket—all of these can shift. But the basic idea stays the same. Where there is a change of mood, where there is a chance for something more offbeat—at night, at home, for leisure, moments that allow for other ways of dressing.

One area for change—any place it's warm, sunny, relaxed. The fact that seasonless/city dressing has become a key part of resort collections doesn't mean there aren't any traditional "resort" clothes. There are times, places when seasonless is not the point—at a beach, on a hot night. For those times, places, different choices—the best of which come into focus this month. And the best is a long way from what it used to be.

The biggest difference—in a word—skirts! If you're looking for "news," this is the place. While designers have been playing around with the idea of separate evening skirts over the past few seasons, this season that idea is taken all the way.

On a warm night, skirts that pull on or sarong wrap and go with a bare tank top or midriff-baring cropped top—longer, softer, charming skirts....For day, skirts that slide over an accompanying bikini, maillot, or body suit—thereby establishing a "system" of dressing, with pieces designed to work together, neatly, efficiently. Always, skirts with movement, genuine flirt. And when you have that kind of skirt, with a small top; a flat, bare sandal—nothing is easier, more inviting.

And where skirts are concerned, the future looks even brighter. In spring collections around the world, a strong skirt emphasis. Not the straight, everyday variety of past years. These new skirts move and swing and hold your interest. For day, it's a shorter skirt worn, most often, with a longer jacket—a look to watch!

Evenings move to a new Latin beat... and skirts are the kick-off. Here, more flounced in shape, more flamboyant in color; the tops, smaller, barer; the accessories more exotic—the biggest gold hoop earrings, giant gold bangles. It's a look you can take as far as you like... Pretty variation: the short, strapless dress, with its bare top, bouffant (crinolined!) skirt. Anywhere you spend evening, it's one of the most romantic ways of dressing.

Where there's color, there's pink... and mauve, dusty rose, fuchsia. Colors that take to sunny skies, warmer climates. And shade a variety of clothes from a jersey suit to the barest tank top to a slithery silk skirt. You wouldn't want a steady diet of pink...but it's an irresistible "break" in a season of navy and white, black and white.

Graphically impressive: stripes—strong, clean, the pattern of choice everywhere, every way...wide stripes on an oversized cardigan...narrow stripes on a silk pyjama or camisole... and there's the promise of more stripes, come spring. As for prints—few and far between. The best—small, city-oriented.

Knits: the success goes on. As an alternate way of day dressing, knit/sweater dressing keeps evolving. What changes: the textures (thin merino wool, shiny rayon/cotton blends); the colors (white, navy and white); and the shapes. There's new ease, new scale to "bigger" cardigans and pullovers...and a new edge to everything else—cut-in tank tops with cropped pull-on knit pants; bare-back dresses. The daytime standards—still—a cardigan over a matching shell and skirt; the ubiquitous turtleneck or crew-neck dress, sometimes with a cardigan to match.

It wouldn't be December without a little dazzle... and the secret to dazzle this month—leaving no stone unturned! In the world of jewelry, what comes across loud and clear—the impact of stones. Semiprecious. Precious. Stones of all sizes, shapes, with a depth of coloring, a quality that sets them apart. So does the way they're worked. Stones embedded in chunky rings...in wide bracelets... singular chokers. Stones set in gold or silver—they lend the season its measure of big-time splendor.

Differences in detail... continue to set up the most interesting fashion changes. It's not the rise and fall of a hemline that attracts you—it's something "smaller," something more intriguing. It's the way the top that goes under a jacket can change the character of a whole look—a clean, collarless, T-shirty top that establishes a certain simplicity and purity of line....It's the way a change in texture—thin rayon crepe or silk taffeta—gives a jacket new life...Or the way a change in color changes the mood of a jersey suit—from a dark-color solid to a pale meld of shades. None of the above—"news" in a headline-making sense; all of them, engaging, attractive differences.

A sense of timing... has never been more important. It's not a being-first-on-your-block-with-the-latest-trend kind of thing. It's having a different fashion sense. It's knowing what works, when...it's having the basics covered and going on from there—meaning, establishing a look for day, a look that doesn't necessarily vary all that much. And then knowing the moments when you want to go for something else, something completely different, out-of-character—to go for the fantasy of evening, the free-spirited style of leisure dressing. In the end, it's what gives fashion its singular beat.

THE FRESCOES OF THE RENAISSANCE. INSPIRED BY FAITH, BEGRIMED FOR YEARS, NOW RESTORED TO THEIR ORIGINAL, LUMINOUS GLORY

By BARBARA ROSE

"Not my profession," wrote Michelangelo, describing fresco painting in a despairing letter to his father in January, 1509. After six months of work on the ceiling of the Vatican's Sistine Chapel, the genius whose name is synonymous with the great achievements of the Renaissance was full of self-doubt. "I am wasting my time fruitlessly," he confided. "God help me." Yet today, so many visitors cram into the great vaulted chamber to marvel at the decorations Pope Julius II commanded Michelangelo to paint, that periodically a voice must announce "silence" to keep the multilingual exclamations of admiration from disturbing the contemplation of God's glory and Michelangelo's genius.

The amplified voice reminds us that our age of mass communication and technology is vastly different from the first decade of the sixteenth century when Michelangelo toiled, painting the sibyls, prophets, and scenes from Genesis that are the subject of the Sistine ceiling. Sci- *(Continued on page 350)*

The quiet nobility of Masaccio's peasant woman and child (detail at left) and the liveliness of a humble background detail (above right)—the splendid rewards of the restoration of the Brancacci Chapel frescoes in Florence.

Details, last pages

REVELATIONS

A

djani!

A revealing focus
captures—in a
series of extraordinary
mood changes—one of the most
beautiful women of our time

These four pages:
makeup,
Laura Mercier; hair,
Madeleine Cofano
for Bruno Dessange,
and Didier Malige
for Jean Louis David.
Details, last pages.

Brigitte Lacombe

Isabelle Adjani . . .
elevating beauty
into fascination,
turning the
tempting into an
object of desire

moods of a woman

By Allison Kyle Leopold

It's a rare woman who hasn't sometimes wished she could give vent to her emotional side in a situation—then quickly recoiled from the idea. In a sense, it's understandable. What is there about the word "mood" as a synonym for emotion, for feeling, that strikes us all as being something of a '60s cliché? Is it that moods (feelings over which we have little or no control)—giving in to them, coping with them, rejecting them—are embarrassing? Is it that the subject has been tossed about so much over the last decade that we really don't know how to react to our moods? Or, is it that, for all the talk, moodiness is still a touchy subject for women. Particularly when control is admired, when rational "boardroom" thinking is very much the name of the game, even mentioning moodiness and women in the same breath seems straying into anti-feminist territory.

Yet emotional highs and lows—"inevitable," say psychiatrists—are an essential part of the human makeup, playing a role in how we take in the world around us, as well as in how we are perceived by others.

So when you ask an actress like Isabelle Adjani, *opposite*, one of the French cinema's most haunting beauties, to play with the concept of moods, as we did, the splendid result: the photographic essay on these four pages, revealing the playful, the pensive, the passionate, the provocative sides of Adjani's beauty.

Calling up different sides of herself for Brigitte Lacombe's camera reveals an Adjani different from the one filmgoers see. One discovers not the perfect beauty of her films—remote, distant —but a loveliness of a freer sort, less controlled, looser, and caught off-guard, a beauty infinitely more touching, elevated into the realm of fascination, from the merely tempting to an object of desire. What this amounts to: that there's no question that "static" beauty, without the inner life that emotions suggest, can be less than satisfying. Pleasing the superficial eye for the moment, it leaves the soul hungry for more.

Moods are provoked by situations, of course, but also by mundane matters—sleep or the lack of it, *(Continued on page 352)*

Brigitte Lacombe

Future perfect,
right: his dramatic
black patent
leather shaped jacket,
the skinniest
wool ankle-zipped
pants, gauntlet gloves.
Saks Fifth Avenue;
Caron Cherry,
Coconut Grove FL;
Claude Montana
Boutique, Beverly Hills.
These pages:
hair, Christophe Carita;
makeup, Insa Luis
Bianco; [illegible]

Montana's modern edge: While other designers are tossing a backward glance at a world of bygone fantasy—at bustles, bustiers, and tulle—one thoroughly modern designer stands out: Claude Montana. Like a sharply focused laser beam, he continues his single-minded linear rush toward the future: toward one solid, strong, distinctive look; one unique signature style that comes through in everything—whether it is his sensuous grey jerseys, his luxurious furs, his hallmark leathers. On these four pages, the essence of Montana, a message that comes across most distinctly in leather: all of it strong-shouldered, leggy, hot!

Guy Bourdin

montana's modern edge:

What's striking, appealing about Montana: the timelessness of his vision. The unusual seasonlessness of his leathers that can be worn in almost endless variations. And the way his clothes define the body: bisecting, creating new proportions, and an unexpected attractiveness. Also, inherent in his style, symbols of a modern age: small heads, assertive shoulders, narrow hips—women as sleek figureheads!

The thoroughly modern mini: right-and b fly front jacket in navy blue leather, black ribbed turtleneck, skinny 3, Brooklyn NY, Sole Jewel, Torie Steele, Dallas; Claude Montana Boutique, Beverly Hills. Details, last pages

G-string, minimalist bra, above, perfect under non-lined knits and jerseys. Details, last pages.

DISTINCTIVELY KAMALI

Changing: The way a woman thinks about clothes and their intended purpose. Emerging: Designer "systems" of dress, based on interchangeable maillots, bikinis, other "pieces" that move from beach to bed to underpinnings. "I've been wearing slips to bed, slips as slips, slips with my bikinis forever," says Norma Kamali, a strong believer in "non-category" clothes. "I like anything that has more than one purpose." On these six pages, her most intriguing "system" yet....

Wayne Maser

Kamali's wear-everywhere-anytime maillot in black jersey with a back belt, draped front, *near right*. OMO Norma Kamali. About $80. Bergdorf Goodman; Blue Angell, Providence RI; Puella, Seattle WA....
A sarong that is just as movable—that can be tied short or long—over anything, *opposite*, in black jersey. OMO Norma Kamali. About $50. Bergdorf Goodman; Jerrie Shop, Cedarhurst NY; Sunsation, Belmar NJ; Magazine, Memphis TN. These six pages: hair, Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Maria de Schneider. Details, last pages, this issue.

Wayne Maser

DISTINCTIVELY KAMALI

The "given" behind Kamali's designs: the thinking of the woman who wears them, who knows a maillot goes from beach to under a skirt, to under trousers—wherever. What gives such a maillot versatility: a "sensual" knit that hugs the body, dries easily, never wrinkles...

A black Antron/Lycra underwire bra and high-cut bottom that could be a swimsuit or under-elements to day dressing, *left*. OMO Norma Kamali. About $56. Bergdorf Goodman; Blue Angell, Providence RI: Chona, North Hampton MA; Knit Wit, Philadelphia PA; Puella, Seattle WA.... The type of easygoing wrap-and-tie pieces Kamali has become known for, *right;* the top that paired with a skirt might become part of an evening look; the bottom, with wrappable side-ties. About $71. OMO Norma Kamali. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC; Debette, Woodbury NY; Sunsation, Belmar NJ; Eleanor Keeshan, Los Angeles CA....*Beauty Note:* When you are baring this much silky smooth skin, *left*—Clarins Body Beauty Lotion. Details, last pages.

Inherent in Kamali's inner/outer wear: a cut, a way to wrap and tie a piece, that appeal directly to the senses. A certain practicality that appeals to an active woman. "Anything that wraps, is easy to throw on, is uncomplicated—works," says Kamali....

DISTINCTIVELY KAMALI

Wayne Maser

SABLE

GOING FOR THE GOLD!

On these eight pages: A new look at sable, long regarded as the luxurious of furs, thanks to its scarcity, is also the ... yet light as a feather. . . and long considered the ... darkest coloration and its longest, most sweeping ... a range of golden sable-styled ... always with the ... thus ... nds the shoulder ... golden sable ... Tonia ... Tom ... Tom ... Tom

SABLE

GOING FOR THE GOLD!

Within the range of pale sables—whether beige or amber or albino light—the most sought after have a bluish ground readily apparent here. Case in point, *left*: Calvin Klein Furs' knockout—a big, notch-collared, dolman-sleeved coat of lush natural Russian golden sable that swings and swirls just above the knee. Bergdorf Goodman.

...And *right*: A new twist—sable as enveloping as a big sweater-top. Claude Montana's natural Russian golden sable jacket that hooks in the back, wraps at the neck with an attached muffler, flares out at the bottom. For Birger Christensen. Bergdorf Goodman; Saks Jandel, Chevy Chase MD and Washington DC; Neiman-Marcus. Details, last pages.

SABLE

GOING FOR THE GOLD!

More of the news: of sable in a pale golden shade—the color of the season, and the paler, the better; of sable in styles that range from unexpected to the more familiar. In the classic tradition, *left*, Saks Jandel's big, long, glorious polo coat with deep patch pockets, a self-tie belt, in natural Russian golden sable. Saks Jandel Designs, Chevy Chase MD and Washington DC... *Right*: Grosvenor Canada's inventive—charming—treatment: a natural Canadian golden sable jacket, with wide sleeves to turn back, a perfect mid-thigh length to let fall or belt over skirts or pants, day or night. The Fur Galleria, Cedarhurst NY; Thomas E. McElroy Furs, Chicago; Bensky Furs, Little Rock AR; The Fur Centre, St. Louis and Kansas City MO; Koslow's Furs, Dallas and Houston TX; Edwards-Lowell, Beverly Hills. Details, last pages.

Wayne Maser

Always appealing,
always the most celebrated
sable around: deep,
dark sable—and the best
of the best is from Russia.
From Adolfo, *near right*:
A long, swaggering
polo coat of natural Russian
Barguzin sable. For
Louis Milona. Lord & Taylor;
Gilbert Kay Furs, Memphis TN;
Alaskan Fur Company,
Kansas City MO and
Overland Park KS; Bullock's;
Foerester Furs, Seattle WA.
To order at Duplers Furs, Denver....
Far right: Another sensation—
Donna Karan New York's
big, beautiful cascade-collared
coat of natural Russian
sable. For Birger Christensen.
Bergdorf Goodman.
(P.S. In case you're worried—
we photographed these
pages in warm weather;
the photographer's baby
daughter, Zoë, was more
comfortable than the model.)
Details, last pages.

Wayne Maser

SABLE

GOING ALL THE WAY!

It's that time of year. The time for special delights; when everything's larger-than-life . . . and more romantic. On these pages, in the festive setting of Maxim's in New York City—champagne, soft lights, special moments. And—extraordinary gem stones: super sized, in sensuous shapes, rich, unexpected colors; stones used in unusual, creative ways; stones embedded in rings, bracelets, necklaces . . . in other stones . . . .

This page: A backward glance. The stones: two unfaceted emeralds (their combined weight 320 carats) with ruby-and-diamond tips, on an 18k gold and diamond chain. From Fred Leighton, NYC . . . .And, *opposite*, Cartier's earring, with their flower motif on the ear; a drop of diamonds, rubies, emeralds. These pages, hair, Sam McKnight of La Coupe, NY; Gad Cohen, Gad Studio, NYC; makeup, Marie-Josée Lafontaine for Trish McEvoy, Rumiko; Kevyn Aucoin. Details, see last pages of this issue.

Andrea Bianch

ROMANCING THE STONES

Expect the unexpected. The uncommon. *Opposite*: Paloma Picasso's gem-of-a-box in 18k gold with a yellow citrine embedded in a melon-shaped pale purple amethyst. For Tiffany & Co. . . . *Above*: Whispered secrets. Intriguing. Captivating. In a season of uncommon color stones: pink! Bulgari's necklace—five magnificent pink tourmalines on 18k-gold links. Bulgari at the Hotel Pierre, NYC. . . . And, in an inspired mix, Marina B's earrings —a pink tourmaline-and-diamond top; a black onyx dangle; a cushion-y amethyst tipped in blue topaz. Marina B., NYC. . . . *Left*: All you need is the right chemistry. An oval ruby of incredible richness and depth surrounded by pavé diamonds in a ring of 18k gold. From David Webb. . . . Also Webb's, the octagonal bands on the pinky; one rubies in 18k gold, the other diamonds in platinum . . . to stack, wear singly. David Webb, NYC; Houston; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Details, last pages.

Andrea Blanch

ROMANCING THE STONES

A startling encounter. *Opposite:* For their warmth and richness, Mikimoto's cultured pearls: one strand with a Deco diamond/platinum/pearl tassel; the others ranging from 16" to 40" in length; all exquisitely matched. Mikimoto, NYC. . . . *Left:* Laughter, lights, A fantasy in hand. Glorious cabochon emeralds, distinguished by their glowing color, size, varied shapes; set with diamonds in platinum, 18k gold rings from David Webb. David Webb, NYC; Houston; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. . . . *Below:* Suddenly the evening's filled with promise. By Barry Kieselstein-Cord, 18k green-gold bracelets with varied precious and semi-precious stones. Barry Kieselstein-Cord Salon at Bergdorf Goodman. The place this photograph; Cafe Luxembourg, NYC. For details, see last pages.

Andrea Bianch

THE NEW SIZZLE

[illegible] from necking [illegible] new day/night looks. A [illegible] of [illegible] highly colored, [illegible] shimmer strength of the season.... Symbol of the season, Giorgio di Sant'Angelo's basic plus dressing on these four pages. All simply genius, vividly cultured, incredibly versatile, even easy to pack. The smallest piece, *right*, a spandex "tanga" or thong.... Another basic *opposite*, a multifunctional spandex tube [illegible]

di Sant'Angelo Resort Wear. The [illegible] about $50. Blanket, about $140. Sunnys New York shimmer and [illegible] to order), Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; John Baldwin, St. Petersburg FL. Ultima, Chicago; Polly Adams, Carmel TX, to order at Jonas Shades, Culver City CA. Hiro and the rest (wet pages) for Bruno Wrapa for Jean Louis David, makeup, Marc Schaffer. Beauty Note: Mommy moves in neon/hot weather makeup, the prettiest pale lip color, Opposite, Chanel's sheer Tender Gold. Details, last pages.

THE NEW SIZZLE . . . ONE PIECE LEADS TO ANOTHER

More of Giorgio di Sant'Angelo's wonderful system of dressing. Here, the spandex tube again, lending itself to a play of brilliant color blocks; an infinite variety of uses, looks. You see the smallest one, *this page*, twisted into a tiny bandeau. With it, a longer tube as a mini skirt over a bikini bottom. . . *Inset:* Three tubes in different colors, voilà—a short, strapless sundress. . . . *Opposite:* The tube as a one-shoulder top plus another tube "shirred" (with the fingers) to reveal a thong. . . . And, *opposite inset:* the bare-midriff dress for dancing at night—three tubes and a full, floaty silk chiffon skirt. Giorgio di Sant'Angelo Resort Wear. Tanga, about $55. Orange tube, about $55. Purple and fuchsia tubes, about $75 each. Skirt, about $535. Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; John Baldwin, St. Petersburg FL; Ultimo, Chicago; Polly Adams, Laredo TX. To order at Barneys New York; Jona, Studio City CA. . . . *Beauty Note:* More potent color: Estée Lauder's Gilded Rose blusher, *opposite*. Details, see last pages.

THE NEW
SIZZLE...
SKIRTS,
SKIRTS,
SKIRTS!

It's not that you don't usually see separate skirts in a resort season. It's that you rarely see this many skirts, and rarely with this much impact, this much charm. Skirts that are fuller, more decorative, like the one by Fernando Sanchez, *opposite*, in white cotton satin printed in a black pattern outside, black stripes inside. Just add a black silk jersey body suit, bare sandals.. Skirt, about $400. Body suit about $130. Bergdorf Goodman; Night Gallery, Chapel Hill and Raleigh NC; Roz & Sherm, Birmingham MI; Barbara Newman at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Boudoir, Scottsdale AZ and Newport Beach CA; [illegible]arry, Seattle WA. . . . Another crisp, cool, but clearly flirty look, *this page*: Byblos' skirt—straight and striped to below the hip, flaring out in white poplin from there and worn with the tiniest cotton top. Skirt, about $270. Top, about $65. Charivari, NYC; Tootsies, Houston; Poupee, Palo Alto CA; Theodore, Beverly Hills; Ron Ross, Tarzana CA. Hair, Odile for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Marc Schaeffer. Details, more stores, last pages.

King

THE NEW SIZZLE... CHANGING SHAPES

Casual dressing shapes up in a new way, with a new [illegible] and pleasure on.
Opposite, far left: A super-sized T-shirt and long strel[illegible] skirt that wrap[illegible] and ties on with a belt. Joan Vass, USA. Top, about $98. Skirt, about $70; Henri Bendel; Joan Vass, N.O. New Orleans LA; Neiman-Marcus. . And from Nanna Gigli, left, the new proportion of a knee-length cotton cardigan over a short-sleeved shirt and narrow leggings. Cardigan, about $640; shirt, about $150; leggings, about $200; Bergdorf Goodman, Suzy, Great Neck NY; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL.
This page: A generously scaled, tunic-length sweater, with almost-sheer leggings, from Fermuda Pomadora. Sweater, about $190; leggings, about $136. Lord Bag at Charivari, NYC; Dress Circle, Pittsburgh PA. Here, the next four pages: hair, Odile for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Marc Schaeffer. Details, more stores, last pages.

THE NEW
SIZZLE...
WITH A
LATIN BEAT
AT NIGHT

Instant impact, when you're standing still, sensational when you're dancing, Donna Karan's way with the Latin look, *this page*. A whirling mid-calf skirt in carousel colors, over a cotton body suit with a V-neck. Donna Karan New York. Skirt, about $780. Body suit, about $105. Bloomingdales; Charles Sumner, Boston and Chestnut Hill MA; Lois Gean's, Magnolia AR; I. Magnin; Liberty House of Hawaii....

Adding to the free-spirited feeling, *opposite*: the largest gold earring; big, bold, one-of-a-kind bracelets. Earrings, Detail Accessories. Large bracelets, Richard Minadeo. Rope bracelet, Accessory Resource Gallery....*Beauty Note*: Emphasizing the Latin look, *opposite*, eyes dramatized with Revlon's Midnight Plum eyeshadow, Black Plum liner. Details, last pages.

THE NEW
SIZZLE...
WITH
A LATIN
BEAT
AT
NIGHT

Jean Pagliuso

Sisterhood is overwhelming

The Best Actress race could be neck-and-neck-and-neck—with Jessica Lange (left), Diane Keaton (center), and Sissy Spacek (right) playing sisters in "Crimes of the Heart," directed by Bruce Beresford from Beth Henley's Pulitzer prize-winning play. Due this month, it stars Keaton as the spinsterish Lenny; Lange as the beauty with Hollywood dreams; and Spacek as Babe, who shot her hubby because she "didn't like his stinkin' looks."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

'86-'87

The hot new stars. The best and worst. The overrated and underrated. Trends, hype, and some wishful thinking.

the best & worst of everything

The Best News in Cinema Sex:
Paul Newman and Tom Cruise in *The Color of Money*, Scorsese's update of *The Hustler*. Not since Newman and Redford defined male bonding in *Butch Cassidy* has healthy maleness been so riveting, vulnerable (they both need and like women), without being neurotic. Newman, his face carved by the gifts of aging, looks as aristocratic as a Michelangelo; Tom Cruise, who moves better than any other American actor, has a grin that could eat Manhattan. This is truly sex for all ages.

The Worst New Celebrities:
Ron Reagan, Jr.
Sydney Biddle Barrows

The Best Rumor about the British Royal Family:
That Queen Elizabeth said Mrs. Thatcher "lacked compassion"

The Worst Moment in Ethics:
Listed as a screenwriter of Blake Edwards's new film, *That's Life!*, Milton Wexler is also the director's psychoanalyst. Normal people might argue that such a collaboration is a breach of professional ethics; others might argue, "What's normal?"

The Best New Talk Show Host:
Max Headroom, cable TV's computer-generated man for all seasons, combines the toothy smarm of Donahue, the mock innocence of Carson, and the pretentiousness of Cavett. Then again, anyone who can use the word "alopecia" in a song lyric is someone to reckon with.

The Worst Idea for a Museum:
A nuclear missile silo in Arizona

The Best Idea in a New Magazine:
Spy's column "Letters to the Editor of *The New Yorker*"

The Worst Aspect of the 'Sixties Revival:
The Monkees

The Best News in Comfort: Flats

The Worst New Food:
The Dove Bar

The Best New Food: The Dove Bar

(Continued on page 353)

Jim Varriale

robert lindsay —the only light on b'way

In August, when Robert Lindsay opened in the musical *Me and My Girl*, a fluffy London import, nobody had ever heard of the thirty-seven-year-old British actor. After one performance, nobody hadn't heard of him. Here was the new Fred Astaire, the new Gene Kelly, the new Jimmy Cagney, but with a resounding sexual buzz.

This one-man show ("God forbid") is quick to put his five-month-old legend in perspective. Of all unlikely things, the American lust for celebrity doesn't sit easily with him: "It's wonderful to be the toast of the town and to go unrecognized on the street." He sees it like this: "There are actors with a small 'a' who are publicity seekers, and there are actors with a capital 'A' who just want to work." For the record, that's Actor Robert Lindsay.

Details, last pages

the ratings game

OVERRATED	UNDERRATED
Sue ("The Good Mother") Miller	*Ellen ("Drunk with Love") Gilchrist*
Caribbean and Tex-Mex food	*Sandwiches: steak & potatoes*
"Miami Vice"	*"The Equalizer"*
Going out	*Staying home*
Exercise	*Naps*
Spas	*Convents*
Sean Penn	*Rodney Dangerfield*
"The New York Times"	*"USA Today"*
"Downtown" (art, clubs, attitudes)	*Out-of-town (art, theater, attitudes)*
The Hamptons	*Jones Beach*
High-tech fabrics	*Leather*
Celibacy	*Kissing*
Sade	*Dinah Washington*
Washington DC	*Chicago*
Perrier	*Water*
White wine	*Scotch*
Therapy	*Manners*
Milan furniture fair	*L.L. Bean snowshoe chairs*
Harvard	*Columbia*

The William Hood Dunwoody Fund, Minneapolis Institute of Arts

A tip of our chapeau *to Matisse, whose joyful genius is lighting up Washington DC's National Gallery. (See "Talking About Art," page 84.) Above, "White Plumes" of 1919.*

steve martin: dumb movie, smart move

Steve Martin didn't tell jokes like other comedians; *he* was the joke. Wearing bunny ears and bellowing, "Well, exCUUSE ME!" was funny, but the idea of it was funnier. He was a dopey surrealist, a cross between Jerry Lewis and Marcel Duchamp.

Martin claims his live performing career is over ("I couldn't say 'I'm a wild and crazy guy' again"), and this month, two of his three new films will open. In *Three Amigos*, which he sees as a "big, dumb movie," he and fellow *Saturday Night Live* alumni Martin Short and Chevy Chase play silent film actors who get caught in a little trouble south of the border; in *Little Shop of Horrors*, he's a demented dentist.

"Since *All of Me*," Martin says, "the pot has been boiling in my head. I don't know exactly how, but the work is changing." The evidence may be *Roxanne*, his take on *Cyrano de Bergerac*, due out next spring. For the first time, he is taking solo writing credit. "I hope, through comedies like this, to touch people in a deeper way," he says. "It will also let me bring all of those nose jokes up-to-date."

Details last pages

Herb Ritts

Paulina's progress

Supermodel Paulina Porizkova, who made her acting debut in a Cars video directed by actor Timothy Hutton, has been thumbing her nose at TV and movie offers, until now. Recently the Czech refugee (who reads Balzac for fun) has been moonlighting as an actress in a low-budget film called "Anna." According to one of her fellow actors, Paulina has a real gift for improvisation, and insisted on working without makeup. Take that, Cybill Shepherd.

Bert Stern

vienna 1900 rocks on

Austrian rock star Falco calls the tune of this year's cultural fashion with his up-tempo dance hit "Vienna Calling." After a refrain of "Hello, Vienna calling. . . ," he intones, "Every mother should know danger is back, is back in town." Certainly, America's fascination with the capital of *Schlag* and Sachertorte reflects our fascination with danger, with turn-of-the-century decadence and perversity. But our identification with Vienna goes no further than titillation by association. Thinking about all that Vienna signifies gives us a *frisson* of excitement, but never exposes us to real change, real violence.

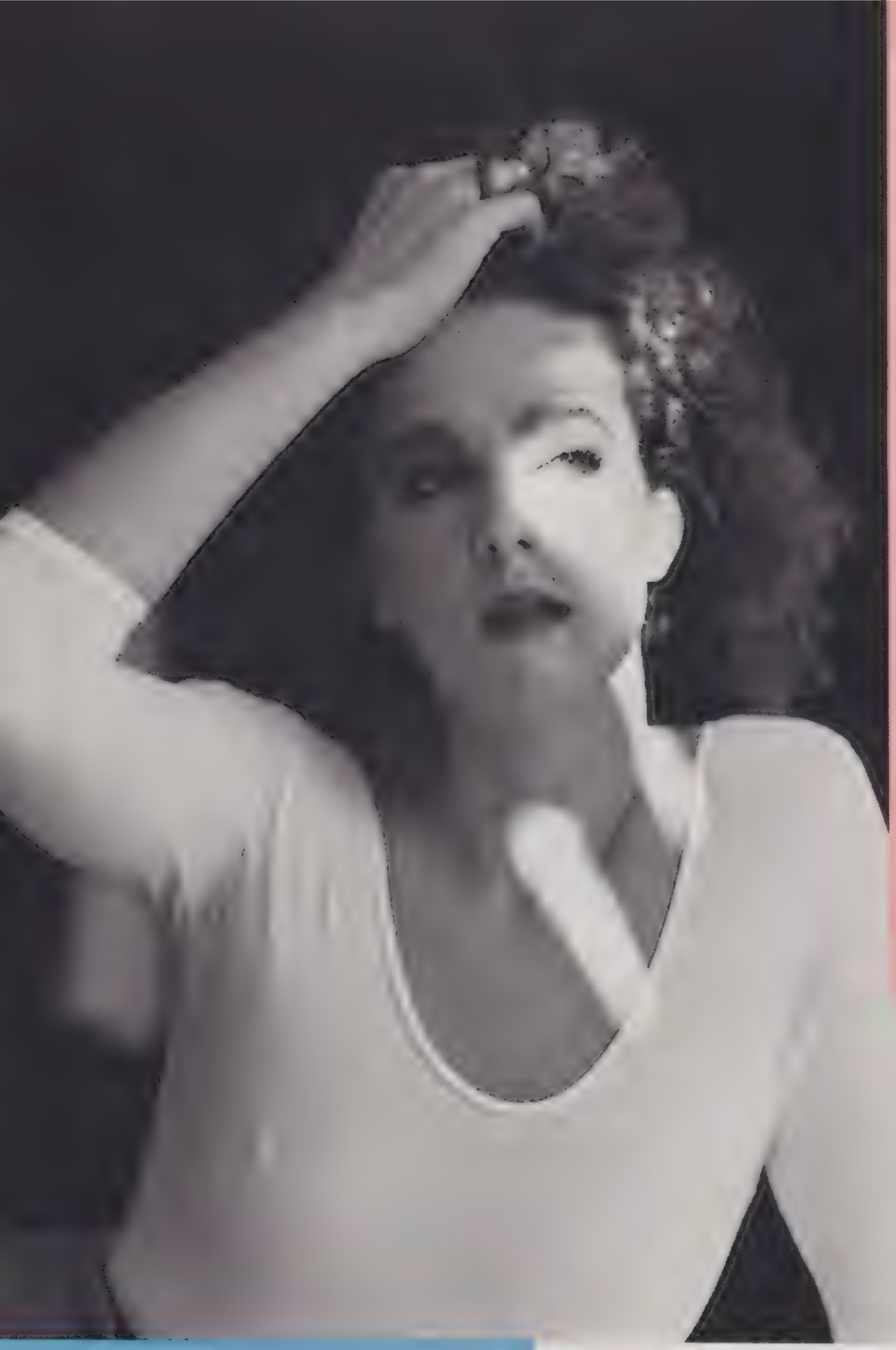
In New York City, the Museum of Modern Art's most-talked-about show of the year, *Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture & Design*, was essentially a celebration of exquisite home furnishings, notwithstanding the inclusion of Klimt's gorgeous paintings and Schiele's and Kokoschka's anguished ones. The reactionary and potentially fascistic ideas of order and total art that spawned much of this work were for the most part glossed over if not ignored.

Choreographer Martha Clarke's standing-room-only theater-dance piece *Vienna: Lusthaus (above)* suggested the apocalypse and left us there. Her dancers were engaged and alienated, dressed in caricature and stark naked. She showed us a connection between sex and death, lust and power, but then what? Being shocked out of complacency seemed to be the answer rather than the question.

This liberation of zeitgeist and cultural artifacts from their context glorifies their form and trivializes their intellectual and emotional content. We have romanticized Viennese cultural history for our own entertainment, and Austria elected Kurt Waldheim president.

For lack of any compelling point of view that illuminates the meanings of Viennese culture (and which might, by extension, offer insight into our own), we look for thrills to put us in touch with the reality of mortality. As Falco, the Austrian minstrel of the nuclear age, tells us, "Rock on, neo-rockers, rock on."

Drew Carolan



some things that didn't survive the year

The Morning News was canceled by CBS.
Sodomy was canceled by the U.S. Supreme Court.
John McEnroe may be a great father, but he lost his edge as a tennis player.
NASA was guilty of hubris.
Broadway theater had its dullest season ever.
Trendy fruits went the way of the kiwi.
Madonna's acting career stalled with *Shanghai Surprise*—but it may pick up with her next, *Slammer*.
Texas seemed less glamorous than California.
Pay equity met with a Congressional cold shoulder.
Tax shelters disappeared in the new "reforms."
MTV began to look as bland as *American Bandstand*.
Geraldine Ferraro was relegated to herstory after her husband's and son's brushes with scandal.
Coke lost face to Pepsi in the great cola war.

some things are eternal

Italian food
Loafers (not necessarily Italian)
French bread
French kissing
Greek tragedy
Greek tycoons
German beer

Brigitte Lacombe

a stinging new presence

Her aim is steady, and her sting is deep. *About Last Night*. . ., the film that introduced Elizabeth Perkins, proved that much. Perkins is all of twenty-six, but not to be confused with the rest of the brat pack. Bicoastal flitting isn't her game: she spent her childhood on "a gentleman's farm" in Vermont, studied acting in Chicago, performed at the Steppenwolf Theatre.

These days she's one of that breed known as "the New York actress"—tempted by films (*From the Hip* is her next), wanting to be on the Broadway stage. Either way, we can't lose.

dennis hopper: sympathy for the devil

Sucking greedily on a patch of velvet from Isabella Rossellini's bathrobe, or on the ether he gulps to get high before sex and murder, Dennis Hopper in *Blue Velvet* is this year's most enthralling fiend. A Hollywood dropout for a dozen years, Hopper, now fifty, is back—full of danger, uproar, a man who plays cat-and-mouse with chaos. (He's also clean-shaven and clean-living as a monk.) Critics named him Best Actor at the Montreal Film Festival for *Velvet*. A book of his photos, *Out of the Sixties*, was published this fall. He has no less than seven films out—in four, he plays a psychopath and/or substance abuser. His fans are snapping up cassettes of *Easy Rider*, to see him streak across the cruel South, giving the finger to everyone he deems worthy. And he's got his next film, *Black Widow*: "Debra Winger's an IRS agent," says Hopper. "Theresa Russell is a woman whose husbands keep disappearing. I, unfortunately, play her second husband," he says, twitching his anarchic eyebrows.

Details, last pages.

Jim Varriale

people were talking about

Here are some trends that have *had* their fifteen minutes of fame—fifteen minutes that seemed like fifteen *years*. We say, enough already...

The Nerd Esthetic
Teen movies
Rap music
Market research
Nighttime soaps
Over-developed bodies
Princess Turn und Taxis
The Marcoses
Lobby mania, Post-Modernism's last resort
The club scene
First novels by people under thirty
Food writing

wishful thinking

Trends are fun, but here's what we'd *really* like...

Universal day care
A four-day work week
Free daily massage
Real tax reform
Quiet restaurants
Quality TV
A birth-control pill for men
Five percent mortgages
Less pressure
More space
More light
More air
The end of terrorism
Escape
A cure for AIDS
A solution to the problem of the homeless

trendology: the new trend

"There is a trend toward watching trends," says Faith Popcorn, chairman and CEO of BrainReserve Inc., who specializes in doing just that. "It's fun to observe ourselves—we're all Russell Bakers—and it's a way of distancing ourselves from what's happening. We don't want to think that the world's about to blow up; since we can't influence the government, we want to control our own little bodies, our own very narrow environment."

What other trends has Ms. Popcorn observed? "People will feel the pressure of money more and try to care about it less. The money pressure is cracking people. And talk about cracking people, crack and cocaine are a definite response to this pressure of money—wanting to feel good even if it's only for a minute. People want to feel in power.

"What's hopeful is that some people are taking something close by into their own hands. They see a person on the street; they give him money. It's much more direct. They don't believe in government. So they're doing something on their own. It's not unlike single parenting—you just go and adopt a child, on your own."

the endangered list

Here are a few things that are about to go the way of the $50 haircut:

The $75 haircut
Abortion
Feminism
Sex
The middle class
Access to education
Counterculture
Air travel
Psychiatrists
Young liberals
Old liberals (like the Supreme Court)
People Express

the trends in crime

According to *Crimewarps: The Future of Crime in America* (Anchor/Doubleday), by Georgette Bennett, Ph.D., these are ten trends in crime:

* Chances of being a victim of street crime will decline.
* In the years 2000-2025, sex crimes by the elderly will increase.
* Look for more military espionage in the future.
* Medical quackery, especially bogus cancer cures, will increase.
* More women will turn to part-time prostitution to supplement their incomes.
* Marijuana and cocaine will be decriminalized to accommodate their middle-class users.
* A lot of court cases will be diverted into neighborhood arbitration centers.
* Bug detectors and voice scramblers for phones will become household appliances.
* Fewer people will die at the hands of an enraged woman.
* Middle-class use of pornography will increase.

the seductive cathy tyson

First things first: Cathy Tyson is *not* Cicely Tyson's niece, as was reported for a while, although the misunderstanding makes a kind of sense. The press has a habit of seizing on coincidence to explain the magical appearance of a radiant new star.

In *Mona Lisa*, Neil Jordan's *noir* version of "The Frog Prince," Cathy plays Simone, a haughty, enigmatic London call girl with a head for business and a sense of irony where the heart of gold used to be. "Being cheap is one thing," she tells her smitten chauffeur (Bob Hoskins), before luring him into a sordid mission. "Looking cheap is something else."

Tyson—whose creamy mocha skin, faintly Eurasian features, regal posture, and purring voice make her as romantic, and mysterious, as the Nat King Cole song that underscores the film—is anything but enigmatic herself. She's a charming chatterbox with enormous curiosity. What she does have in common with Simone is that at twenty-one she's leaped gracefully to the top of her profession.

After almost casually deciding to study acting ("I thought it was fun"), Tyson debuted at the Everyman Theatre in her hometown of Liverpool, appeared on British TV, and joined the Royal Shakespeare Company in 1984.

Recently Tyson was back with the R.S.C., playing the leading man's mistress in *Mephisto*. And while her bedazzled fans eagerly await her next film project, the down-to-earth new star admits, "I'd love to be a camerawoman."

Details, last pages.

Richard Corman

work trends

"Powerful forces are working against the perceived trend that women are leaving the workplace and going home," says Sherry Turkle, associate professor of sociology at MIT and the author of *The Second Self* (Simon and Schuster). "It is true that many women are disappointed about their lives in large organizations. They feel frustrated and angry when they reach the 'glass ceiling,' that place in a corporation they can't seem to rise above. And since they didn't grow up learning how to use their anger, to mobilize their anger into assertive, *effective* behavior, the impulse to flee is strong. But living out that impulse is another thing entirely, particularly for women who have experienced the gratifications and rewards of advanced education and of work. They may get discouraged, even depressed, but we can't underestimate their resiliency: if they 'take their distance' for a while, it will be only to regroup, to mobilize their feelings of betrayal into effective action.

"An analogy you often hear is that women are returning *(Continued on page 352)*

future hype

America's greatest art form may be public relations; surely this past summer's Statue of Liberty celebration was a weekend-long commercial for the U.S. of A. What do we have to look forward to?

September 17, 1987—The Bicentennial of the Constitution

The 1988 Olympics

The reopening of Ellis Island

The America's Cup (a chance to redeem ourselves after a humiliating defeat by the Aussies in 1983)

1992—the 500th Anniversary of Columbus's discovery of the Americas (The Niña, Pinta, and Santa María are being rebuilt; various Caribbean islands are already arguing about where Columbus landed first.)

The year 2000

The year 2001

dressed to dance

A celebration of the romance —

and sheer fun—of getting all dolled up

for the most fabulous parties ever

Frank Sinatra would sing, "Hey there, cutes! Put on your dancing boots and come dance with me!" and men and women would get up from their tables and take to the floor, the men in their dinner jackets, the women in dresses that dipped and swayed to the beat of the music. From the court of Louis XIV to the discotheques of the 'sixties, from the waltz to the twist, the clothes that people have worn for kicking up their heels are on display in *Dance*, an exhibition opening December 16 at the Costume Institute of NYC's Metropolitan Museum of Art, and organized by Ms. Diana Vreeland, special consultant to the Institute.

These are clothes that enlivened their times—knee-baring chemises in the frenzied spirit of the Charleston or the twist, *fatale* dresses suitable to the tango, wide sweeping gowns made for waltzing. One room is devoted to the *bal masqué*, evoking the lore of some of the greatest parties in history: the balls given by Louis XV, which he attended with an entourage dressed in costumes identical to his, so that no one could tell who was the king; couturier Paul Poiret's fantastical 1911 "1,002 Nights"; Baroness Guy de Rothschild's Proust ball at Ferrières, in 1971. There is one room for debutantes and chaperones, who gather on the dance floor's sidelines; another for the waltz, celebrated in the gowns of the 'fifties. The long gallery, designated the "cloakroom," has been given over to evening coats—a genre that simply doesn't exist anymore, according to Katell le Bourhis, the exhibition's coordinator, who laments the lack of recent pieces comparable to Balenciaga's pink ottoman Kabuki coat, Doucet's fur-trimmed goldcloth coat, or Schiaparelli's black silk-velvet cape emblazoned with a sequined chariot drawn by five horses—all in the show.

It is practically impossible not to envy the women who lived in eras when they had occasion to wear Christian Dior's strapless white satin broché gown strewn with raised black velvet carnations, or his black organza dress, the skirt striped vertically with twisted bands of black horsehair ribbon; Balenciaga's red velvet toreador jacket embellished with black passementerie; Charles James's pleated rose silk taffeta gown with the skirt gathered into a swag at one side; Jacques Fath's black velvet and pearl-white satin gown, with mink thistles on the bodice. The women who wore these dresses, one imagines, knew how to have a good time.

Does the latest fashion inspire the newest dance craze, or vice versa? The chicken or the egg? On the basis of this exhibition, it seems clear that the urge to get all dressed up and the urge to go dancing are, somewhere in the depths of our collective psyche, closely intertwined. "Pretty face! I know a swinging place, come on, dance with me. Romance with me on a crowded floor. . . ." The fox trot, the waltz, the rhumba, the tango, and even the twist were courtship rituals that inspired men and women to ingenious, elaborate, elegant lengths, all in the name of a particular brand of fun that, in its way, has yet to be surpassed.

—HOLLY BRUBACH

Words by Sammy Cahn. Music by James Van Heusen. © 1959 by Maraville Music Corp

1950s

SAVE ME A WALTZ: Charles James's designs for dancing— left, a flowing chartreuse velvet and ivory silk taffeta [gift of Marietta Tree]; and right, a strapless rose silk taffeta gown [gift of Eleanor Searle Whitney McCollum).

Sheila Metzner

dressed to
DANCE

1960s

***STYLE WITH A TWIST**: left, Norman Norell's fringed and sequined silk sheath (gift of Tammy Grimes), and right, Geoffrey Beene's mini with ostrich feather skirt (gift of the designer). Shades of the Peppermint Lounge!*

Sheila Metzner

THE OASIS

SAINT LAURENT

At this time each year,
Yves Saint Laurent finds himself drawn
to the languor of Marrakesh
and the fantasies of Villa Majorelle
BY JOAN JULIET BUCK

Lured by the rustle of papyrus and the still water of the lily pond, Yves Saint Laurent, Pierre Bergé and their guests gravitate to the Indian-inspired gazebo—wicker chairs, bowls of olives await them.

Plaisir des yeux!'' the merchants of Marrakesh shout in the *souk*. ''Delight your eyes! Come in and take a look, just a look!'' But the delights the market affords the eyes are common pleasures compared to the Villa Majorelle on the edge of the Palm Oasis, the house that is Yves Saint Laurent's and Pierre Bergé's Moroccan retreat.

Villa Majorelle is like a story told at varying pitch, in a variety of languages: secret rooms and open spaces, archways lined with beehive crimps, fretted plasterwork, mosaics, pattern laid upon pattern to dizzying effect. The house unfolds at the rhythm of *(Continued on page 309)*

Villa Majorelle boldly plays water against heat, openness against confinement, rooms that soothe against rooms that overwhelm the senses. The foyer, above, is cooled by a green marble floor and a palette that recalls the 1920s colors associated with Jacques Majorelle. In the ''red study,'' right, the mood quickly changes, with kilim upholstery, inlaid Syrian tables, and painted woodwork calculated to dazzle and disorient. But respite comes again, left, at a courtyard fountain.

Marianne Haas

THE OASIS

SAINT LAURENT

(Continued) the bare foot, loud and fast, quiet and slow, in a vocabulary of shapes that is unfamiliar to the Western eye. Read like a book, it reveals flash-forwards through grilles to the garden, puns, pastiches, climaxes of color, and trick endings, all of which become logical upon careful rereading and a conscientious use of footnotes.

To help tame the unfamiliar shapes, one must consult Mr. André Paccard's unique encyclopedia of Arab architecture: The beehive arches are known as *mouqarnas*, the mosaic walls as *zelliges*, the sculpted plasterwork as *gebs*, the painted wooden walls as *zouaq*. If the Villa Majorelle were a typical Arab palace, each room could be explained with *zouaq*, *zelliges*, and *gebs*. But it is not. What seems to be a Maharajah's palace juts out from one side; a tea pavilion, or *minzah*, on the roof seems a setting right out of Bangkok; and on the large lily pond, among a throng of agitated frogs, there sits a gazebo inspired by India with a roof that recalls Japan. This house is an encyclopedia of the Orient.

Yves Saint Laurent and Pierre Bergé, his close friend and business partner, have had houses in Marrakesh for the last twenty years. The first, by the *medina* (the old, walled town), was a modest, enclosed structure called the House of the Serpent; it now belongs to Fernando *(Continued on page 311)*

Arab arts and crafts—timeless, and also very much alive: Modern craftsmen rendered the arch, or "mouqarna," and mosaic fountain, this page, top, to the designs of architect Bill Willis. The arch is virtually indistinguishable from an old one in the "green," or "colonial," sitting room, facing page. Standing guard in its mirrored alcove are nineteenth-century French Moors draped with amber beads, and a pair of nineteenth-century English chairs that come from another colonial world—India. Languor seems in the air everywhere, even in the gazebo, near left —the room without walls.

THE OASIS

SAINT LAURENT

(Continued) Sanchez. The next was in the garden of the Villa Majorelle: a comfortable place with plaster walls rubbed smooth (*tetlach*), big sofas, and beds canopied in wool. Ten years ago, Saint Laurent and Bergé decided to buy the Villa Majorelle itself.

It has become customary for Saint Laurent, who was born in Oran, Algeria, to retire to Marrakesh for the month of November, Christmas, and late winter. The influence North Africa has had on his work is profound: the shapes and colors of the Atlas Mountains reappear at intervals in his collections, his rebellion against the slate-blue propriety of Paris.

But then North Africa has long been an emblem of sunshine and freedom for the French. In the nineteenth century, much of North Africa was occupied by France, and these colonies served its artists and writers as the privileged place of the imagination. Flaubert's journeys*(Continued on page 348)*

In a sitting room, facing page, the "underwater" feeling visualized by Saint Laurent: mauve-blue walls, a green marble floor, a mosaic dado in foamy colors, and frothy plasterwork in abundance. The painstaking crafts known as "zelliges" (mosaics) and "gebs" (sculpted plaster) are best appreciated in the detail, near left; Turkish water jug is from the nineteenth century. Color is exploited both inside and outside this house, above, which seems to move slightly during even the stillest afternoon. The inspiration for so many of these colors: the distant peaks of the Atlas Mountains, below, which bare themselves to winter visitors like Saint Laurent and Bergé, then disappear each spring.

Marianne Haas

THE OASIS

SAINT LAURENT

Saint Laurent's tribute to Matisse: the powerful shade of blue that appears and reappears throughout the house—in a door and handrail, above, in the cushions of rope chairs, right, by Jean-Michel Frank. In the corner of this pavilion, or "minzah," atop the house: a desk that once belonged to Madeleine Vionnet

Madeleine Haas

THE KNIT EXPLOSI

Now: a new side, a new appeal to knit dressing. In an effort to provide the kinds of clothes women need—clothes that work—a new "generation" of knit designers (largely women) has come up with very desirable options: attractive, affordable, soft-and-easy day dressing; fashion that's accessible (prices are within reach) and readily available. On these eight pages, a new season's knits—in lighter weights, lighter colors, different shapes...and a look at a designer whose clothes fit the bill perfectly—Adrienne Vittadini

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A PASSION FOR KNITS: ADRIENNE VITTADINI

An Interview by Elsa Klensch

A passion for knits coupled with an innate sense of what the modern woman wants makes Adrienne Vittadini a vital force in fashion today.

When she started her company seven years ago, she had a definite goal in mind: to dress women in affordable clothes that, being knits, were as comfortable as they were fashionable.

It worked. Women loved the concept. And Adrienne Vittadini's business has expanded every year.

In addition to her "main" collection, she now has a "sport" collection (with both weekend and work clothes), a "petite" collection (combining elements of the above), swimwear (for Cole), and, for this resort season, a new line of dresses. She's also ventured into the world of accessories with a new scarf collection. While Vittadini uses some wovens, suedes, and leathers, at least 90 percent of the pieces in her collections have always been knits and that's how she means to keep it.

Each of the collections has a certain fresh appeal—a boldness of shape, color, or pattern; a feeling of modernity that is uniquely Adrienne Vittadini.

Also uniquely Vittadini: a charming, shy manner that's more European than American (she came to this country when her family fled Hungary in 1956). And sun-streaked blond good looks that are "more model" than designer. There's an understated glamour, a calm graciousness about Adrienne Vittadini that remains unruffled by the demands of a growing business, constant travel (five or six trips to Europe, three to the Orient each year), shuttling between city and country houses.

Her fashion start came early: a week after graduation from Philadelphia's Moore College of Art, she began as a designer with a sportswear house. Her love affair with knits followed almost immediately.

Twelve years ago, she married Italian industrialist Gianluigi Vittadini, whom she met while vacationing in Milan. For several years, she stayed home; the occasional free-lance assignment her only fashion connection. All that changed when they moved back to New York City—she returned to work full-time, opened her own business in 1979, and hasn't looked back. Here, Elsa Klensch talks to Adrienne Vittadini about fashion in general; knits, in particular.

ELSA KLENSCH: *How do you explain the big resurgence of fashion knitwear?*

ADRIENNE VITTADINI: Knits are the most modern way of dressing—comfortable, feminine, and practical. Computer technology has helped make knitwear the most exciting area of fashion—in textures, prints, and patterns as well as shapes and colors. Knits are softer than tailored clothes and they pack with a minimum of creasing. Even at night, knits are a wonderful way of dressing.

I can do things with knits today that I wouldn't have dreamed of doing five years ago. And each year the technology advances further.

EK: *Did you get into knitwear design because of the challenge?*

AV: It was an accident. I got a job right after I left school designing sportswear. It was a good job, but after eighteen months I was ready for a change.

Then I met Bill O'Brien, head of Rosanna, one of Warnaco's knitwear divisions, *(Continued on page 349)*

Elsa Klensch *is Style Editor for CNN.*

Hair and makeup, Rick Gillette

Horst

ON...

Adrienne Vittadini, *right,* at ease, at work in her New York office. Trademarks: the off-white knits, the bold bracelets and earrings.

a passion for knits

Vittadini signatures. Most famous: her bold-patterned, oversized cardigan

The softest!—gold-buttoned cashmere cardigan; easy trousers

Key day look: elongated cashmere turtleneck tunic; narrow suede skirt

Newest Vittadini—swimsuits. Most charming—this ruffle-edged bikini!

Eric Boman

Vittadini knit dressing—all in white, and all in a wonderful, lightweight shiny cotton/rayon. *From the left:* Bare tank tunic (about $66); narrow, cropped, pull-on pants (about $80)....The perfect dress for day (about $110)....As a relaxed "suit": her snap-front cardigan (about $120); and pull-on skirt (about $92)....And: the bare-back knit dress, slim and sleek (about $115).

The knit phenomenon continues on these four pages...four other interpretations of the season's news. The Andrea Jovine way, *this page*—lighthearted, free-spirited! To wit: popcorn-diamond-patterned cotton sweater, *left* (about $165), textured cotton skirt (about $102)....*Right*: The season's jacket—with elastic waist (about $150); cotton pants (about $110); shell, (about $90).

On these four pages hair by Sam McKnight of La Coupe, NY; makeup by Laura Mercier Details, stores, last pages

Eric Boman

the knit explosion

Classic Gloria Sachs shapes translated into warm-weather weights, colors! *This page, right*: Fall's star turtleneck dress in navy-trimmed merino wool (about $280)... *Left*, suit polish: Strong-shouldered merino wool cardigan (about $180), shell, (about $140), and skirt (about $160).

From Rebecca Moses: sleek, stylized "basics."

Left to right: A jersey shirt that's long-sleeved and buttoned up the front (about $130), "trousers" that pull on (about $178)....The impact of a dress: top in black knit (about $92), and matching skirt (about $122)....Real day dressing: knit tunic (about $112), black skirt (about $132). Details, stores, last pages.

Eric Boman

the knit explosion

The casual attitude of Nancy Heller goes to new lengths.

Above left: Oversized "cardigan" (about $100), cropped elastic-waist cotton pants (about $58)....*Above right:* The season's stripes, the season's big cotton sweater (about $112), and placket-front cotton skirt (about $64). Details, stores, see last pages.

in the PINK

Adding pow, delight to a season of neutral colors: pinks—in shades and textures as varied as creamy-rose cashmere, candy-pink taffeta, shiny stretch fuchsia! In everything from athletic-style tank suits to ankle-length evening dresses. Color that takes to the bright sun and bright skies of a hot-weather resort, of summer. . . .Leading the way, *left*: KL by Karl Lagerfeld's pale-mauve silk T-shirt and one of the best skirts around—the prettiest pink silk "wrap"—a shape to watch! Top, about $140. Skirt, about $230. . . .As dressed as you can get, *near right*, Carolyne Roehm's long silk gazar—with flirty halter top, tier-on-tier skirt. . . .*Inset, this page*, romancing the night: Victor Costa's provocative taffeta with shirred bustier. . . big bow bustle! About $325. . . .The tailored side, *opposite below*: André Laug's wool gabardine double-breasted jacket, narrow matching skirt in fuchsia. . . .Two-piece take on the tank suit, *opposite top*: Body Glove's athletic-inspired hot pink Antron/Lycra top. About $24. On these four pages: hair by Alex Hilliard for Xavier Salon, NYC; makeup by Lydia Snyder. More details, stores, next to last pages.

Gilles Tapie

PINK!

A rose is a rose is a rose—unless it's from print master Emanuel Ungaro! In his new lower-price collection, Ungaro Solo Donna, he works it in delicious ways. Starting, *left*, with a long, single-breasted silk jacket. About $930....And, *far right*, his cotton wrap shirt with puff sleeves, charming long cotton wrap skirt. Top,

about $310. Skirt, about $360....*Above, left:* Ralph Lauren turns up the voltage of a classic gabardine jacket, trousers—with hot pink. Jacket and pants, about $698.... *Near left:* On the more easygoing side: KL by Karl Lagerfeld's oversized "shirtier" jacket—with elastic waist, push-up sleeves—in dusty-rose silk. About $250....Latest sweater set news, *above:* Michael Kors/Lyle & Scott's powder-pink cashmere halter-back turtleneck—under Lyle & Scott's cashmere cardigan. Top, about $260. Cardigan, about $320.... Beauty Note: The hit of pink on lips, *far left,* is Yves Saint Laurent's #54—a pretty raspberry shade. Details, next to last pages.

Gilles Tapie

fear of FATIG

Compelling, convincing statistic: regular exercise can add *three hours* of energy to a woman's day.... The best "cure" for late-day fatigue: *movement!*

What each of us faces at this ultra-busy time of year: How to avoid burnout ...becoming enervated, looking tired. Here, fast solutions, our gift to you: tips, tricks, and pro advice to maintaining energy and avoiding fatigue...

Stamina boosters

What "builds" energy?
Part habits, part attitude.
Here, pro advice.
BY SHARI MILLER SIMS

While there is no medical definition of stamina, experts agree there is a connection between health and energy—and that, along with heredity, what contribute to stamina are: eating well, exercising, getting enough sleep, enjoying life, having a positive attitude, good friends, and pulling back when pressures get too high. The key element: **establishing a regular rhythm in your life.** Here, fifteen stamina-building tips from top medical experts:

1. Eat regularly spaced meals. Whether that means three meals a day, five mini-meals, or three small meals plus two snacks, what counts is that your eating follows a regular *pattern*, that skipped meals are not a habit.

2. Begin with breakfast. It's the most important meal—for daily performance, concentration, staving off mid-morning fatigue. Essential: that breakfast includes complex carbohydrates (to prevent a cycle of energy highs/lows) and low-fat protein (for lasting satiety). Example: whole-wheat toast, one ounce low-fat cheese, fruit.

3. Choose foods wisely. If you opt for the fast energy "high" of simple sugars, be aware that it will be followed inevitably by an equal energy "low."

4. Concentrate on complex carbohydrates, but don't skip protein. Limiting your diet almost solely to carbohydrates means you miss out on the satiety, nutrients that come from other food groups, especially protein. A must: two two-ounce servings of low-fat protein (chicken, fish, meat) daily. (More about carbohydrates on page 344.)

5. Limit meal size. Eating large amounts of food at one sitting can make you feel lethargic.

6. Drink plenty of fluids. Dehydration is a little-known cause of low energy—and the body's thirst mechanism doesn't kick in until body fluids become quite low. Ideal "energy" drink: pure, clear water.

7. Stay active. Adding movement to your daily life can help to add three full hours of stamina to the average day by eliminating late-day fatigue. What counts: a regular exercise program—aerobics, stretching, strength work—three-to-four times *every* week.

8. Don't try to play exercise "catch-up" on weekends. Trying to do too much at once is a key cause of injury, fatigue.

Mats Gustavson

UE

9. Think of fitness as *more* than exercise. Regular exercise can help to alleviate depression and anxiety, two of the most common causes of fatigue. Fitness affects productivity, feelings of self-control, and often translates into a self-discipline that applies to other aspects of a woman's life—e.g., it can be the impetus to eat more healthfully, to cut back on alcohol intake, *(Continued on page 354)*

Fatigue factors: true or false?

Some of the steps we think will prevent or relieve fatigue not only don't help, but may backfire. Here, an evaluation of common beliefs. . . .

Taking vitamin and mineral supplements provides energy, prevents fatigue. False. Vitamins or minerals alone cannot provide energy—their role in the body is to help in the conversion of *food* into energy. Taking too much of certain vitamins can deplete stamina, even result in illness. What about "stress" vitamins? If you eat a balanced diet, you'll get all you need.

Eating less red meat will boost energy. False. While cutting back on cholesterol-laden meats in our diets is healthful, experts report an increasing incidence of iron-deficiency anemia (prime symptom: fatigue) in American women. Adequate iron: three-to-four servings of enriched/whole-grain bread, cereal, or pasta a day; or add one cup of fresh spinach to your salad several times a week.

Losing weight can help to prevent fatigue. False—unless you're truly overweight for your height and frame, cutting back on calories can sap energy.

Cutting down on caffeine will help to build energy. True. Because caffeine can produce artificial energy highs and lows, eliminating caffeine from your diet can stabilize your energy level. Cut back gradually; tiredness and headaches are common "withdrawal" symptoms.

A high-fiber diet will leave you feeling bloated, sluggish. False. *Gradually* adding more fiber to your diet decreases the bloating that can result from high-fiber foods. In fact, a *lack* of fiber is a common cause of constipation and bloating.

We all need eight hours of sleep every night. False. Studies reveal that each of us has an individual ideal when it comes to the length of sleep we need every night, somewhere between six-and-one-half and eight-and-one-half hours. If you're habitually tired when you get up in the morning, or never feel fully rested, you may not be getting enough sleep.

Taking a nap is a good way to restore energy. Maybe. For some people—especially those who make an afternoon "siesta" a regular part of their day—a nap can be a potent energy-restorer; others find naps make it difficult to fall asleep at night. If you get the sleep you need at night, walking or exercising in the late afternoon could be a better energizer.

Sleeping late on the weekends can make up for sleep lost during other nights. False. Once you've cheated on sleep, you can't make up for it. Best way to anchor regular sleep habits: get up at the same time every morning—regardless of when you go to sleep at night.

Having trouble falling asleep for a few nights in a row signals a serious sleep problem. Not at all; many factors—a more hectic schedule, reactions to good news or bad, traveling across time zones, a change in eating patterns, new medication, or an increase in alcohol consumption—can lead to "transient insomnia," sleep difficulties that disappear when life takes on a more usual rhythm. Don't worry about occasional sleep problems, and *don't* reach for a sleeping pill.

There are foods to help you fall asleep. False. No scientific studies have proven that specific *(Continued on page 354)*

The super achievers

How they do, what they do: rules/secret weapons

BY SHIRLEY LORD

Wake-up calls at 6:30 A.M./7:00 A.M. . . . self-styled "ready-to-go" hair . . . nutritious breakfasts and "precious minutes carved out of the scramble" for some kind of exercise—these are essentials for many women, who every day choose "life on the run," day after day pushing themselves to accomplish more—and still more.

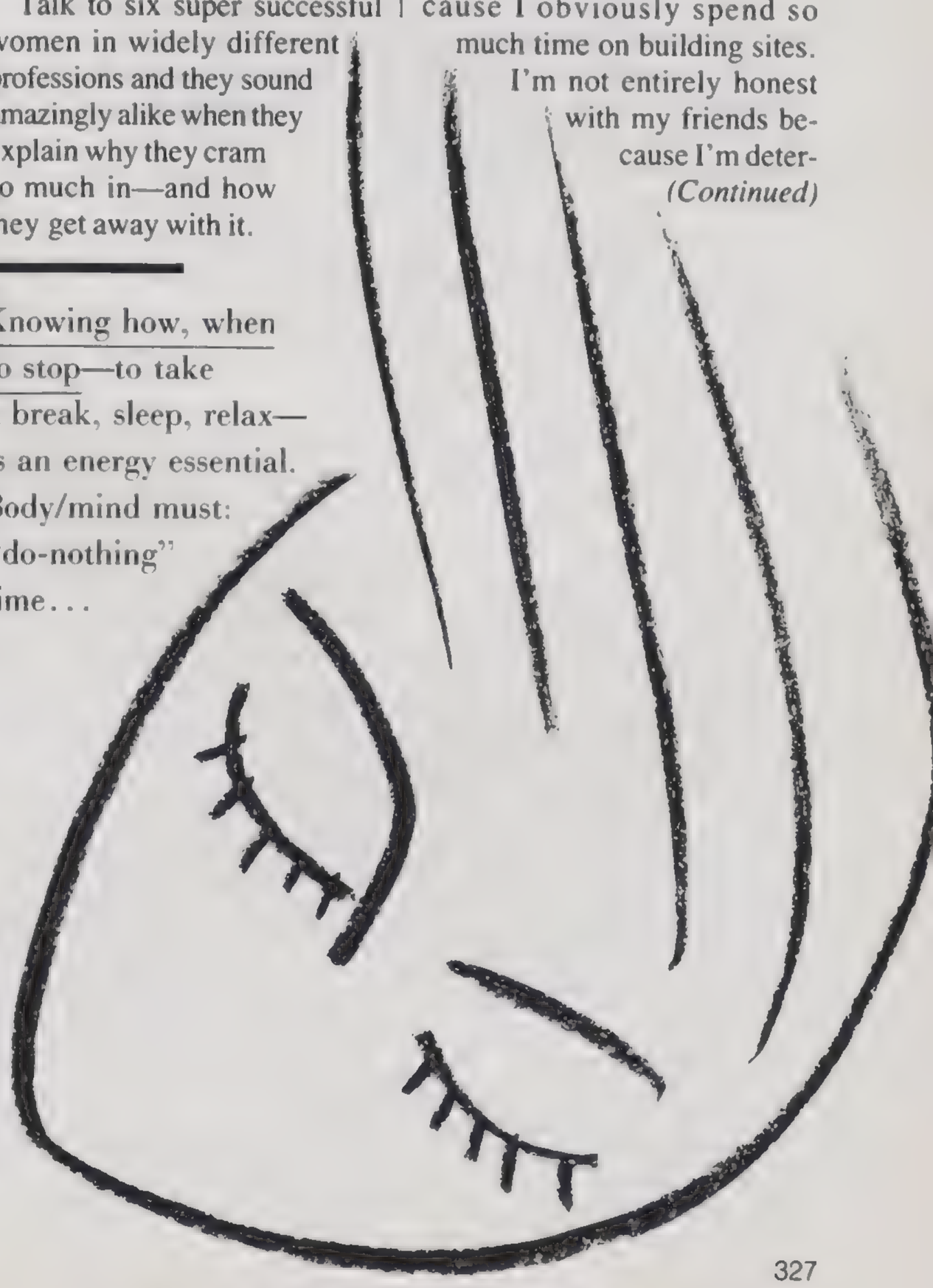
Talk to six super successful women in widely different professions and they sound amazingly alike when they explain why they cram so much in—and how they get away with it.

Knowing how, when to stop—to take a break, sleep, relax—is an energy essential. Body/mind must: "do-nothing" time . . .

A Sense of Mission

"When I leave my apartment in the morning, I know I'm likely to be on my feet for the next eight or nine hours. When I get up at 7:00 A.M., my first priority is a leisurely—with newspaper—substantial breakfast of protein bread, cheese, and an enormous glass of orange juice for energy," says Amanda Burden, for the past four-and-one-half years, vice president, planning and design for the Battery Park City Authority. "I don't want my looks to sound like they are a preoccupation because they're not, but I know that for my peace of mind, I have to take care of my hair. It's very fine and straight, which makes it easy to cut myself; but not so attractive if it's not washed regularly. I make a promise to myself—if I get home before dark (rarely), I'll run for thirty-five minutes or so. I try to get dates to promise no 'fancy' restaurants so I can go to work dressed casually; and I always wear shoes with flat heels—comfort over style—because I obviously spend so much time on building sites. I'm not entirely honest with my friends because I'm deter-

(Continued)

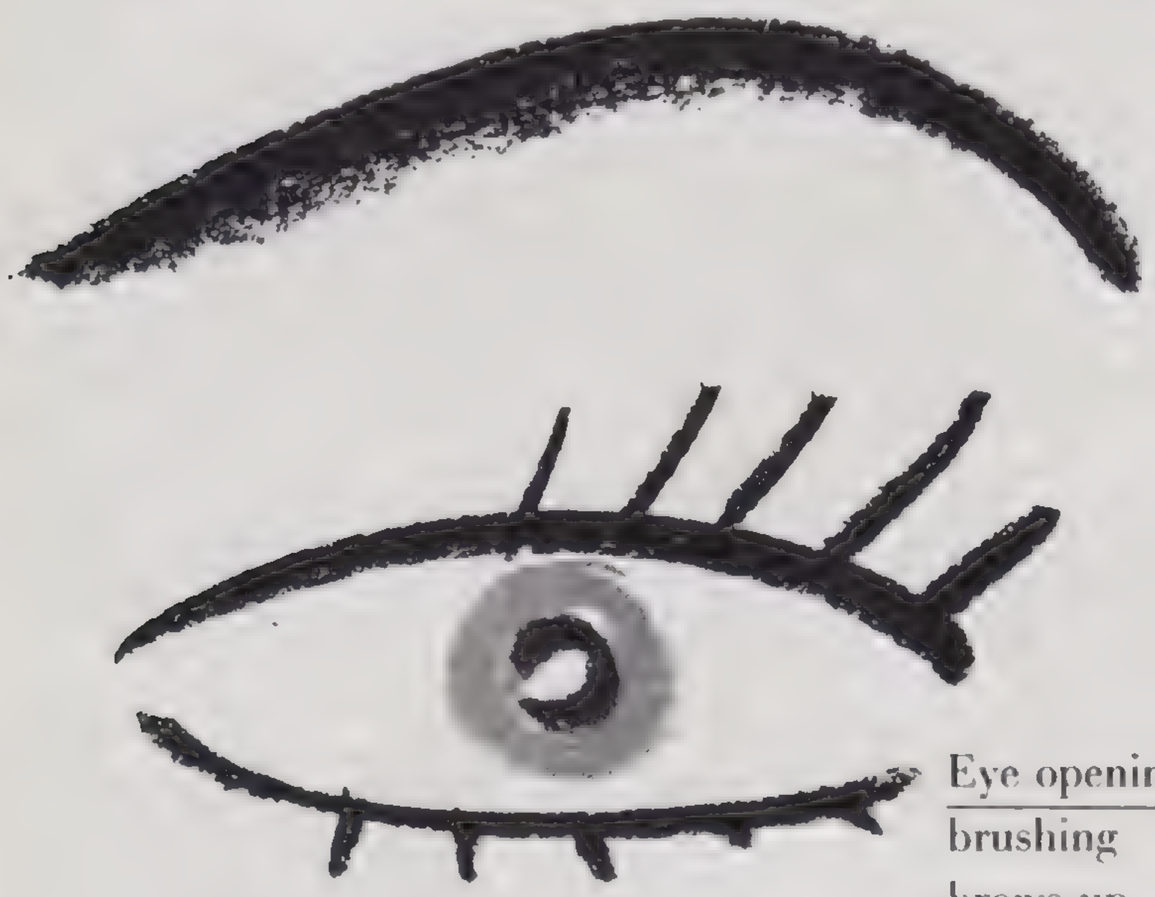


(Continued) mined not to overschedule myself; I'll often say I'm busy when I'm not. I also try to spend one weekend out of two in the country with family, catching up on exercise—mental as well as physical—reading, writing, thinking, going to bed early.

"I believe a lot of fatigue is unnecessary, caused by lack of planning and lack of morale or lack of a sense of urgency about a job, about life. For me, working in the public sector adds a sense of mission, a sense of urgency and, from that, vitality. And it's contagious. It's all around me in the office, keeping my adrenalin going all day, and into the night."

In the Public Eye

"My day starts at 7:00 A.M. and does not end until about 8:00 or 9:00 P.M., seven days a week. Do I get tired? Sure I do, but I never notice it until I get home and take off my shoes. I love my work," says trim, forty-seven-year-old Grace Balducci Doria, mother of six, who a year ago broke away from the celebrated "Mom and Pop" Balducci food store in NYC's Greenwich Village to open "Grace's Marketplace" uptown. "Every day, I try to use my stationary bike for about thirty minutes while I watch the early-morning TV talk shows; but I'm always longing to get to the store. Monday's the worst day. I stay home until noon, cleaning up after the weekend, planning for the week ahead. *(Continued on page 354)*



Eye opening: brushing brows up, curling lashes

Spa getaways

New interpretations of the term "getting away from it all" reflect women's discovery of the very real benefits of spending even a brief time at a spa—whether it's a weekend, or just one day. Sometimes, just an hour's "time out" for a facial or massage can get you through the *most* hectic day. But weeks of stress-filled activity may be balanced *only* by taking more time for yourself. Quickest solution: full "days of beauty," such as those offered by Heidi's salons, Georgette Klinger, the "Maine Chance" days at the eleven Elizabeth Arden salons across the country.

At least once or twice a year, getting away from it all can mean getting back on track with a "retreat" to a fitness/beauty spa. A weekend may be enough. During the minimum two-night stay at The Palms at Palm Springs, CA, and The Oaks in Ojai, CA, you can choose among fitness classes, beauty services, and P.M. health lectures. Two-day packages at The Village Spa at the Green Mountain Inn in Stowe, VT, may include cross-country skiing tours and nutritional guidance; at the Heartland in Gilman, IL, you can test your physical limits with the "Heartland Challenge" or learn the proper way to race-walk. One week (or longer) visits are the best long-term remedy for fatigue/stress. Places that offer solutions to both: Canyon Ranch, Tucson, AZ; La Costa Lifestyle and Longevity Center, Carlsbad, CA; Sonoma Mission Inn and Spa, Boyes Hot Springs, CA; The Greenhouse, Arlington, TX. One-on-one fitness training: the Golden Door, Escondido, CA, and the Spa at the Crescent, Dallas, TX.

Quick hits

Fatigue affects not only your well-being but appearance, too. Most visible signs include: under-eye circles, "tired"-looking skin. Here, fast fixers to get you through busy days...

Tired Skin

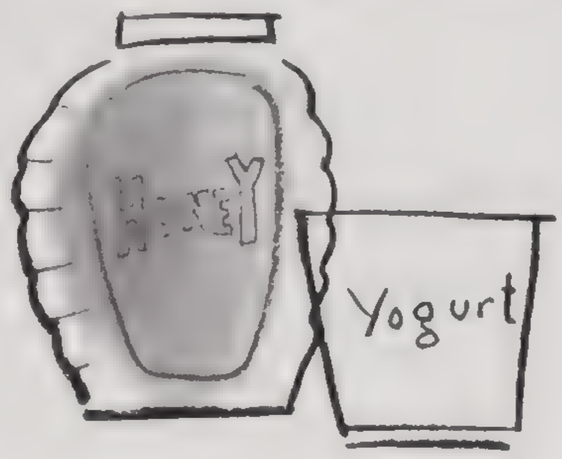
- Quickest facial pickup: cool-water spritz—revs circulation, adds a flush of color.
- Concentrates, a whole new category of primers for "stressed-out" skin, now supplement basic skin care by adding a blast of moisture where needed, to penetrate, condition skin fast: Estée Lauder's Re-Nutriv III intensive skin therapy; Guerlain's Revitenol intensive extract. La Prairie's Cellular Restorative Complex "calms" sensitive skin; Stendhal's Recette Merveilleuse Self-Firming program invigorates.
- When you're tired, skin looks dry; fine lines become more obvious. Best defense: *more* moisturizer, *less* makeup.
- Choose colors that enhance *natural* skin tone. Use a damp sponge to "take down" color.
- Antidote for pasty skin: a *non*-alcoholic cleansing lotion, followed with iridescent foundation to "up" skin's glow.

Under-Eye Circles

- To de-emphasize under-eye bags: avoid cover-up sticks, especially light tones, which accentuate bags, creating a "raccoon" effect. Instead, use a lighter-tinted moisturizer all over the face, under eyes; blend to achieve a color "balance."
- To make eyes appear less tired, more "open": brush brows up; use a brow pencil to fill in, define. Also helpful: an eyelash curler to play up lashes; then a *light* coat of mascara.

Eating for energy

It's four o'clock in the afternoon, your dinner reservation is at eight. Already you're hungry, entering into a late-afternoon "slump." What can you eat for "energy"? The ideal mini-meal: a starch, a calcium-rich food and/or beverage, fruit or a *small* amount of something sweet. This combination is metabolized slowly, giving you a long, even energy boost. One ideal combination: four ounces of plain yogurt, with one teaspoon of honey or fruit; a slice of whole-wheat toast, with a teaspoon of strawberry jam; a four-ounce glass of skim milk. Because you also get a *psychological* lift by looking at/tasting foods, the best mini-meal has at least three colors, textures. Key to getting the most out of any mini-meal: taking at least twenty minutes to eat it, not only to aid digestion, but to *remember* the satisfying "snack." You'll be less likely to overeat later.



Ideal late-day snack: low-fat yogurt, honey

Tired hair pick ups

One-minute solutions to revive hair at night: the "lift" of a newly placed part... or if hair is long, pulled into a ponytail, cinched with a big Chanel bow ...shorter-hair option—a black-velvet hairband, or gold head-

Secret to staying on your feet: a heel height that's not too high *or* too flat

wrap. . .or pulling hair up on one side with the sparkle of a jeweled comb. When there's no time for a "full" shampoo, just washing bangs or the layers around your face, which absorb skin oils, makes all the difference; so does brushing hair with your head upside down. And keep tools such as mousse, gel, or setting lotion, the largest round brush you can find, and a black-velvet ribbon in your desk. What all these "instant" cures demand: planning ahead. Starting point: a good, well-maintained haircut. And while at the salon, having a deep-conditioning treatment that can pay off later. For fine hair: the advantages of a "volume" perm—fullness *without* frizz or curls.

Footnotes

If feet hurt, you can feel irritated, tired all over. Best care for feet that have to walk you through a busy day: change position frequently; don't stand in one spot for too long. If you must stand, keep feet moving—up on toes, down on heels—to keep blood from pooling in feet. Wearing support panty hose can also help to prevent blood pooling, aid circulation by adding a light compression from outside of legs to veins within. Also important: the *right* walking shoe. Contrary to what many women believe, it is *not* always a flat one. While wearing high heels can cause calf muscles to tighten, which, in turn, can cause cramps in feet and legs, switching to flats may *worsen* the problem. The best walking shoe has a one- to two-inch heel, and fits well, with about a one-half inch space between the front of shoes and a woman's toes. The sole should be as wide as the foot.

How to revive aching feet at the end of a long day? *Not* by soaking them in a hot tub of water. Hot water may feel soothing, but it can dilate blood vessels so feet will swell more. Foot massage may feel relaxing while it's being done, but it won't have a long-term effect. Best idea: lie down with feet propped above chest level. This will help to reduce swelling and, after about five minutes, relieve aching so you can go out comfortably that night.

Fatigue Rx

What should you do in the morning if the night before you (1) stayed out late; (2) overindulged in food or drink; (3) didn't sleep well? The strategy for beating morning fatigue can start the evening before.

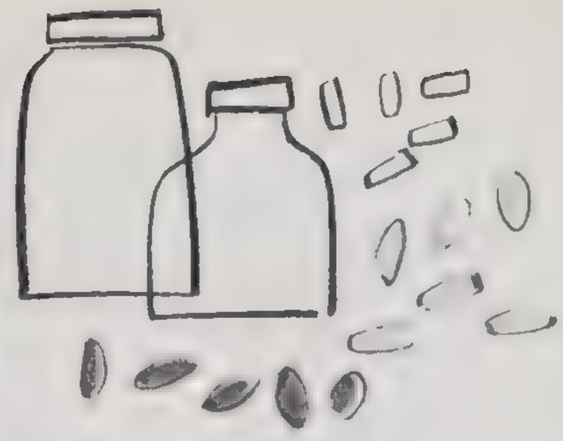
Since eating a big meal late at night can interfere with your ability to fall asleep, eat something small but substantial at 6:00 P.M.; then, if you have a midnight dinner planned: skip the meat course, order a vegetable or other complex carbohydrate appetizer. Avoid high-protein foods (protein can inhibit the body's production of serotonin, a hormone that helps you relax). Also avoid: coffee, a stimulant that can keep you awake; alcohol, which causes dehydration and interferes with *quality* of sleep.

What doesn't work "the morning after": increasing caffeine intake or drinking Bloody Marys or other alcoholic beverages. What *does* help if you can't stay in bed: drinking water to reverse dehydration; taking aspirin (if it doesn't upset your stomach) to relieve headache; eating a breakfast high in complex carbohydrates (e.g., cereal with skim milk, sliced fruit).

Time out

How do seven busy/career women cope? Here, their stamina secrets. . .

- **Virginia Ernster,** Ph.D., associate professor of epidemiology, University of California School of Medicine; thirty-nine. "Two times a year, I take a family vacation. It's not something we hope for; it's something we *plan*."
- **Evelyn Handler,** president, Brandeis University; fifty-three. "I read and putter—the greatest indulgence of all."
- **Dorothy Brunson,** president and CEO, Brunson Communications; forty-eight. "Exercise is the only answer. I leave the office, walk around the block—as many times as needed."



Common myth: that vitamins provide energy. What does: balanced eating

- **Laurie Mallet,** president, WilliWear, Ltd.; thirty-eight. "*Leaving* the office is just as important as being there."
- **Cybill Shepherd,** star of *Moonlighting*; L'Oréal spokesperson; thirty-six. "Maintaining energy involves eliminating things. For me, it's my social life. Every spare moment, I spend with my daughter."
- **Toni Beck,** executive director, The Spa at the Crescent; sixty. "When I need to gain back control, I close my eyes, do slow breathing."
- **Liz Smith,** columnist, the New York *Daily News*; sixty-three. "To relax, I read at night and try not to answer the phone."

SOS

Emergency revivers, phone numbers, addresses every woman should have, at home/away. . . .

- For reliable hair help, manicures, makeup application, salons with "branches" across the U.S.: Sebastian (1/800-HAIRCUT); Intercoiffure (504/288-9003); Elizabeth Arden (212/407-7984); Georgette Klinger (1/800-KLINGER).
- To find restaurants, hotels that serve low-fat, low-sodium meals, write American Heart Association, 7320 Greenville Ave., Box V, Dallas TX 75231.
- If you belong to one of the 520 health clubs in the Association of Physical Fitness Centers (APFC), you can work out in *all* of them. Write APFC, 600 Jefferson St., Rockville MD 20852.
- Walking with a partner is safer than exercising outdoors alone. To find fellow walkers anywhere in the U.S., contact Walkers Club of America (212/722-WALK).
- Need to relax? The American Massage Therapy Association, 1329 West Pratt Boulevard, Chicago IL 60626, can refer you to a certified massage therapist.
- Sports injury on the road? Call the American Physical Therapy Association (703/684-2782) for a referral.

Mats Gustavson

Ongoing ap

On the hot-weather side of "resort," uncomplicated day dressing—clothes as fresh, as welcome as an ocean breeze. Points of difference on these eight pages—the clean navy and white coloring; the lighter (sometimes seasonless) weight fabrics; the uncomplicated attitude....Starting strong, Ann Ralph Lauren's boldly striped silk pants suit, with a longer, shirtier jacket, softer trousers—as easygoing as it gets. In navy/cream crepe de Chine. About $700. Bonwit Teller; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Phoenix AZ, La Jolla CA, Palo Alto CA, Honolulu HI. . . A more casual approach from Courrèges: right, V-necked sweater in the new, shorter, knee-length pants in cotton knit stripes; the newer, longer jacket—feather-weight, water-resistant. And a longer white knit overshirt, edged in navy. Jacket, about $450. Pants, about $235. Sweater, about $400. Available at all Courrèges Boutiques. These eight pages: hair, Kerry Warn; makeup, Sophie Lessy for Peppercorn-Wagner Beauty Make. Makeup—as uncomplicated as it gets: left, from Elizabeth Arden, A base of Simply Perfect Mousse makeup (No. 4); Lip Fitness in Copper. Directions, last pages of this issue.

peal

Patrick Demarchelier

Ongoing appeal... the sharpness of navy and white

An easy-to-take attractive style, a clean finish—the best day dressing where it's sunny and warm. Perfect example, *above:* the most relaxed version of a "suit"—Christian Dior's navy-and-white striped cotton jacket, cut like an oversized shirt, with a white sweater-top, full-as-a-skirt navy cotton culottes. Jacket, about $900; top, about $700; culottes, about $450. Panache, Millburn N.J. . . . Neat in every detail, *opposite:* A longer, lightweight navy wool jacket that goes everywhere, every season. Here, as a charming "resort" alternative, with softly pleated white crepe trousers, and a dotted/striped silk camisole. All, Chloé. Turnout, Sara Fredericks. Jacket and pants at Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ and La Jolla CA. Watch, Cartier. Details, see last pages of this issue.

Patrick Demarchelier

Ongoing appeal... the impact of white

There's nothing like it—the instant lift of white on white. As an easy way of suit dressing, *left*—a soft, round-shouldered jacket in white cotton poplin, high-waisted trousers to match—clean, crisp, set-to-move. By Laurèl. Jacket, about $260; pants, about $180. Garfinckel's; Lee Tamer, Palm Beach FL; Higbee's; Golding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; Lyndons, Wichita KS; Jean Lee, Ardmore OK. Unlimited potential, right, the perfect base for [illegible] dressing—a [illegible] lyonic and narrow skirt in [illegible] wool blend jersey. To [illegible] by a [illegible] jersey: Louis Féraud, Tunnel, [illegible] Nita Dee of Bennett Teller, Saks [illegible] Mary Lipman, Newport News VA; Neiman-Marcus, Helen's of Course, Portland OR and Seattle WA. Cynthia Toucan. Shoes, [illegible] many stores. [illegible] this issue.

Patrick Demarchelier

VOGUE PATTERNS

Butterick Pattern #3070

Vogue Pattern #9636

Ongoing appeal...

A nonstop wardrobe to sew...that starts with terrific new seasonless fabrics—matte jersey and the thinnest (the perfect) tropical-weight wool...with interesting differences in shape, a neutral turn to coloring. Charming variation on pants dressing, *above*—the top, sleek, sleeveless, in white matte jersey; the trousers, high-waisted, softer through the leg, in the lightest-weight grey wool. Top, Butterick Pattern #3070; pants, Vogue Pattern #9636...There's a new ease to being in a skirt and top, *inset* ...when the top is a smooth-fitting jersey body suit, and the thin wool skirt is elasticized at the waist—you just pull it on,and go! Body suit, Butterick Pattern #3979; skirt, Butterick Pattern #3826. Both pages: Jasco Fabrics rayon jersey; tropical-weight wool from Burlington Ms. Pattern and sewing information, fashion details, next to last pages.

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Butterick Pattern #3979

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Patrick Demarchelier

VOGUE'S LAST WORD

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works and what doesn't: new ways of getting more from the world of resort—with the stand-out dress of the season . . . newsy "sportswear" swimsuit dressing . . . a new emphasis on skirts . . . .

The news of the season—the resort season—is that, more and more, the clothes you'll find can go much further than the beach or warm-weather cruises or a vacation way to dress. **This season's best pieces easily cross over to other places, other times of year, depending on how they are worn.**

Case in point: Carolina Herrera's romantic black taffeta bustle-back dress (1). With its strapless bodice and short, full skirt, a dress like this is emerging as the silhouette—indeed, the dress—of this winter. In another color—bright pink or white—this kind of dress would be the perfect choice for warm-weather evenings. In black, as you see here, it can go much further—to any city, any time of year.

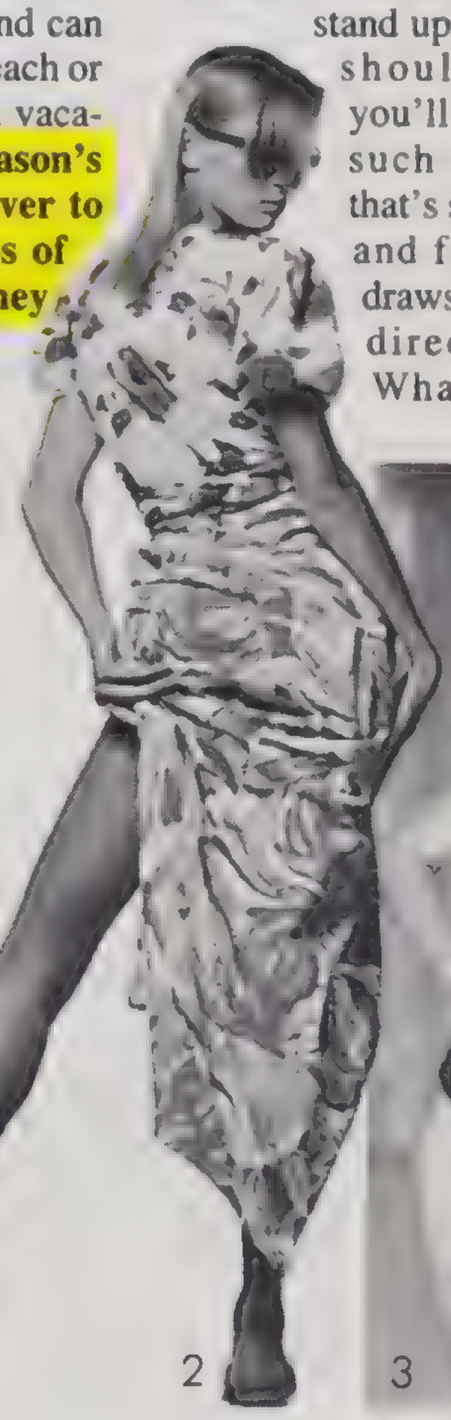
More of the news: how it's worn—with jewelry pieces that bring new meaning to the word "strong." With Carolina Herrera's dress, we added a big, bold, black beaded necklace and cuff bracelets. Items as noticeable as these complement the essential strength of this silhouette: they stand up to strong bare shoulders. What you'll find: A dress such as this—one that's strapless, short and full-skirted—draws the eye, too, directly to legs. What sets up the look are high-heeled, ornamented black evening pumps and sheer black stockings.

Another resort staple—and another item that is capable this season of doing more—is a new swimsuit. Designers are focusing increasing effort, you'll find, on this entire fashion area—with more and more bathing suits conceived as the base of a whole wardrobe for hot-weather travel and beyond. One such suit is Norma Kamali's wrap top and sarong bottom (3). It easily crosses fashion boundaries because of its "dressed" style, its black matte jersey—a "real-dressing" fabric. Worn with a skirt, earrings, and sandals, the top makes an attractive base for dinner dressing; it even works with a small wrap skirt and a city jacket by day. A bathing suit such as this, in short, can travel from day to night, from pool to many places.

Coming up, you'll find: **skirts have never been better; and skirts can expand dressing possibilities dramatically.** One such as Ungaro's long, hot-pink, brightly printed sarong (2) is clearly designed to be a warm weather/warm place separate. But within that seasonal classification—and thanks to the skirt's long length and decidedly narrow shape—it not only can wrap over a maillot at poolside; with a small T-shirt or tank top and evening sandals, it provides an easy-dinner dressing solution.

Another terrific skirt in a season of terrific skirts: one that is the equivalent of—and new substitute for—a pair of white pants; one that you'll put with everything. It's what you get with a skirt as good-looking, as essentially easygoing as Joan Vass's long wrap skirt in white terry (4). Whether wrapped over a swimsuit, worn with a sweater—or with just about anything—it's leisure dressing with a real sense of presence: leisure dressing capable of serving many dressing demands in warm weather.

And the kind of skirt that can work for you all night, every night: Donna Karan's long and full, flaring rayon skirt in ribbons of deep color (5). **With a small body-conscious top, a new full skirt such as this delivers the silhouette of the season. Its mid-calf length easily takes the skirt up to the level of dinner dressing; its depth of dark color erases any specific seasonal categories.** With a pullover sweater and flat gold shoes, it travels to cold-weather country for weekends; with a small strapless top, bare legs, and sandals, it's a way of working resort dressing. It is, in fact, a perfect example of the year's best dressing pieces: one that knows no boundaries. ▽



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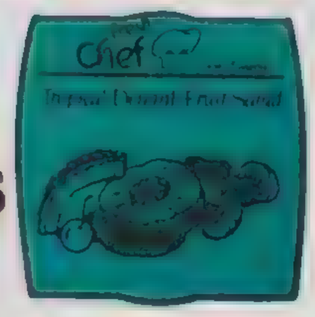
Refrigerated Fresh Chef Soups , Salads  , and Sauces . Fresh taste in the dairy case.

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86P72

health style

Right chair for the job...gaining control... carbohydrates: ''energy'' foods?...more

The reality of modern life: most of us spend the greatest part of our days sitting—and finding the right desk and chair for home or office is as much a matter of health as comfort. Poor posture and poorly designed chairs can contribute to neck strain and low-back pain. One helpful trend: the recent emphasis on "ergonomic" chairs—designed to work regardless of your height, "shape," or desk. Here, from Joseph M. Lane, M.D., professor of orthopedic surgery, chief of metabolic bone disease, The Hospital for Special Surgery, NYC, what to look for in "properly fitting" furniture....

- Adjustable chair height. When you're sitting up straight, feet flat on floor, knees should be about one inch higher than hips.
- Back support. The chair should cradle your lower back when you sit up straight; if a chair is too "deep," adding a small pillow to the lower back of the chair can give extra support (good, too, for long car, train, airplane trips).
- Firm cushioning. If you press into the cushion, it shouldn't budge more than one-half inch.
- Armrests—at elbow level—can help to support the upper spine, relieve arm/shoulder strain.
- Chair casters can help to prevent neck strain when you turn from desk to typing table.
- Proper desk height: When you flex your elbow, the desk top should be approximately one inch above the point of your elbow; a little bit lower for typing and computer tables.

What about backless "balance" chairs, touted as encouraging good sitting posture, preventing back strain? "No specific studies have been done on these chairs, but they seem to be helpful in minimizing back strain in some individuals; however, I wouldn't recommend them to anyone who has had knee or leg problems," said Dr. Lane.

What also makes a difference: how sedentary you are. "You should get up and stretch at least once an hour," said Dr. Lane, "and more frequently when you're working under pressure, to help minimize muscle tension." (Where to find ergonomic furniture: Knoll International; Herman Miller, Inc.; D. F. Sanders & Co., NYC.)

Start of a trend? An idea busy women can appreciate: one NYC dentist calls ahead to let patients know if he's running late. More incentive to schedule regular checkups....

COLD FACTS: *Good news for women who think that getting a winter cold is "inevitable"—cold prevention may be as simple as opening a window....*

Research conducted by Elliot Dick, Ph.D., professor of preventive medicine at the University of Wisconsin School of Medicine, indicates that cold germs may spread more easily through air than by hand contact; being in close quarters with a cold sufferer for several hours seems to be the biggest risk factor. In studies, healthy men who played poker with contaminated cards didn't "pick up" cold germs; those who shared the room with cold sufferers had a stronger chance of catching a cold. "Improving air circulation may be one of the best ways to prevent spreading colds," said Dr. Dick.

There is no evidence that stress, fatigue, getting a chill, or smoking increases chances of catching a cold (though smoking may worsen symptoms). "Living in the same house as someone may not make you doomed to get each other's colds," said Robert W. Selfe, M.D., chief of otorhinolaryngology at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, "but breathing in close range might, which is why couples who sleep together might have an increased risk of catching colds."

If you do catch a cold, use over-the-counter remedies sparingly. If symptoms fail to improve after five to seven days, or if you experience growing discomfort in your face, throat, or chest, see your physician.

DIET GOALS

There's no doubt that many Americans have made real progress toward eating a more healthful diet—a diet that can help to reduce the risk of heart disease, breast cancer, other physical problems. The latest research, however, shows that the greatest long-term benefits will come from cutting back even further on fat, sodium, and alcohol.

Prime example of this change in thinking: the American Heart Association's (AHA) announcement this August of key revisions in its dietary guidelines for healthy women and men. Along with greater specificity—a recommended maximum of one gram of sodium per one-thousand calories eaten; the alcohol equivalent of no more than two four-ounce glasses of wine in any one day—the biggest difference in the AHA's new advice is that *fat should make up less than 30 percent of Americans' diets*, a figure that is not only stricter than past AHA guidelines but is *10 percent* less than most of us eat now.

"Simply eating fewer eggs, having meat as a main course less frequently, and adding some low-fat dairy foods to your diet won't lower your fat intake enough," said John LaRosa, M.D., professor of medicine and health care sciences, George Washington University Medical Center, and chairman, AHA nutrition committee. "What's needed are new diet *habits*, an approach to eating in which *all* dairy foods you consume are low-fat, eggs are used as an ingredient in cooking but are not eaten alone, and even low-fat meats are served mostly as side dishes or used to flavor sauces.

"These changes don't need to be made all at once. In fact, people who make gradual shifts in their eating habits over several months seem to be more successful at sticking with a new eating pattern than those who try to change overnight."

NEW

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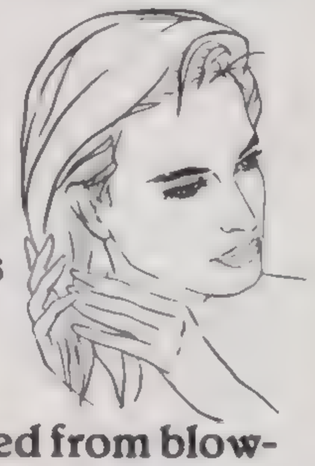
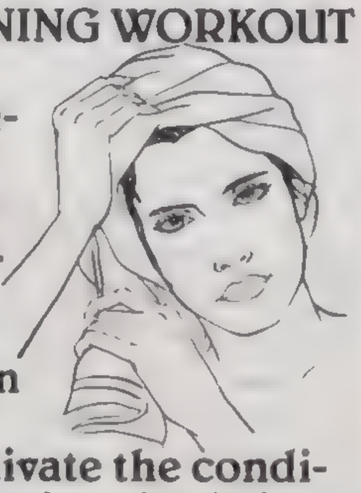


After washing your hair, massage in conditioner. Concentrate it on the ends of your hair and on the areas especially damaged from blow-drying. Then, rinse as usual.

CONDITIONING WORKOUT



Before working out, put conditioner on your hair. Then, wrap your hair with a cotton scarf. The heat will activate the conditioner and moisturize hair.

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SALON SECRETS FROM Jhirmack®

Your diet: "energy" foods

BY JUDITH S. STERN, SC.D.

Recent research has confirmed the health benefits of eating foods high in complex carbohydrates, low in fat—plusses that may include lasting energy, weight loss, decreased risks for heart disease and possibly colon cancer.

All carbohydrates are not alike. Sugars ("simple" carbohydrates) enter the bloodstream rapidly and produce a rise in blood glucose levels—a temporary energy lift, inevitably followed by a "low." Starches (found in breads and vegetables) are complex carbohydrates; because they are absorbed more slowly, blood glucose levels rise moderately and you get a longer-lasting energy boost. Unusually high or low levels of blood glucose can not only produce mood swings, but can also be stressful to your body.

How can you begin to eat the "high-carb" way? The key is to switch the "balance" in each meal—to eat greater amounts of breads, grains, vegetables while lessening your intake of animal protein (aim for no more than three ounces of lean beef, chicken, or fish per meal). Try to get about 50 percent of your calories from carbohydrates (40 percent from complex, 10 percent from sugars as found in fruits). For the average woman eating 1800 calories daily, this means about 180 grams of complex carbohydrates daily—a minimum of three servings of bread/grains and three servings of vegetables/legumes with one serving of fruit. Here are some guidelines for making specific choices.

Pasta: "perfect" food?

Many women still believe that pasta is fattening, but it's the high-fat sauces we frequently choose that led to this misconception. Pasta itself is relatively low in calories (200 cals. per cup, cooked); and, because it is filling, portions tend to stay small.

Traditional pasta is made with semolina—a yellowish flour ground from durum wheat. It is high in complex carbohydrates (approximately 40 grams per one cup, cooked), low in fat and sodium, and a good source of vitamins B_1, B_2, niacin, and iron. Whole-wheat pastas—which are good sources of all of those nutrients plus high fiber—are an even better alternative.

Vegetable pastas (such as spinach, tomato, carrot, etc.) may add color to a pasta meal, but don't significantly increase the nutritional benefits. Egg noodles, which contain 5½ percent or more egg solids, have much less cholesterol (about 50 mg. per cup, cooked) than whole eggs (about 300 mg. each) but should be taken into account by anyone on a low-cholesterol diet.

Eating "high-protein" pasta (about an extra 7 grams protein per ounce, uncooked) usually is *not* necessary since most women eat at least 70 grams of protein daily—well over the USRDA for protein.

Rice: brown vs. white

The best nutritional choice from this category is brown rice—rich in vitamins B_1, niacin, B_6, E, pantothenic acid, and a good source of fiber. Wild rice (actually the seed of an aquatic grass) is next in line as it, too, is rich in B vitamins, minerals, and fiber. Enriched white rice has B vitamins and iron sprayed on the outside of the kernel which are washed away if you rinse rice before cooking, and is the least nutritious choice.

Bread: whole-grain bonus

Many women inappropriately eliminate bread from their diets when they are trying to lose weight. Again, it's what we put on bread (e.g., high-fat spreads such as butter and cream cheese) that piles on the fat and calories.

Breads made from whole-grain flours (e.g., whole wheat, wheatberry) have primarily insoluble fibers which add bulk to aid in digestion and to prevent constipation. Breads containing oats have larger amounts of soluble fiber, which can decrease the amount of cholesterol you absorb and may lower total blood cholesterol. In addition to fiber, these breads are good sources of vitamins B_1, B_2, niacin, B_6, E and minerals (phosphorus, zinc, magnesium, iron) and also provide small amounts of calcium. Breads labeled "wheat bread" may contain only 30 percent whole wheat and 70 percent white flour. For more fiber, look for breads labeled "whole wheat" which must contain 100 percent whole wheat flour.

Most rye breads are made from a blend of white and rye flour. The ratio varies from low to high; darker, heavier breads are likely to have more rye and therefore, fiber.

Enriched white bread and many sourdough breads are made from enriched white flour (wheat is processed to remove germ and/or bran, but vitamins B_1, B_2, niacin, and iron are added) and they offer very little fiber.

So-called "lite" breads are either sliced thin or contain a form of insoluble fiber that is calorie-free and nutrient-lacking. Since bread is already relatively low in calories (approximately 70 cals. per slice), it doesn't really make sense to eat these breads. However, if you want to buy a "lite" bread, choose one made from whole-grain flour.

"Dessert" breads like carrot or banana bread should be considered only occasional treats because they are relatively high in calories, fat, and sugar.

A look at legumes...

In general, legumes are good sources of complex carbohydrates and of high quality vegetable protein, iron, potassium, fiber, and the B vitamins—and one ½-cup serving can also provide up to one-eighth of a woman's total daily dietary need for calcium. Most nutritious: soybeans; they have the highest-quality protein of any legume—one serving (½ cup, cooked) supplies over 25 percent of the USRDA for protein and iron. Other beans can supply from 10 to 20 percent of the USRDA for protein and over 10 percent of the USRDA for iron per ½-cup, cooked.

Potato power

A medium-sized baked potato, only about 95 calories, has almost no fat and is a good source of dietary fiber (especially if you eat the skin). It's the sour cream (31 cals. per Tbs.) and butter (100 cals. per Tbs.) that people often put on baked potatoes that give the vegetable a "fattening" reputation. One potato not only provides one-third of the USRDA for vitamin C, but also contains significant amounts of vitamins B_1, niacin, and B_6, plus iron, phosphorus, copper, and potassium.

Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., *is professor of nutrition at the University of California, Davis.*

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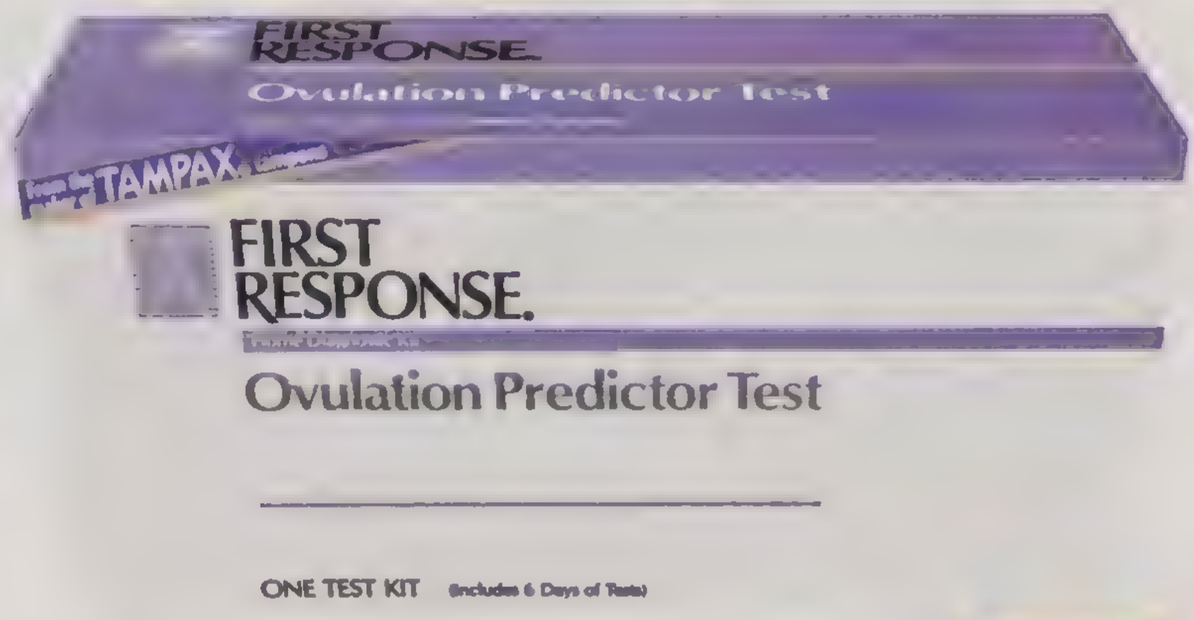

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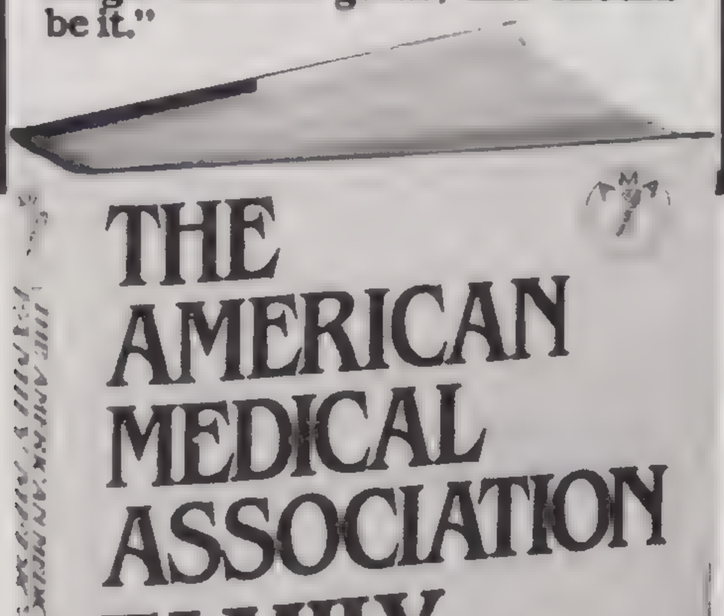

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RANDOM HOUSE

Your well-being

BY BARBARA LANG STERN

Love and power: balancing the control you have over each other

In order to be happy in a relationship, you need to feel comfortable with the balance of power. Feeling comfortable needn't mean being equal: we're often ready to give much power to someone (boss, teacher, lover) for a limited time; but when we expect to be treated as an equal, we become resentful if we feel we're being dominated and controlled.

The control can take many forms. Someone may give orders, make decisions that involve you without consulting you, or tell you what *you* think, like, or want. "You don't want dessert, do you?" says a controlling person while signaling for the check.

In a relationship where you both feel secure about yourselves and confident in each other, you overlook occasional bossiness. But when resentment develops, it needs to be dealt with so it doesn't escalate and taint the whole association. The following questions can help:

● *Do you object to the substance or style of the communication?*

"When I pick up my steady by car, he always says, 'Slide over, I'll drive,' said a woman executive. "It's such a macho, take-it-for-granted comment that I resent it *even though I don't like to drive!* I just want to be asked."

Most of us want to be asked. It's human nature to want choices, even though we may choose to do what the other person would have ordered anyway! Choice enlarges us; it signifies autonomy. Orders diminish us.

When someone's dictatorial manner upsets you, make your feelings known. The key is to explain gently, caringly, because now *you* are telling someone else what to do. Try asking instead of telling: "Is there any other way you could offer to drive? For some reason, the 'slide over' bothers me."

● *Do you bring sensitivities to the situation?*

If you were facing a stack of dirty dishes and your partner said, "Move over, I'll wash!" you'd probably appreciate the offer. You may be equally pleased for him to drive—but feel guilty about your preference because "who drives" is so tied up with role stereotypes and machismo. So, although you both know you don't want to drive, you may need his reassurance that he's not assuming it's a permanent condition and that you still have a choice. If you come to terms with your preference and are confident you can drive when you want to, you may perceive his "slide over" as a nice offer.

You may be hypersensitive to being directed. If the tone reminds you of the way you were spoken to as a child, it can raise old feelings of helplessness, cause you to shy away from someone who speaks forcefully but may not mean to be aggressive. "Meet me over here," a friend will say; yet if you suggest an alternative, she may agree. Test the intention behind words: you'll develop resilience.

● *Are you dealing with someone who doesn't care what you want?*

"You'll need to distinguish among people who take charge because they've been taught it's their job ('Take care of your little sister'); those who are anxious when they're not in control; and those who dominate because they don't see you as a separate person but as an extension of themselves," said psychotherapist Linda Tschirhart Sanford, co-author with Mary Ellen Donovan of *Women and Self-Esteem* (Penguin). "The person who sees you as an extension of himself is threatened by the idea that you could want anything different from what he wants. You can't negotiate with him because he'll get belligerent. If you want to leave a party, or you don't want to have sex, he'll ignore your wishes, convinced that if he's having a good time, you should be, too."

Someone less extreme may respond if you point out dominating behavior; his awareness can motivate change. Explain how such actions distress you, and try to arrange a period during which you agree to negotiate all decisions. The controlling person may be relieved to share responsibility, become less threatened over relinquishing power.

● *If you continue being pushed into—or prevented from—doing things, examine why you allow this to happen.*

Once you recognize what you're hoping for or gaining in exchange for the control you're giving up, you can judge whether there are better ways to get what you want; or whether there is enough value in this relationship for you to accept its limitations. Remember, with rare exceptions, people only have as much power over you as you give to them.

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Q

Electric-toothbrush facts . . . potassium for energy? . . . exercise vs. cramps

Q Are there plusses to using an electric toothbrush? Any dangers?

A While electric toothbrushes have no inherent advantages over regular toothbrushes, some people find that an electric brush's smaller bristle "head" makes it easier to clean all tooth surfaces, especially in the back of the mouth, said Wayne Wozniak, Ph.D., of the American Dental Association (ADA) Council on Dental Materials, Instruments and Equipment. For this reason, families with children—who sometimes tend to be "lazy" tooth brushers—or adults with muscle weaknesses or arthritis of the hands may prefer electric toothbrushes. "Claims that new electric toothbrushes with rotating bristles offer superior plaque removal are still open to question," said Dr. Wozniak, "and there is still no scientific proof that gum 'stimulation' provided by an electric brush benefits oral health."

The safety of electric toothbrushes, however, is not really a concern. "The brush itself is battery-operated," said Dr. Wozniak. "When the handle is stored in the container, which is in turn plugged into an electrical outlet, the batteries are recharged."

One way to judge the quality of any toothbrush: Look for the ADA's seal of acceptance, which indicates the manufacturer has voluntarily submitted the brush to the dental association for evaluation. *All* toothbrushes should be replaced every three-to-four months.

Q Do potassium-rich foods—bananas, oranges—really provide "instant" energy?

A Not really, say nutritionists. Potassium, like other electrolytes, plays a role in the maintenance of the body's fluid balance, helping to prevent both dehydration and excess fluid retention. Potassium also helps in proper muscle contraction (a potassium deficiency, while rare, can cause muscle cramps).

Intense physical exercise, especially if performed in heat, can lead to increased water and electrolyte loss. "The immediate need, however, is for fluid replacement, not for electrolytes," said Barbara Levine, Ph.D., director, The Nutrition Information Center, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center/Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, NYC. "Even a physically active woman needs no more than two-to-four grams of potassium a day—easily obtained from a balanced diet. Potassium-rich foods—potatoes, bananas, melons, oranges—do make healthful snacks, as they are low in calories, rich in essential vitamins, minerals, fiber."

Q Can a regular exercise program help to lessen menstrual cramps? Should a woman who has cramps do exercise?

A Many women who exercise regularly report a decrease in the severity of menstrual cramps as a welcome side effect. The catch: experts don't really know why this occurs. "We do know that regular exercise is good for a woman's general health, helps to reduce stress, and temporarily increases the body's level of endorphins—our natural pain-relieving brain chemicals," said Joyce Vargyas, M.D., assistant professor of obstetrics/gynecology, University of Southern California School of Medicine. "While exercise may help with menstrual pain reduction, there is no proven explanation of this."

As for whether exercising once cramps begin will help, Gary Shangold, M.D., assistant professor of obstetrics/gynecology, University of Chicago Medical Center, noted that "some women report that it does, but there are no good studies of this. In fact, many women would have trouble doing vigorous exercise while they have cramps.

"Most menstrual pain is caused by production of substances called prostaglandins in the menstrual fluid as well as by a temporary decrease in the blood circulation inside the uterus. If exercise does help, it might be through increasing the volume of blood supplied to the pelvic organs from the heart and increasing the rate at which prostaglandins are cleared from the body through the menstrual flow."

If menstrual pain becomes severe or if cramps suddenly begin later in life, either can signal more serious problems; see a physician.

THE OASIS SAINT LAURENT

(Continued from page 311)

to the Middle East allowed him to write *Salammbô;* Pierre Loti spent time in Morocco; Delacroix's paintings of Algerian women are the finest examples of Orientalist style. During the last half of the nineteenth century, smoking dens, mosaic niches, and draperies were the common artifacts of exotica. Even Matisse's far-later odalisques, round women in brightly patterned alcoves, perpetuated this ideal of languor.

For Saint Laurent and Bergé, the challenge presented by Villa Majorelle was to express their passion for North Africa in a variety of ways. First, by respecting the original owner's intentions: The villa was built in 1922 by the painter Jacques Majorelle; he was the son of the Majorelle whose wooden furniture (twisting leaves alive with nymphs) is prized today as the finest Art Nouveau. Jacques Majorelle was in love with Morocco's arts and crafts, and in love with color. It was while scratching away at an outside wall that Saint Laurent discovered the painter's magical, intense dark blue, and decided to use it everywhere he could. An homage to Matisse, the blue resonates against the deep salmon pink of the villa's walls, just as the vegetation—pink laurel bushes, a tree with saffron-yellow blooms, a cypress festooned with the bright-purple flowers of invading bougainvillaea—sets up another vibration of color. This solid house seems to move slightly during even the stillest afternoon.

Inside, Villa Majorelle is a deliberate fantasy, a combination of the taste and knowledge of Yves Saint Laurent and Pierre Bergé, the imagination of architect Bill Willis, the skill of local craftsmen, and the intuitions of the decorator Jacques Grange. One hundred ninety-three cases of things—furniture, books, objects—went down to Marrakesh from Paris. "The house," says Bill Willis, "is not as grand as the things in it."

Orientalism is as much a subject here as Americana is to the owners of a New England country house. "I don't like exotica tamed and used in decoration," says Pierre Bergé, "and I hate those ugly portraits of camels. What is interesting is a house in profound relation to the country around it. The difficulty here is that the border between an object of quality and a piece of trash is narrow: The fact that Arab arts and crafts are timeless means that the only difference between something two centuries old and something from the *souk* is quality. On the other hand, the craftsmen whose methods have not changed in centuries can create mosaics, painted wall panels, and intricately carved arches exactly as they were."

The prize room in the Villa Majorelle is the "red study," a wooden room designed by Bill Willis and painted by a local craftsman, whose work took nine months. The wall panels, dadoes, and ceiling are all covered with interlaced patterns, against which the fine collection of Orientalist paintings (no camels) stands out as in a shrine. The mantelpiece is lined with rock-crystal candelabra. Every book on the bookshelves has been recovered to Saint Laurent's taste, in snakeskin or morocco. Crystal upon enamel upon brocade against painted wood dazzle and

disorient. One finds oneself cautiously shaking hands with the tassel on the armchair, to prove one's peaceful intentions. This is Saint Laurent's favorite room.

His own room is reached through one of the painted wooden panels in the red study, and the cool simplicity here is like a pool after a sauna. "Since in Paris I live among an accumulation of papers and photographs," says Saint Laurent, "in my houses outside of Paris [there is yet another in Deauville], I manage to have uncluttered bedrooms. In Paris my universe is apart from the city; here I turn toward the outside."

Saint Laurent works upstairs; behind one of the painted doors in the entry is a staircase, patterned in blue and green and yellow tile, that leads up to the roof. A pavilion, or *minzah*, sits in the center of the roof, a lookout post. Saint Laurent draws at a tiny desk—designed by Francis Jourdain—that had been Madeleine Vionnet's.

jorelle, but without intruding. Now there are new hotels; the Mamounia is being extended and losing its colonial flavor, but horse-drawn buggies still provide taxi service. It seems that when you decree a pleasure dome, slightly out of time, and make sure it is surrounded by a forest of bamboo and a tall fringe of palms, nothing can break the spell.

Just past the "green," or "colonial," sitting room, an archway leads past a wall fountain to a sudden turn, and down into a newly built sitting room. "Yves wanted everything here to look underwater," says Bill Willis, who mixed a strange mauve-blue for the walls, and a soft flesh-pink for the intricate mosaics: "Yves wanted a pink the color of a beautiful woman's skin." The mosaic that makes up the dado is so much the background of a Matisse that you peer around, looking for the odalisque.

Just outside the door is a section of the garden

> "Decree a pleasure dome, slightly out of time, and nothing can break the spell"

"We designers don't need much room," he says, "Look at the size of the table." Each corner of the *minzah* has a tiny room: one for storage, another a bedroom, a third a bathroom; the fourth has a small table, with a terrestrial globe and a few sheets of paper on which are drawn . . . winter suits. Another retreat, next to the retreat, on the roof of the retreat.

What there is of social life at Villa Majorelle is informal; friends come to use the swimming pool at the end of the garden even when Saint Laurent and Bergé are not there. When they are, there are lunches, promptly at one o'clock, for local friends such as Boule de Breteuil, the doyenne of Marrakesh society. Lunch is simple, composed of fresh vegetables, with Uncle Ben's Rice from America via Paris. The newspapers arrive a day late, which gives a certain gamey savor to all news; the telephone is erratic, but improving.

When Saint Laurent and Bergé first arrived, there were no traffic lights in the roads, no street lamps, and a great many herds of sheep. Now the villas of millionaires crowd the back gate of Ma-

where, in warm weather, dinner is served at low round tables. ("You do get disc problems eating at low tables," says Willis.) And beyond, there is a small, raised terrace, where musicians play after dinner over the din of the exuberant frogs on the lily pond.

The coda to the story of Villa Majorelle is the gazebo by the edge of the lily pond. Where once there was nothing, Pierre Bergé had the idea to make an open room. Guests gravitate here, to sit in the Thai chairs with pointed backs, or crouch on the Egyptian pillows embroidered with scrolls, and eat olives from the bowls on the table. From here one sees the tall palms, bent into permanent inclines high over the garden, and the calm water of the lily pond. The green tiles of the roof may be Japanese, but the air is that of Kashmir; one half-expects to see a holy man glide by in a boat.

"It is a dream house," Saint Laurent says of Villa Majorelle. "What would one do without dreams, without visual fantasies? They make life possible." ▽

ADRIENNE VITTADINI

(Continued from page 314)

at a cocktail party. He offered me a job as a designer at Rosanna, even though I told him I didn't even know what a knitting machine looked like. He said I'd learn. I did, but it took years. A knitwear designer combines the roles of a textile designer and a fashion designer, so there's a lot to learn.

It was very difficult and I was under tremendous pressure. I don't recommend this course to young designers. It's better to start as an assistant, to learn gradually.

EK: *What comes first when you design—the fabric, the shape, the color?*
AV: Stores today have few saleswomen. To attract women to my clothes, I think of color or graphic design first. Garments must cry out "take me."

After color and pattern comes the fit, the finishing, and the quality.

EK: *You've just done your first dress collection, for the resort-holiday season. Is it because you see a shift in women's attitudes toward dresses?*
AV: Dresses have been selling tremendously well in every group for my regular sportswear line. I decided it was time to do a line devoted to dresses.

I believe working women are buying dresses because they want to simplify their lives. With a dress you don't have to think about what goes with what. Dresses can look glamorous more easily because they're more feminine. They're easier to dress up—especially when you have to go from the office to dinner out at night.

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ADRIENNE VITTADINI

(Continued from page 349)

an elongated sweater, so it's highly affordable. For women who watch what they spend that means a lot.

EK: *Are you saying the return of the dress means women want to be more dressed up?*
AV: I do feel glamour is in the air, a certain echo of couture. But not for every occasion.

American women in general are sportswear oriented. They love ease and comfort. They also tend to be rather modest; they don't want something too revealing or too tight. A designer has to do something that's sensual but not vulgar. It's a very fine line.

EK: *Are you aiming for a more sophisticated look?*
AV: I'd say a sleeker, cleaner look.

EK: *Do you decide what to design on the basis of market research?*
AV: I've learned that my own instinct is usually best. I go with the idea that if I feel something then many women are feeling the same way.

The woman I design for is aware. She reads fashion magazines. She comparison-shops. Usually she travels. She's confident enough to wear the bold prints and jacquards I do. She knows what she wants.

When I started my swimsuit line my instinct was that it should be 80 percent cotton. Cotton is contemporary. It's what active women want. But the retailers insisted that cotton suits don't sell so I compromised on 45 percent cotton, 55 percent Lycra. But in the end I was right. The cottons way outsold the Lycra.

EK: *Where do you see the greatest growth potential—in sportswear, activewear, or dresses?*
AV: Definitely our weekend-wear line, which began with active sportswear and then expanded into other areas. It's a bit more "commercial."

Even though things are closer to the body, still there's an ease about it. It's more universal. I think it has a longer life in hours for a woman—meaning it could be from weekend-wear to at-home-wear to work clothes to activewear. There are so many segments in the collection.

I'd also like to do a separate sleepwear collection because I think that category is a bit stale. So many people sleep in an oversized T-shirt—I'd take that idea and elaborate on it, making it fun.

EK: *Do you wear many of the clothes from your own collection?*
AV: I do wear my own things, but by the time the collection is shown I've been working on it for practically a year, and I'm getting on with the next couple of seasons. The items I choose from a collection tend to be the solids.

EK: *How do you balance your own wardrobe between knits and wovens?*
AV: Knits make up 85 percent of my wardrobe. In woven fabric, I have a few pairs of pants, a couple of great jackets, a wonderful black evening suit. I love leather or suede for contrast. Almost everything else is knits.

EK: *What are your favorite colors?*
AV: My number-one color is white. I feel it gives the most light to my face. To me it's a very

> "Women designers have a big advantage. . . it's just something innate"

"up" color. I love all the taupes, all the olives. And I adore black. I think it's one of the chic-est colors. But I can't wear it during the day, it just drains me. I have to be rested to wear black. Of course I wear it for evening because it's such a natural. In the summer when I have a tan, I wear strong colors—oranges and chartreuse.

EK: *When you married Gigi twelve years ago, he headed a pharmaceutical company and you became a housewife. Now you live and work in New York City, and he's a partner in your business. How does it work?*
AV: I opened the business because I love designing. Gigi was instrumental in setting up the business, but he wasn't involved in helping to run it in the beginning. But since his background is management, when the business became really substantial, I needed him. He's enormously supportive even though he's not involved in the creative end. It's really a great relief to have him working full time with me.

In the early days, when the company was much smaller, I was much more involved in the business side. My design studio was right behind the showroom. Business friends—anyone from a store president to a fashion coordinator—would drop by to talk, and it was really distracting. So I moved the studio to another floor, physically removing myself from the business.

I really hated it for the first six months. I missed not feeling the pulse of the business. But now I'm grateful. I can put all my energies into design now, and I'm much more productive.

EK: *What was the most difficult part of setting up your own business?*
AV: The long hours. The business became top priority in my life, and left me almost no personal time. It's still a problem. Designing takes dedication and time, but I love it and I don't want to delegate it to a team.

EK: *What's your average day like?*
AV: I'm not a morning person. I'm not even civilized for the first hour. So I've developed a routine. I organize my day before going to the office. I make my social phone calls early, and I have my exercise trainer, my manicurist, and the woman who gives me a facial come to my home. Then, when I leave for the office at 9:30 or 10:00, everything is under control.

I work late, and we often don't have dinner before 9:30 in the evening. Sometimes we eat out, but we have a wonderful cook, and one of us is usually on a diet, so we eat more and more at home, which is much more pleasant.

EK: *Do you think that women designers have an advantage today?*
AV: Women designers have a big advantage. Women are all together there in some way. Some of us are a bit earlier, some of us are a bit later, but we're constantly growing. I feel the needs of women instinctively.

I don't consciously design with working women in mind. It grows out of my own needs. This may sound narcissistic, but it's just something innate—more of a subconscious than a conscious thing.

EK: *What's your ultimate goal as a designer?*
AV: I'm in love with knitwear. Technically speaking it's the most exciting branch of fashion because of what's happening in knitwear technology. Computerized machinery allows me to do things with knits that I simply couldn't do five years ago.

But there's always more to learn. I find that tremendously stimulating. My challenge is to take knits as far as I can. ▽

REVELATIONS

(Continued from page 249)

ence and technology seem to have robbed man of faith; but ironically, it is through technology that we are beginning to see the truth of Michelangelo's homage to divine creation and its parallel with human artistic creation.

Starting in 1980, the Vatican's team of art historians and restorers has been systematically removing the layers of dust, grime, wax, and varnish that have accumulated over five centuries, obscuring Michelangelo's work. The result is that today we can see his superhuman creatures as they were conceived, in all their brilliant color and radiant light.

The evidence that Michelangelo was not only a master of line but of color as well has created tremendous shock waves. For centuries, these frescoes have been understood as the translation of sculpture into painting. The darkness and feeling of monochromatic flattening were interpreted as an accommodation, by an artist who was primarily a sculptor, to the demands of wall painting. As recently as 1961, Renaissance expert Sydney Freedberg, now chief curator at Washington DC's National Gallery of Art, wrote of the Sistine ceiling, "The dominant tone is that of the fictive stone, of its architecture and of the population of nude figures that inhabit it, whose flesh is muted toward the tones of ancient marble. Where the figures are clothed, as are the seers, their colors. . . seem often like the varied patinas of old bronze; the draperies evoke the memory of metal."

Now we know that the burnished, romantic gloom and the lack of depth were a result of weathering, grease stains from the oil lamps and candles employed in religious celebrations when the Chapel was in daily use, and the overpainting by zealous eighteenth-century restorers, who applied varnish to make the colors more brilliant, entirely altering Michelangelo's original conception of transparent, luminous, contrasting colors.

How surprising it was to realize, once the original work was revealed, that Michelangelo, not the Impressionists, was the first to use colored shadows and to model form principally through the interaction of adjacent colors as well as through tonal modulations. Newspapers and

art journals reacted by accusing the restorers of falsification, implying that they must be repainting the frescoes to make them look so vivid. Because the work has been funded by Japanese television (in return for reproduction and film rights), it has even been suggested that the Sistine Chapel now looks Japanese!

The Vatican has been quick to respond with a series of publications documenting the entire restoration process, which is scheduled to be completed in three phases requiring, all in all, a team of five conservators twelve years to unveil what Michelangelo, mainly by himself, painted in ten. For although he began the vast project in 1508 with a group of Florentine friends, who taught him the technique of fresco painting, the temperamental artist soon sent them packing and worked alone.

Scholars still argue about the point at which Michelangelo became confident enough of his skill as a fresco painter to dismiss his assistants. The restorers, under the direction of Dr. Fabrizio Mancinelli, are finding evidence that after he painted "The Deluge" (by 1509), Michelangelo worked alone; and moreover, that the sibyls, prophets, ancestors of Christ, as well as the *ignudi*, the gigantic male nudes that surround the narrative scenes, are all exclusively by the hand of the master.

Using the *buon fresco* technique of painting directly onto wet plaster so that the water-based tempera pigment would bond with the wall itself, Michelangelo could complete a heroic figure, roughly nine-feet high, in a single day. Among the many significant discoveries regarding chronology, iconography, and technique, the conservators have found that Michelangelo drew the *sinopia*, or sketch, directly on the plaster on the chapel walls, but that full-scale cartoons were used for the ceiling paintings. Because he could not step back to see the work, Michelangelo was forced, as he frequently complained, to bend backward and crane his neck until "crosswise I strain me like a Syrian bow." Thus, the Genesis scenes on the ceiling itself are less spontaneously executed than the surrounding seers and nudes. These discoveries are only the beginning of a new view of Renaissance fresco painting that the restoration is giving us.

We are also now able to see that Michelangelo painted frescoes in a technique related to watercolor, using transparent layers of thin paint to create a sense of luminosity and radiance, and that his palette was based on juxtaposing hues from opposite ends of the spectrum, such as violet and yellow, and modulating them through darkening tones to create a sense of sculptural relief.

Less spectacular perhaps, but equally revelatory, is the cleaning of Masaccio's frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel in the church of Santa Maria del Carmine in Florence. Acclaimed as the pioneer of early Renaissance fresco painting, Masaccio, who died in 1428 at the age of twenty-seven, was, like Michelangelo almost a century later, one of the greatest innovators in Western art. The restoration of his most celebrated work, the fresco cycle depicting the life of St. Peter, under the technical direction of Dr. Ornella Casazza of the Uffizi Gallery, is another collaboration of advanced technology and art history. Underwritten by The Olivetti Corporation as part of its ambitious program of conserving Italian Renaissance art treasures, the cleaning of Masaccio's frescoes has revealed that his wall paintings are no more flat than Michelangelo's have proven to be.

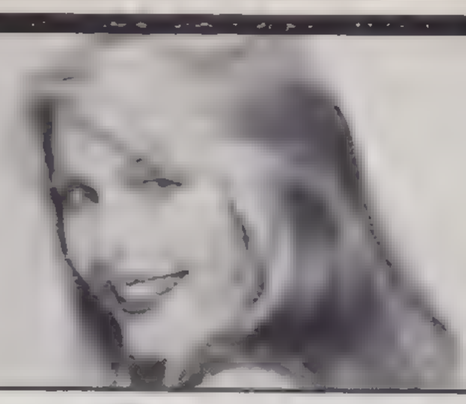
Masaccio, like Michelangelo, used foreshortening and shading to create space. The cleaning of the Brancacci Chapel reveals how much Masaccio employed shadows as well as perspective, eschewed by Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel, to amplify the sensation of depth. Known as the first painter to apply the theories of perspective of his friend the architect Brunelleschi to create space in painting, Masaccio created a new style based on classical harmonies, monumental forms, and a heroic sense of the human figure.

Damage from an eighteenth-century fire has presented restoration problems different than those in the Sistine Chapel. Removing the dark film of soot that obscured Masaccio's subtleties of color, space, and modeling, as well as removing the overpainting of earlier restorations, are the basic problems. "Every restoration is different," said Dr. Casazza, the charming art historian in charge of the painstaking cleaning of the Brancacci Chapel. "Each patient requires a different treatment, another kind of medication." Her use of medical metaphors, I realize, is an indication of the degree to which science has entered the realm of the art historian. "Here, you see," she points to two young men in white coats making "sandwiches" of an ionic-exchange resin between two pieces of Japanese paper which, when left on the wall, breaks down the dirt's components. "This special method makes it easier to remove dirt and soot without disturbing the painting underneath. And of course, we use infrared rays, just as doctors use X rays, to know what is going on inside so that we do not make mistakes."

Now that his original work is once again visible, we can see how spacious are the vistas Masaccio painted. Details of architecture and landscape, as well as amusing genre scenes like prancing monkeys and gossiping neighbors leaning out of windows, added by the artist *a secco*, that is, once the plaster was dry, can now be appreciated.

As I marvel at the wintry landscape gradually emerging from the layers of grime, revealing another dimension of beauty and poetry that has been hidden for centuries, I realize we are about to rediscover the fresco painting of the Renaissance as the greatest artists of the time actually conceived it. ▽

Michelangelo has been revealed as one of the most sublime colorists of the Renaissance



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MOODS OF A WOMAN

(Continued from page 255)

nutrition, hormones. It's their evocation by sensation, however—through sight, sound, smell, taste, touch—that is most intriguing. Something as simple as the waft of a not-forgotten fragrance, for instance, has the power to trigger a wellspring of moods. For Proust, it was a delicate plate of golden madeleines that released emotion, stirred by the taste, the smell, the texture of a simple cookie. The melody of a song, a glimpse of color—all are capable of setting off the human response.

Women, however, often find their moods disturbing, distracting, even affecting the ability to concentrate. According to Jean Baker Miller, M.D., clinical professor of psychiatry, Boston University of Medicine and director of education, Stone Center, Wellesley College, the freedom of expression accorded the so-called creative temperament is more the exception than the rule. In fact, she says, women in particular feel less allowed to express moods and emotions—in the home and increasingly in the workplace, as well—as they move into positions of higher responsibilities. We don't want to see a person who is a victim of her emotions in a leadership role. While intuition is admired, too much of it can be suspiciously regarded.

The key question: whether or not women are innately more moody than men, however, is complex and as yet unanswered, an area in which, Dr. Miller points out, there really is no agreed-upon knowledge. "Probably, men and women are very similarly affected by moods; yet certainly women are more accepting of them in a general sense. In our society, men are acculturated to suppress moods," she says; "although there are some moods—anger, irritability, for example—seldom regarded either as inappropriate or 'too emotional,' that men do find acceptable in the workplace."

> "The most obvious effect of moods is their impact on appearance"

Part of our disdain for moods and moodiness: in our culture, we tend to separate thoughts and emotion. Moods, then, seemingly thoughtless, represent inferior behavior. But according to Dr. Miller, although it's not always obvious, there are underlying thoughts to moods, once one examines them. Perhaps the most obvious effect of moods, though, is the impact they can have on appearance—and vice versa. Moods do, experts say, manifest themselves physically—in one's posture, body, in the way one moves. Moods can affect skin color; eyes might look lively or deadened and dull; even wrinkles may become more noticeable when one is in a "bad" mood. And while not a profound cure, simple things can often start a mood "turning"—a red blouse, a bright lipstick, foolish as it may sound, can be a lift. What's important to realize is that moodiness isn't bad or irrational. Moods are natural. Things happen in life; and moods are our reactions to those events. ▽

TRENDS

(Continued from page 300)

home now just as they did after World War II. But the analogy is psychologically and historically inaccurate: there's a big difference between a woman who found herself at work because the men were at war and the woman of today who has an image of herself as a certain kind of actor in the world, as a woman who would work.

"The truth is that the image working women have of themselves as strong players in the work world is simply less of a core image than the one men have because these women developed the image in post-adolescence rather than childhood. And it is not without conflict, since women also developed another, parallel set of values—nurturance rather than competition, relational rather than work-oriented—that informs their choices. Having two sets of values gives them the *illusion* of options. But it is only an illusion; women will not shut down a part of themselves.

"The idea of a mass exodus of women from the workplace may be wishful thinking on the part of men, who tend to lay the disintegration of the nuclear family and the high divorce rate at the feet of working women. (Just as there is a tendency to look for someone to blame, there is a tendency to look for a simple solution: the return of women to the home.) It's men—and the media—who are exaggerating the phenomenon."

Merchandising Art

If graffiti artists used to be content to compete with subway posters, creating advertisements for themselves, they've now branched out into T-shirts, vodka (Haring Absolut!), and retail outlets, like Keith Haring's Pop Shop, selling designer artifacts. What's next, Julian Schnabel crockery?

Celebrity Do-Gooders

Jerry Lewis is the father of it all. Now rock stars like Bob Geldof have got in on the act, movie stars are busier than ever, and philanthropists are becoming as well known as media heroes. Is it a good thing, or a gilt trip?

Peace Signs

Stephen Sprouse may have gone bust, but the peace-symbol party dress lives on, as does the Beatles' "Twist and Shout," recently re-released, our love/hate relationship with drugs, and our desire to escape—in a Jeep no less!—to the country.

> "The idea of a mass exodus of women from the workplace may be wishful thinking on the part of men"

The Post-A.A. Mentality

Thanks to our concern with drug and alcohol abuse, the highly publicized "anonymity breaks" of celebrities who've come clean, and the spiritual enticements of the Alcoholics Anonymous program, other "twelve-step" programs based on A.A. have proliferated. Al-Anon (for the spouses, lovers, and families of alcoholics); Narcotics Anonymous; Cocaine Anonymous; Pills Anonymous; Overeaters Anonymous; Sex Anonymous for the sexually compulsive; Gamblers Anonymous; Debtors Anonymous; and a host of other increasingly specific "programs." The publishing industry has responded with books that range from first-person accounts of recovery from substance abuse to how-to books about spiritual and emotional recovery (*The Road Less Traveled* by M. Scott Peck, M.D., an unofficial A.A. bible, as well as an astounding best-seller; Robin Norwood's *Women Who Love Too Much*, which takes much of its inspiration from Al-Anon).

Father Shows Off

The glorification of fathering, even before it earned its own neologism, started with male confessional journalism—hitherto macho writers extolling the joys of Snugli baby carriers in the pages of *Esquire*, *The New York Times*, and elsewhere—a phenomenon that women probably brought on themselves by years of writing about their divorces. The rest of the media was quick to catch on: *The Cosby Show* rekindled warm memories of *Father Knows Best*, and Bill Cosby's book, *Fatherhood*, zoomed to the top of the best-seller list—and stayed there. Now, fathering requires its own magazine, *Fathers* (see "Trees Died For These"), and the trend shows no sign of slowing down. As a matter of fact, according to *New Society*, a British weekly, the technology now exists for men to give birth. A donated egg, fertilized with sperm outside the man's body, could be implanted, in embryo, in the abdomen, where it could attach itself to a kidney or the wall of the large intestine. The expecting father would then be given hormone treatments to trigger the bodily changes that occur normally in pregnant women, and that would enable the implanted embryo to produce its own placenta. This is a remarkable leap forward since the invention, several years ago, of a machine that allowed men to experience labor. You've come a long way, buddy.

Hail, Suburbia

The move back to suburbia actually started a number of years ago with the domestication of New York City's SoHo. There amid the warehouses, youngish, upwardly mobile artists with upwardly mobile aspirations (and kids!) could find the kind of space they'd become accustomed to while growing up. SoHo was safe (al-

beit empty), green (all those hanging ferns), and you could find a parking place, which was a good thing because you had to drive to the nearest supermarket. But New York real estate is a limited commodity, so it was only a matter of time before the real suburbs seemed an attractive alternative to the expensively gentrified (and cleverly renamed) neighborhoods. Not that Scarsdale has become an artists' colony—but who *really* cares about art, anyway? Today the good life is playing tennis, working with the local Welcome Wagon, and sending the children to decent public schools.

Where to Get Off
One of the welcome by-products of our paranoia about terrorism (and the falling-off of European travel) is that people are feeling less pressure to travel for cultural experiences and are looking forward to vacations that will allow them opportunities to *rest*. Where are they going? Mexico, Hawaii, Brazil, Belize, Tahiti, Florida, and California. Other popular alternatives to Europe include Russia, Eastern Europe, the Far East. The other big trend in travel is that people are staying in small hotels, former "dumps" that have been renovated to provide all the comforts—and the privacy!—of home.

Trees Died for These
Every time you turn around, someone has started a new magazine. Among those that seem to have no discernible purpose except to keep rings off your coffee table are *New York Woman*, a slick, and rather bland, female *Esquire*; *Fathers*, the Cosby Show of magazines edited by *Esquire*'s former Ethics columnist, Harry Stein, which, in the premier issue, featured an interview with Ron Reagan, Jr., about his father; and *Child*, an upscale monthly devoted to the new "gourmet baby." If these magazines seem to have been created to fill the gap once occupied by common sense, we can only wonder, what's next? *New York Nanny*? *Good Horsekeeping*? Meanwhile, there's *Spy*, a new sassy New York monthly that has already deflated some of the biggest hot-air balloons around.

Tabloid Chic
Claus von Bülow is on the A-list, Rupert Murdoch has become a citizen, and television "news" shows like *West 57th Street* are the glitzy alternatives to *The MacNeil/Lehrer News Hour*, all of which goes to show you that we're living in a golden age of yellow journalism, when information is less available than fevered emotion.

Co-opting the "New" Ethics
Despite the fact that *everyone* is talking as if ethics were the acid of the 'eighties, ethics also seem to have been co-opted by the New Right . . . and the manufacturers of board games like "Scruples." (By the same token, why would Donald Trump need to play "Monopoly"?)

Défense De Fumer
The antismoking movement has now become as, well, *glamorous* as smoking once was: at the end of *A Man and A Woman: Twenty Years Later*, the film's reunited lovers give it up together.

Latin Fever
Tex-Mex food, *Tango Argentino*, pastel colors à la *Miami Vice*, pointed shoes, Rubén Blades, the easy-does-it merengue craze, Margaritas, Caribbean food, and the fractured Spanish spoken by New Yorkers imitating *barrio* cool all point to a craze for things Latin.

The Gourmet Baby
The "gourmet baby" has nothing to do with Jonathan Swift's *A Modest Proposal*, although he can seem as delectable as the trendiest new vegetable.* The "gourmet baby" is about using the child as an advertisement for the parent, the ultimate toy for the ultimate narcissist: A Yuppie Puppy. The "gourmet baby" is also yet another way for parents to be consumers, commissioning designer bedrooms that would give a normal child nightmares. But the trend is deceptive; while the shift toward having fewer children may allow such indulgence the real facts are sobering: one out of every five children born last year was born to an unmarried mother, and 45 percent of single mothers live below the poverty line.
* Which is, ironically, the potato.

Cooking Without Gas
Sixty percent of American homes now have a microwave oven; by the end of 1987, that may well be 75 percent. When people learn that microwaves can be used for cooking real food quickly, as well as for defrosting and reheating, we'll see a true revolution in cooking. ▽

THE BEST AND WORST

(Continued from page 292)

The Worst New Pop-Psych Insight
The assertion, in books such as *Smart Cookies Don't Crumble*, that compassion is a "trap"

The Best Female Character in a Novel
Kate Vaiden, the eponymous heroine of Reynolds Price's new novel, is a fifty-seven-year-old hellion. Orphaned as a child (her father kills her mother, then himself), Kate lives a life that impetuous doesn't begin to describe, and tells her tale in a voice dredged of all self-pity, utterly shameless.

The Worst TV Commercial
Jacoby & Meyers

The Best Find in Moviemaking
In a year of low-budget triumphs *(My Beautiful Laundrette, No Surrender, 'round Midnight)*, Spike Lee, who wrote, directed, edited, and costars in *She's Gotta Have It*, emerges as the true mother of invention—a resourceful filmmaker, and a quirky comic presence whose turn as a smitten bike messenger steals his own movie.

The Worst Trends in TV Programming
Second-generation (post-*Cagney & Lacey*) female-buddy shows, like *Designing Women;* non-nuclear family shows like *Who's the Boss?*; over-art-directed crime shows, like *Miami Vice*

The Year's Best Omen
Street vendors are peddling books as well as fake Rolex watches and umbrellas that don't open. ▽

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FATIGUE FACTORS

(Continued from page 327)

foods can induce sleepiness. Even tryptophan—the ingredient in warm milk that many people believe can have a soporific effect—has never been shown to have more than a mildly sedative effect even in extremely large doses; and these large doses may, in fact, cause stomach upset that could *disturb* sleep, plus other side effects. Eating a large meal close to bedtime, however, can make it difficult to fall asleep.

Vigorous exercise helps you to sleep better. Maybe. While experts have found that people who exercise regularly spend a greater proportion of their sleep cycles in the phase known as "deep sleep," the precise benefit of this is not known. One possibility is that exercise produces greater physical fatigue, making it easier to fall asleep at night. Don't, however, work out strenuously too close to bedtime; aerobic exercise done less than three or four hours before sleep can produce insomnia. Opposite effect, to help your body ease into sleep: yoga-type relaxation exercises.

If you come home from work tired, exercising can energize you. This is true *if* you take the time to thoroughly warm up and stretch tense or tired muscles. Jumping into vigorous exercise without preparing your muscles can lead to increased fatigue as well as risk of injury. —S.M.S.

STAMINA BOOSTERS

(Continued from page 327)

or to stop relying on different drugs as sources of relaxation.

10. Establish regular sleeping hours. Consistently cheating yourself of an hour's worth of sleep or more every night can deplete your stamina over time.

11. Listen to fatigue. If you never feel fully rested when you wake up in the morning, then you may not be getting enough sleep. If fatigue is not cured by a greater *amount* of sleep, then the *quality* of your sleep may be at fault, and should be discussed with a doctor.

12. Have a sense of your own limits. Constantly pushing yourself to the limit can cause you to become fatigued. One of the first steps you need to take in conserving energy is learning to say no, to control how many obligations you must meet on a day-to-day basis.

13. Spend time with people you care about. Research indicates that loneliness is a common source of fatigue. Women who devote time and attention to satisfying friendships and marriages not only draw more energy from life, but may even live longer.

14. Work on solving conflicts in your life. Too often, stress leads women to put off making decisions rather than facing up to them. Making a decision, even if it's a compromise, can liberate your spirits and your energy.

15. Recognize that depression and anxiety can be confused with fatigue. Feeling tired can be more than a physical discomfort—it can reflect emotional problems that can benefit from a professional's advice. Working to turn around your attitude, to welcome challenge and change, can not only help to improve your emotional well-being, but may turn out to be the source of energy you didn't know you had.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This section was put together with the help of the following experts: George L. Blackburn, M.D., Ph.D., Harvard Medical School/New England Deaconess Hospital; Audrey Tittle Cross, Ph.D., J.D., Columbia University School of Public Health; Michael L. Freedman, M.D., New York University Medical Center; Larry Gibbons, M.D., The Aerobics Center; Christine Hart, R.D., consultant to New York University Medical Center physicians; Barbara Levine, Ph.D., The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center/Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center; Irene von Estorff, M.D., The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center/Cornell University Medical College; Daniel Wagner, M.D., Cornell University Medical College/Institute of Chronobiology, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center; John F. Waller, M.D., Lenox Hill Hospital; Georgia Witkin-Lanoil, Ph.D., Mt. Sinai Medical College; skin-care expert Trish McEvoy; and makeup artist/hairstylist Rick Gillette.*

THE SUPER ACHIEVERS

(Continued from page 328)

I have a daily housekeeper, but I'm the one who serves dinner every night to the family." The family includes her parents, who live with Grace and her husband, Joe, along with five of their children.

"Every day is different—going to the Hunts Point Market in the Bronx with my husband and picking out fifty crates of lettuce . . . planning a vegetarian dinner party menu for Billy Joel . . . supervising a special air freight order of smoked salmon bound for Pakistan . . . trying an experiment in the kitchen with my chief cook Janis.

"Of course, I care about the way I look—I'm in the public eye. My 'secret weapons': a daily facial scrub—the steam I live with in the kitchens; a weekly hair check with Aldo at Kenneth; a warm bath every night before bed. Most of all I have to say my 'fatigue' disappears when I look at my parents, who are constant sources of inspiration. My father, eighty-seven, still goes to work every day; my mother, at eighty-six, often goes with him—perfect examples that active minds mean active bodies!"

On the Bench

Three years ago, Maryanne Trump Barry received the greatest news of her life—President Reagan chose her to be a Federal Judge. A stupendous reward for someone who only decided to go to law school fourteen years after graduation from college.

Today, Judge Barry's working day is a minimum of ten hours long, "but I'm much more relaxed when I'm working than when I'm not. Luckily, I'm married to a lawyer, who understands. As a role model for up-and-coming young women lawyers, it's important that I take care of the way I look. A once-a-week 7:00 A.M. hair appointment with Imo at NYC's Regency Hotel helps, and I'm growing my hair now to make it even easier to cope with.

> "Certain rules that help 'rule out' fatigue . . ."

"When I'm involved in a trial, I'm on the bench from 10:00 A.M. to 4:30 P.M., with just a brief break for lunch. Posture's important." So is keeping her size-six figure—"because I do all my clothes shopping by mail through catalogues I've come to rely on." Fatigue? "Dinner and conversation with my husband take care of that."

Performing Arts

"I'm still looking for the perfect suitcase," says Jayne Torvill, the English Olympic gold medalist ice dancer, now touring the U.S. (until February '87). Jayne finds packing every few days more exhausting than the eight hours she spends rehearsing each day when not on tour. "Attitude is the most important thing, and certain rules help 'rule out' fatigue. A weekly massage and sauna; no high heels except (perhaps) once or twice a week; eight hours of sleep a night. I work backwards to accomplish this—the time I go to bed depends what time I have to be up the next day. It means I have to be ruthless about seeing friends, however tempting the invitation. I also only eat one meal a day, at least five or six hours before a performance—often pasta and lots of fresh vegetables for energy."

One essential member of the team traveling with Jayne and skating partner Christopher Dean—"our ballet teacher. As soon as we arrive at a new location, no matter how many hours we've been on the road, we take a dance class to stretch 'all the kinks out,' and take away tiredness/jet lag. Movement is the best antidote."

Minding the Store

Today, more often than not, the wives of very successful men also have challenging careers and juggle different priorities each day to meet the parallel, ongoing demands of home, family, social life. Meredith Brokaw, mother of three daughters, aged sixteen, eighteen, and twenty, and wife of NBC anchorman Tom Brokaw, opened her first Penny Whistle Toy Shop in 1978. She now has four.

"The retail business has built-in stress," she says with a calm smile—"meeting budgets, dealing with personnel, deciding when to order, when to cut. I find I write a lot of 'remind' notes at 4:00 A.M., but there are some things I do automatically to make *everything* work—and to avoid fatigue as much as possible. A stretching exercise class, for example, at 7:00 A.M. four times a week. And a weekly tennis game—a necessary indulgence; that's the time I see my

friends, my tennis partners. We've been meeting regularly over the years and have called ourselves the 'meter maids' from the time when we had to go to Queens to find a court open at 7:00 A.M. The janitor who let us in thought we had to be meter maids—otherwise why would we choose to play so early. . . . I have a minimalist approach to makeup and Julie at Raymond & Nasser cuts my hair, so it's possible to wash and towel-dry every day and forget about.

"Because Tom and I go flat-out all day, evenings at home with the girls are very high on our priority list. We bike-ride, backpack, hike together over the weekends when we go to our country home in Connecticut. An extra indulgence—we've just put in a whirlpool bath there. We would never create time for *that* in the city."

"Creating time"—there's a clue in that phrase, applicable to so many achievers, who don't just "spend" time, and certainly never waste it, but set out to "create it."

Designing Style

Helene Safire, wife of Pulitzer Prize-winning *New York Times* columnist and author William Safire, waited until her son and daughter were at college before starting her "dream career"—designing jewelry. A basement room was converted into her studio and foundry.

"Since I've lived with deadlines all my married life, I knew from the beginning I had to be totally organized if I was going to get anywhere and not neglect anyone or anything, including our two dogs! Every night after dinner, I make a long list of what has to be done the next day—for work and for home. It can mean preparing aluminum for anodizing—hammering it to give it texture; then, the tricky part, making it totally clean by dipping it in caustic soda and running through an electric current before using very toxic dyes . . . as well as planning a black-tie dinner for twelve. Sometimes, to get away from the phone, I go to another studio I have in the Torpedo Factory in Old Town, Alexandria.

"I wear acid-resistant gloves, a long T-shirt with long sleeves, and hold a splashboard to avoid getting splashed, but often find the acid has eaten holes right through my clothes. Although I tell myself to sit down, I find I think better and get my best design ideas while I'm standing up. When my body tells me I need it, I go to a jazz exercise class to help relax. But I *always* start the day with twenty minutes of special exercises taught to me by Dr. Leon Root of NYC's Hospital for Special Surgery, to help avoid neck problems that the constant hammering I have to do can create. I have always believed in taking care of the body in order to free up the mind for life's real challenges.

"One major problem—my hands get incredibly dry because of all the different materials I have to work with. But I do have a neat antidote. One of Bill's hobbies is repairing antiquarian books using a mixture he learned about from the Library of Congress—pure lanolin and 40 percent neat's-foot oil, cooked in a double boiler. When my hands are really bad, I plunge them in the pot (after it cools down) for a fast and total moisturizing treatment."

Fatigue-fighting tip? "Immersion in a hot bath loaded with Clarins Plant Shower-Bath Lotion followed by an icy cold shower . . . particularly effective after going to and from New York on the shuttle twice in one week!" ▽

FASHION INFORMATION

32: Collar stud at Barneys New York.
139: *Large photo:* Ring on pinky, Helen Woodhull. Ring with stone, Fred Leighton, Trump Tower, NYC.
178: Dufy: From *The Great Book of Post-Impressionism* by Diane Kelder/Abbeville Press, New York.
202: Antique silver sugar spoon/Georg Jensen, Barneys New York.
248: Detail from "The Giving of Alms."
249: Detail from "The Healing of a Cripple and The Raising of Tabitha" from Antonio Quattrone© Olivetti.
250: Detail from "The Healing of a Cripple and The Raising of Tabitha," from Antonio Quattrone © Olivetti.
251: *The Sistine Chapel: The Art, The History, The Restoration,* © 1986 by Nippon Television, published by Harmony Books, a division of Crown Publishers, Inc.
253: Zoran's cashmere sweater. $850. Zoran, NYC; Washington DC; Beverly Hills.
254: T-shirt, Marc Jacobs.
255: Black scoop neck T-shirt, Marc Jacobs. Leather jacket, The Antique Boutique, NYC; Boston. Wide brim hat, OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Turtleneck, Romeo Gigli. Bustier, Carolina Herrera. Earrings, Isabel Canovas, NYC. Gloves, OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Manicures, Elisabeth Drabinski.
256: Top, $350. Pants, $400. Gloves, Claude Montana. Shoes, Stéphane Kélian for Claude Montana.
258-259: Wool turtleneck, $330. Jacket, $1675. Skirt, $915. Gloves, Claude Montana. Shoes, Stéphane Kélian for Claude Montana.
260-261: OMO Norma Kamali. Antron/Lycra bikini, $42. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC: Sunsation, Belmar NJ.
262: Polyester bathing suit. Towel, Cannon. Manicure, Sheril Bailey.
263: Polyester sarong. Bracelet, Janis Savitt for M & J Savitt. To order at Barneys New York; M & J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago.
264: Cannon towel. Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC. Manicure, Sheril Bailey.
265: Polyester jersey top and bottom. Manicure, Sheril Bailey.
266-267: Azzedine Alaïa wool skirt, $265. Dianne B. Men & Women, NYC. Gloves, Maud Frizon, NYC. Panty stockings, Perry Ellis for Trimfit. Boots, Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, NYC.
268: Azzedine Alaïa wool tunic, $425; skirt, $265. Dianne B. Men & Women, NYC. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Fogal Legwear of Switzerland, NYC. Boots, Manolo Blahnik, NYC.
269: Gloves and boot pants, Claude Montana.
270: Azzedine Alaïa skirt. Gloves, Donna Karan New York. Panty stockings, Azzedine Alaïa. Boots, Azzedine Alaïa for Diego Della Valle.
271: Tights, Azzedine Alaïa, $330. Barneys New York. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Boots, Azzedine Alaïa for Diego Della Valle.
272: Stockings, Gamine for Easton International. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC.
273: Azzedine Alaïa wool tunic, $425; skirt, $265. Dianne B. Men & Women, NYC.
276-277: Manicures, Elisa Ferri.
278: *Photo above:* Manicure, Elisa Ferri. *Photo below:* Top, OMO Norma Kamali. Manicure, Elisa Ferri.
279: Cashmere Sweater, Valentino Boutique. $1110. Valentino Boutique, NYC; Panache, Millburn NJ; Barton Sligh's, Jacksonville FL. Manicure, Elisabeth Drabinski.
280: Cotton/spandex blanket.
282: *Large photo:* Sunglasses, Claude Montana by Alain Mikli.
283: *Large photo:* Earrings, Rosecraft.
284: Turnout also at Miss Jackson's, Tulsa OK; Bullocks Wilshire; Creed's, Toronto. Necklace, Cara Croninger. Artwear NYC.
285: Byblos also at Bacci's, Vancouver. Earrings, Barbara Beebe. The Elements, Greenwich CT; Jacqueline Berk Gallery, Guilford; Orange CT; Concepts, Carmel CA. Wide silver cuff, Claude Renaud. Bonwit Teller. Black bracelets, *(Continued on page 356)*

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VOGUE

Statement Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685 showing the Ownership, Management and Circulation of VOGUE, published monthly (12 issues) for October 1, 1986. Publication No. 00428000. Annual subscription price $24.00.

1. Location of known office of Publication is 9100 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90212.

2. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publisher is 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

3. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and managing editor are: Publisher, Richard A. Shortway, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Editor, Grace Mirabella, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Managing Editor, Lorraine Davis, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

4. The owner is: The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Stockholder; Through intermediate corporations to Advance Publications, Inc.; The Advance Voting Trust, sole voting stockholder, 950 Fingerboard Road, Staten Island, N.Y. 10305.

5. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

6. Extent and nature of circulation

	Average No. Copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Single issue nearest to filing date
A. Total No. Copies printed	1,597,093	1,686,636
B. Paid and/or requested circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	768,088	1,015,000
2. Mail subscriptions	439,789	459,191
C. Total Paid and/or requested circulation	1,207,877	1,474,191
D. Free Distribution by mail, carrier or other means, samples, complimentary, and other free copies	26,105	26,582
E. Total Distribution	1,233,982	1,500,773
F. Copies not distributed		
1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	20,861	15,863
2. Returns from News Agents	342,250	170,000
G. Total	1,597,093	1,686,636

7. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
(Signed) Richard A. Shortway, Publisher

FASHION INFORMATION

(Continued from page 355)

Alexis Kirk. Lord & Taylor. Thin silver bracelets, Timbuktu at Back from Guatemala, NYC. Bag, Accessories Unlimited of Maine. McMonogram, Mystic CT. Sandals, Perry Ellis.

286-287: *Left:* Cotton turnout also at Knit Wit, Philadelphia; The Chalk Garden, Salt Lake City UT. Alan's, Albuquerque NM; Bracelets, Nancy B. Frank. Shoes, Esprit. March at Macy's, Herald Square. *Center:* Turnout also at Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Pompian, Chicago; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Shoes, Esprit. March at Macy's, Herald Square. *Right:* Cotton sweater, acrylic/viscose pants also at Jamie, Nashville TN; Madeleine, Winnetka IL; Los Angeles. Hat, Joan Vass, USA. Earrings, Kinetyk. Terry Grant, NYC; Elements, Chicago; Arresta, Dallas. Bangles, Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. Manicures, Marc Schaeffer.

288: Bracelets, Lazaro Neal. Terri D. Ltd., Chicago; Tucan and Tucan II, Houston; Faux Body Ornaments, Los Angeles; Susan of Burlingame and San Francisco CA.

289: Necklaces, Antigona of Paris. Bracelets, G. Wallace. Henri Bendel; Shoes by Charlotte, Warwick RI.

290: Rayon skirt. Bracelets, wrist to cuff, model's left arm: Anel for Accessory Resource Gallery. Richard Minadeo. Stores, see page 291. Bracelets, model's right arm, wrist to cuff: Stephen Dweck. Anel for Accessory Resource Gallery, New York. Richard Minadeo. Belt, Steve Vauble. Artwear, NYC; Hattie, Birmingham MI; Scottsdale AZ. Shoes, Joan & David.

291: Earrihgs at Detail Accessories, NYC; Looks, Cambridge MA; Timothy's OH! 3, St. Louis MO; Hoops, Santa Monica CA. Bracelets, wrist to cuff: Onyx bracelet to order at Barneys New York; Ultimo, Chicago; Lola's, Houston; Emphasis, Los Angeles; Susan of Burlingame and San Francisco CA. Rope bracelet, Anel for Accessory Resource Gallery, New York. Face bracelet to order at Henri Bendel; Blake, Chicago; The Walker Art Center, Minneapolis MN; Laise Adzer, Los Angeles; M.A.C., San Francisco.

293: Lindsay: Groomer, Sadao; shirt, bow tie, cuff links, studs, A. Sulka and Company, New York; London; Paris.

294: Martin: Hair, Tony Walker; groomer, Victor Vidal/Cloutier.

295: Paulina: Hair, Theodore Mayes; makeup, John Von Lingner. Dance company: Hair, Bob Racine; makeup, Glenna Franklin for Bruno Le Salon.

296: Perkins: Hair, Mitch Barry; makeup, Cindy Joseph; bodysuit, Agnes B., New York.

297: Hopper: Hair, Jennifer Lawrence/La Coupe.

299: Tyson: Hair and makeup, Donald Muhali.

316-317: *Photos top to bottom:* Tan and white cotton cardigan, $195, and skirt, $54. Late Dec. at Bergdorf Goodman; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago. . . . Grey cashmere cardigan, $315, wool pants, $150. Turnout at Lord & Taylor; Bullock's. Top at Woodward & Lothrop. Pants at Marshall Field's; The Broadway, Los Angeles. . . . Grey cashmere tunic, $290, suede skirt, $250. Bergdorf Goodman. Top at Marshall Field's. Belt, Carlos Falchi. To order at Carlos Falchi, Dallas. . . . Nylon/Lycra bikini, $57. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Dayton's; Frost Bros.; Bullock's. *Large photos left to right:* Tank tunic and pants, late Dec. at Saks Fifth Avenue. Pants at Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's. . . . Short sleeve dress available late Dec. at Charivari, NYC. . . . Snap front tunic, skirt, late Dec. at Saks Fifth Avenue; John Wanamaker; Rich's; L.S. Ayres, Indianapolis IN; Neiman-Marcus; The Broadway, Los Angeles. . . . Mock turtleneck dress, Adrienne Vittadini Dresses. Charivari, NYC; Neiman-Marcus.

318: *Left:* Sweater, skirt at Macy's, Herald Square; Nan Duskin; Dayton's; Hudson's; Sweater at Parisian, Birmingham AL; Hannahs Fashion Bar, Aurora CO. Hanes Silk Reflections. Altman's. . . . *Right:* Cotton jacket, shell. Turnout at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; JW Robinson's California. Belt, Ruza Creations. Lord & Taylor.

319: *Left:* Gloria Sachs wool shell, skirt. Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue; Thalhimers, Richmond VA: Carl Walker, Charlotte NC; Montaldo's; L.S. Ayres, Indianapolis IN; Macy's, San Francisco; Nordstrom, Los Angeles; The Bon, Seattle. Belt, Omega. . . . *Right:* Gloria Sachs dress at Neiman-Marcus. Belt, Ruza Creations. Charivari NYC; The Little House, Richmond KY; Blake, Chicago; Suzi, Diamond Bar CA.

320: *Left:* Acrylic/wool shirt, pants. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field's; JW Robinson's, California. Belt, Ruza Creations. Lord & Taylor; Madison, Virginia Beach VA; A Touch of Class, New Hall CA. *Center:* Top and shirt, acrylic/wool. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's; JW Robinson's California; Belt, Anne Klein for Calderon. *Right:* Rayon/cotton turnout, Bloomingdale's, Marshall Field's; Belt, Omega.

321: *Left:* Cotton T-top, Nancy Heller. $28. Cotton turnout, Henri Bendel; Saks Jandel; Hattie, Palm Beach FL and Birmingham MI; Gidding -Jenny, Cincinnati OH & Louisville KY; Scarborough Fair, Glen Cove IL; Neiman-Marcus. *Right:* Cotton top, Nancy Heller. $78. Turnout at Henri Bendel; Saks Jandel; Scarborough Fair, Glen Cove IL; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Tootsies, Houston.

322: Karl Lagerfeld silk crepe de Chine top, skirt. Bloomingdale's; Charles Sumner, Boston; Saks Jandel. Bracelets, Nina Meledandri. Bloomingdale's; What's New, Tampa FL. Ralph Lauren Footwear. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC. . . . Victor Costa nylon/polyester dress. Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Lillie Rubin—South & West; Marshall Field's; Balliet's; I Magnin.

323: Carolyne Roehm at Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; Nordstrom, Seattle. Bracelets, Hot Toobs. Bloomingdale's; Maxine's Boutique, Virginia Beach VA. . . . Body Glove at Patricia Field, NYC; Rick's Surf Shop, East Islip NY; Scuba Point Travis, Austin TX; Dive N' Surf, Redondo Beach CA. Michael Kors/Lyle & Scott cashmere shorts, $230. Barneys New York; Hirsheifer's Etc., Manhasset NY. Hue Hosiery, socks. . . . Andre Laug jacket, skirt. To order at Martha. Shirt, Agnes B., NYC.

324: Ungaro late Jan. at Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques, NYC; Palm Beach; Bal Harbour; Houston; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. Scarf, Emanuel Ungaro . . . . Ralph Lauren wool gabardine jacket and pants. Saks Fifth Avenue; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Phoenix AZ; I. Magnin. Ralph Lauren Scarfs. Ray-Ban Sunglasses by Bausch & Lomb. . . . Karl Lagerfeld silk crepe de Chine jacket. Saks Jandel. Silk trousers, Go Silk for L'Zinger. $170. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago; Fred Segal Melrose, Hollywood CA; Jim-Elle, San Francisco. Glasses, Lookinglass.

325: Cardigan, turtleneck at Bergdorf Goodman; Fine Feathers, Chapel Hill NC; Genevieve of Oakwood, Dayton OH. Turtleneck at Conni Gi, St. Louis MO; Butch Blum, Seattle WA. Earrings, Rosecraft. Watch, Porsche Design. Belt, Ruza Creations. . . . Ungaro available late Jan. at Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques, NYC; Palm Beach; Bal Harbour; Houston. Sandals, Andrea Pfister. Sunglasses, Zolkind.

330-331: Ralph Lauren's silk crepe de Chine jacket, pants. Sunglasses, Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus. Scarf in pocket, Polo/Ralph Lauren Scarves. Bracelet, Gerard E. Yosca. Bergdorf Goodman; Byford and Mills, Fair Haven, NJ. Courrèges. Polyurethane/cotton jacket. Cotton/acrylic sweater. Earrings, Mark Hanes. Kruger Gallery, NYC.

332: Viscose/cotton sweater. Sunglasses, Laura Biagiotti for Private Eye. Bloomingdale's; shoes, Armando Pollini Design.

333: Rayon/acetate pants. Scarf, Chloé. For stores, see page 333. Sunglasses, Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics. For stores, see info. page 330. Bracelet, Gerard E. Yosca. Belt, Polo/Ralph Lauren Leather Goods. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC.

334: Hat, Madcaps. Altman's; Urban Outfitters, Philadelphia; Vivace, Washington DC.

335: Earrings, Montes de Oca. Artwear, NYC. Bracelet, Takashi Wada. Gallery Takashi Wada, NYC.

336. Rayon jersey fabric at Paron Fabrics, NYC. Hat, Jean-Charles Brosseau, NYC; Rucjou Cosmetics, Detroit. Earrings, Theresa Dahl. Great Salt Marsh, NYC. Bracelets, Nina Meledandri. Bloomingdale's; What's New, Tampa FL.

337: Rayon jersey fabric at Paron Fabrics, NYC. Glasses, Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics. Bloomingdale's.

ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

VOGUE PATTERNS *Back views, yardages, details, pages 336-337*

Pages 336-337. **Tank top:** Butterick Pattern #3070, View A. Sizes P–XL. Size 10: 1 yard 48" fabric. $4.00. Canada, $5.75. **Trousers:** Vogue Pattern #9636. Sizes 8–18. Size 10: 3 yards 45" fabric. $8.00. Canada, $9.70. **Body suit:** Butterick Pattern #3979, View A. Sizes 8–18. Size 10: 2 yards 48" fabric. $4.95. Canada, $6.25. **Skirt:** Butterick Pattern #3826, View D. Sizes P–XL. Size 10: 2 yards 45" fabric. $4.50. Canada, $5.75. **Sewing tips:** For tank top, trim the sleeves. For trousers, double the width of the waistband and stitch down waist tucks. For body suit, finish neckline as in view D.

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